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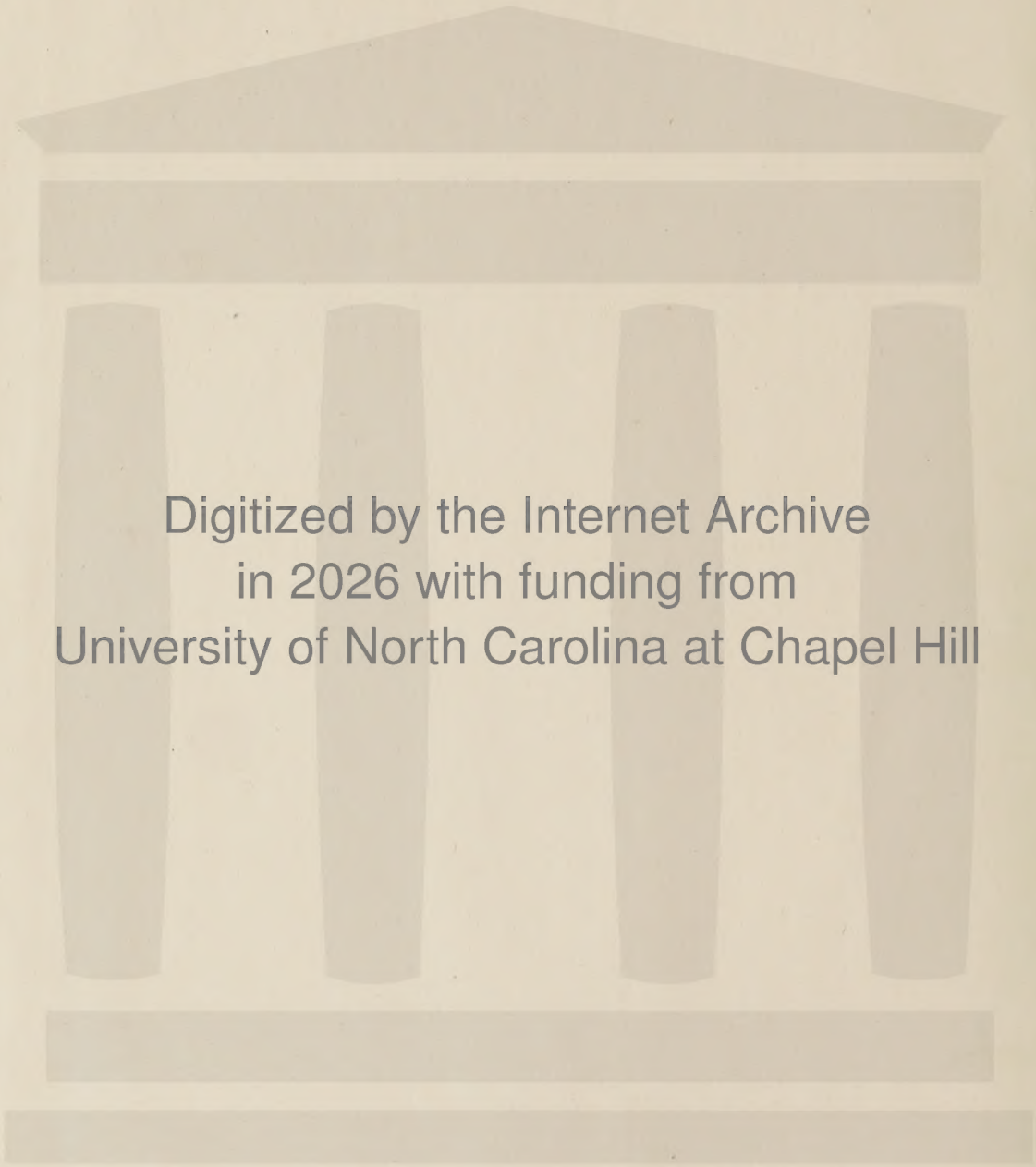

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BUCCANEER

CELEBRATION NUMBER

Twenty five Cents

RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

Red and Black Color Combination — Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Why Is the Parker Duofold the Most Widely Copied Pen in the World?

PROBABLY the highest tribute ever paid to any article—certainly to any pen—is paid to the Parker Duofold by other pen manufacturers.

Their wide-spread imitation of this Parker classic is the frankest admission of its super-excellence that we or the public could ask for.

It amounts to official recognition by the fountain pen industry that people who buy the Parker are getting the best the world affords. Others' ambition is to come as close to it as they can.

If these other makers were able to sell their imitations at Parker prices, they might raise some question as to which is superior. But they remove all doubt for the public by offering the masqueraders at any price they can get.

Were we to claim the best pen in the world, the public might reasonably think we were governed by self-interest.

Fortunately we do not have to do this—other pen companies have done so for us. And incidentally they have revealed it to every person who wants to own a pen of highest excellence.

Hand-size Grip, Over-size Ink Capacity, Free-swinging Balance, Invisible Filler, Ink-tight Duo-sleeve Cap, and the soft-writing, smooth gliding, 25-year guaranteed Point—that's Parker Duofold. Good pen counters wouldn't be without it.

The only deceptive thing about pens that masquerade as the Parker Duofold is their color. So look and look carefully for this stamp on the barrel—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." Then you cannot be deceived. This applies equally to Parker Duofold Pencils to match the Pen.

PARKER
DUOFOLD
GEO. S. PARKER
JANESVILLE
LUCKY CURVE
FOUNTAIN PEN
WIS. U.S.A.
Duofold Takes Longer To Fill because of its OVER-SIZE Ink Capacity
Immerse nozzle in ink, Press the Button only once, but as far down as it will go; release finger and count ten, while Duofold drinks its big fill. Don't withdraw the pen from the ink too soon—give it time to fill completely and you'll not have to fill it often.

Parker Over-size Duofold $7

Parker Lady Duofold $5 Ribbon $1 extra

Parker Duofold Jr. $5 Same except for size

Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE OVER-SIZE **$7**

With The 25 Year Point

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Library, Univ. of
North Carolina

Let Us—

Prepare for you that cold sandwich from our refrigerator.

Serve you your milkshakes and home-made candies.

Butter your popcorn for the Pick.

THE CAROLINA CONFECTIONARY

Our pleasure is to please you

—Non, m'sieu, aujourd'hui madame ne recoit pas.

—Ultime bonheur, seriat ce le jour ou elle se donne.—*Journal Amusant.*

—Je ne sais comment vous traduire mon emotion.

—Te tortures pas les moninges; dis-la simplemente en francaise.—*Le Rire.*

Doctor: "Now take a deep breath and say ninety-nine three times."

The Hustler: "Two hundred and ninety-seven."—*Passing Show.*

153560

Capless tube with new device

Original tube with threaded cap

Tu-be *or not* Tu-be?

Way back in 42 B.C., Publius Syrus said: "Powerful indeed is the empire of *habit.*"

Sixteen centuries later Shakespeare wrote: "How use doth breed a *habit* in a man!"

Since the copyrights of both these authors have expired, I'll use their nifties to illustrate a point.

The Mennen Company perfected an ingenious opening device for tubes that replaced the old-style threaded cap. This invention, applied to Mennen Shaving Cream tubes, was hailed as a masterpiece by millions of men. My mail was flooded with enthusiastic letters.

Yet here and there was a man who frankly confessed that he was "sot" in his tube ideas. The ingrained *habit* of years was too strong to change overnight.

Now I know that no Mennen user would give up the cream, even if we packed it in burglar-proof safes. But I want every Mennen fan to know that he can have his cream in the tube that suits him best. We have kept right on producing Mennen's in its original package.

Every druggist has Mennen's in the old tubes as well as the new. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

Either type of tube costs 50c and contains the shaving cream that has created more good-will and honest appreciation than any other man-product ever made.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

DAVIE Woods

CHAPEL HILL·N·C·

"The morn, in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hills."
---SHAKESPEARE.

Drive through Davie Woods and see for yourself the beauty of the hills and the majesty of the stately trees.

A beautiful woodland on the edge of Chapel Hill and on both sides of the Durham-Chapel Hill Boulevard is being made into a wonderful playground, park and residence section.

Great developments at Durham, at Duke University, and at Chapel Hill will crowd into this land from all sides and big increases in value are sure to follow.

A limited number of beautiful lots on which are standing large oak trees will be offered for sale Tuesday, October 13th. Purchasers at this sale will have a one thousand-acre playground and park as a back yard. Look at this property when you come to Chapel Hill on University Day, October 12th, and pick out the lot that you desire to build on sometime.

Purchases may be made in advance of the sale, and anyone interested will be shown the property.

The Chapel Hill Insurance & Realty Company

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

"My policy is to keep men at arms length."

"Don't be silly, dear. Look what happened to Venus de Milo."—*Juggler.*

"Dick's a little dumb."

"How so?"

"I told him it was a wet party and he brought an umbrella."—*Pelican.*

"Do you know the lady next door?"

"Only in a roundabout way. Her cat is in love with our cat."—*Wood's Annual.*

Mrs: "Does my gown look like it's slipping off my shoulders?"

Mr.: "No, let's go."

Mrs.: "Well, you'll have to wait. It's supposed to look that way."—*Tit Bits.*

He: Do you know that in Holland the girls wear wooden shoes?

She (having just danced with him): I suppose it's a safety device.—*Medley.*

Brunswick

RECORDS

PHONOGRAPHS *and* RADIOLAS

No Fraternity Home
Complete Without
Them

Christian & Harward

106 W. Main St. Phone 679

DURHAM, N. C.

F A L L

FINCHLEY HAS GIVEN MARKED ATTENTION TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF FALL CLOTHES AND THE VARIOUS ACCESSORIES SUITED TO THE NEEDS OF COLLEGE MEN. THE SUITS AND OVERCOATS HAVE LIBERALLY CUT CUSTOM SHOULDERS AND OTHERWISE EMBRACE THE CONSERVATIVE ENGLISH FEATURES OF STYLE WHICH CONTRIBUTE TO DISTINCTION.

TAILORED TO MEASURE

HATS CAPS SHOES SHIRTS
WOOLIES CRAVATS LUGGAGE

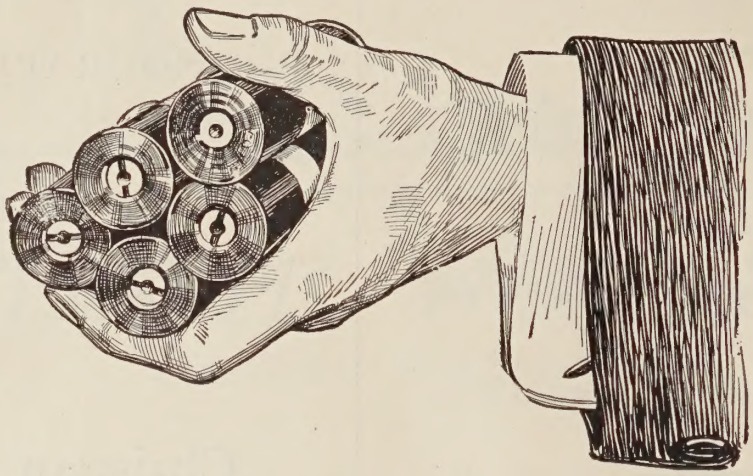
A FINCHLEY REPRESENTATIVE VISITS YOUR COLLEGE FREQUENTLY. WATCH YOUR BULLETIN BOARD FOR DATES OF SHOWING.

FINCHLEY

Fifth Avenue at 46th Street

NEW YORK

FILMS BY THE HANDFUL



That's the way finishing orders come in to us, by the single roll and by the handful. But the amount of work we do makes no difference, for every order is handled carefully by our experts.

Good Prints

The prints *we* make are *good* prints.
Every one is handled to bring out every bit of quality that there is in the negative.
You'll like our work and our prices.

Kodak Film

The dependable film in the yellow box is the film that gets the picture if it's possible.
You'll always find a fresh stock at our Kodak counter

Kodaks, all autographic, $6.50 up; Brownies, Eastmanmade, for as little as $2.00

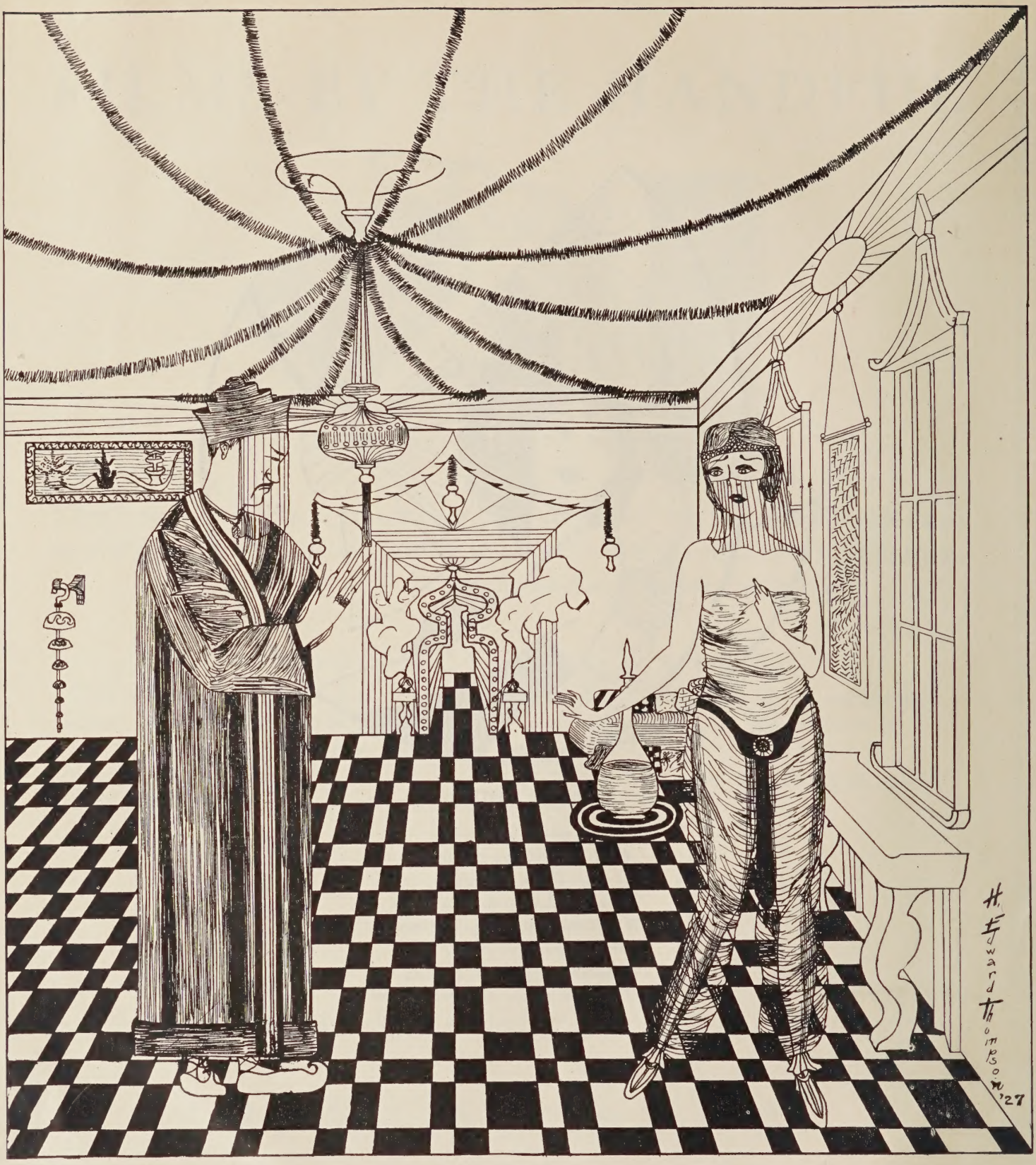
Largest Kodak Finishing Plant in North Carolina. Eighty Percent of Our Finishing is by Mail Order. Price List on Request.

R. W. FOISTER

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

DARK LOUISE

I'll carol merry as a grig
That gambols on the leas—
I'll cackle like a dodo bird
That's hatching homilies—
I'll quit the gin and go to church
Or anything you please
To snatch one perfect, flaming kiss
From the mouth of Dark Louise.



"Wearest thou that gown to the massacre tonight?"
"Yes, but it will be awfully hot."

BUCCANEER

VOLUME III NUMBER 1

THIS POESY

Anaitis,
Goddess of Passion—
Twirling the Golden Menace
Of your Hair,
Meet up with a Strong Man,
A Pennsylvanian,
A Dutchman;
He'll give you the dare!

Stills are so large in North Carolina that revenue officers pass them by thinking they are saw mills.

Show me the way to go home, sang the drunken evolutionist as he climbed a tree.

"Well, that fixes next week's paper," said the country editor as he changed the date on this week's paper.

I know a man so close that he sets his clock for six o'clock and gets up at five and turns it off to keep from wearing it out.

"You may count on me!" articulated the pleonastic adding machine with its usual good humour.

Old lady: Oh, what a nasty little girl!

The kid: It's not that, ma'am. It's sister's perfume.

"All the men on our team are built like taxis."
"That's right, and they are all *yellow*."

Jail Inmate Number 1: How long is you'se in fer?

Jail Inmate No. 2: I'se in fer two weeks.

J. I. N. 1: What did yer do?

J. I. N. 2: Killed m' 'oman and chullan.

J. I. N. 1: Killed yer 'oman and chullan, and got only two weeks? You'se sho' gettin' off light.

J. I. N. 2: Naw I ain't. I gets hung after two weeks.

A cuff on the shirt is worth two on the wrist.

TRIOLET

If it all comes to this
You're alone once again.
What's one little kiss
If it all comes to this?
Little girl, you're a priss
And it gives me a pain.
If it all comes to this
You're alone once again.

Roses are red;
Violets are blue;
But they're much too expensive
For a girl like you.

Further Adventures of Alice

LET'S go to the celebration," said the Mack Turtle. "I'm on the committee."

"Which celebration?" asked Alice.

"Today's celebration, stupid. Yesterday's is over and tomorrow's hasn't begun yet."

"I mean what is it for?"

"Nobody knows. But the committee wears a pink badge."

"A green badge," corrected the March Hare. "According to Vanity Fair, pink badges aren't being worn this fall."

"I object," snapped the Mock Turtle. "The defendant must prove his statement."

"Very well. At what age did your grandmother die?"

"She's not dead."

"Good. Double it, add the date of the month, two copies of the *American Mercury,* and a bottle of salad dressing."

"This is fun," said the Mock Turtle. "What shall I do next?"

"Divide by two," suggested Alice.

"Clever girl," shouted the March Hare triumphantly. "And the answer is ten. Now do you see?"

"You're right," admitted the Mock Turtle, and he slowly ate his pink badge.

They pushed their way thru the crowd and obtained seats near the platform. An old gentleman with a white beard recited "In Flander's Field." As an encore he did a few card tricks. Then followed an impressive tableau of Liberty Enlightening the World, but the man representing the Spirit of Prohibition spoiled the effect by stumbling against Liberty and putting her torch out.

"The Spirit of Prohibition's drunk again," remarked the March Hare.

"Then why did they choose him for that part," queried Alice.

"Because he's a revenue officer," the March Hare explained.

At this time the speaker of the day was announced and the Mad Hatter rose, clearing his throat delicately.

"Oh, there's the Dormouse," whispered Alice. "What's he doing with that flag?"

"He's always there," said the Mock Turtle. "They hire him to wave the flag after every speech."

"Sort of a permanent wave," giggled Alice.

"Exactly," said the Mock Turtle with admiration. "And the Mad Hatter is the permanent rave."

"Ladies and gentlemen," commenced the Mad Hatter. "I am reminded of a very funny story which you've probably heard before, so I won't repeat it. Yet I may say in passing that I view with alarm the tariff situation and am cheered by the prospect of a revolution."

"Did he say revolution or evolution?" asked the Mock Turtle.

"Revolution," growled the March Hare. "Nobody cheers evolution. Don't be so Darrow-minded."

"And now today," continued the Mad Hatter, "the Huns are conquered and we come to honor an heroic fellow citizen who during the conflict stopped three balls with his devoted body. What is his name?"

"Goldberg," said the Mock Turtle.

"Finkelstein," said the March Hare.

"Do hush," said Alice. "You're not a bit funny."

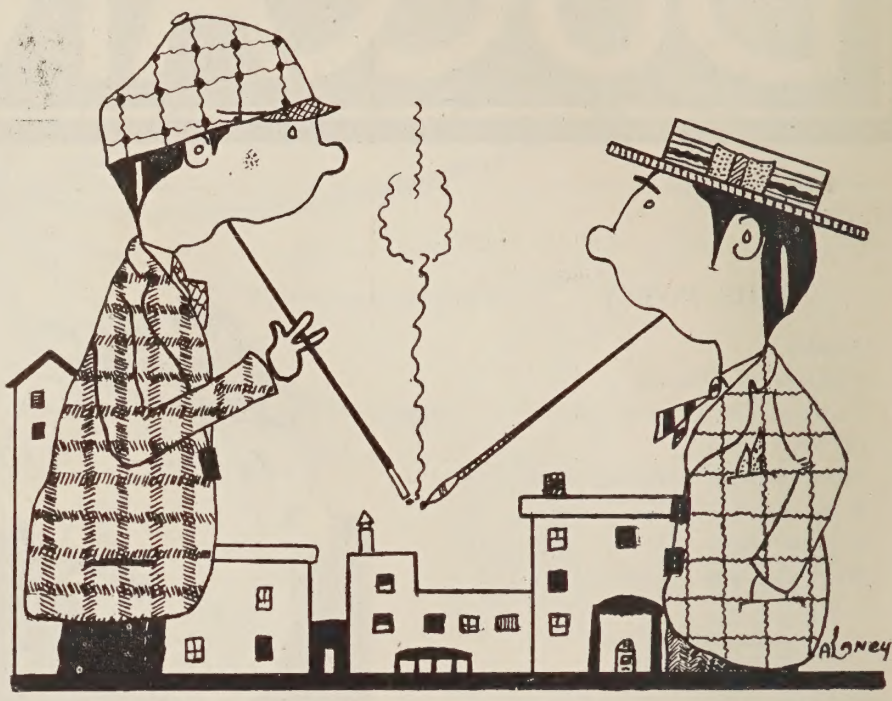
Her companions subsided and softly hummed—"Roses are red, violets are blue; where you see three balls you'll see a Jew."

The Mad Hatter went serenely on. "And so, fellow boosters, we should all be 100% Nordic blonds, full of Pep and Push."

"This is a rank speech," said Alice indignantly.

"A vile speech," agreed the Mock Turtle.

"Naturally," said the March Hare. "He's a politician and he has to make an appeal to the rank and vile."



RAISIN: "If there had been more great men there'd be less strikes.
HOPS: "Yah, there'd be more holidays.

"In conclusion," shouted the Mad Hatter, "I wish to reiterate that I accept the nomination and with God's help I will make you a good president." The crowd remained silent. The Dormouse, being asleep, had neglected to wave the flag; so the Mad Hatter picked him up by the tail and waved him flag and all. The crowd immediately burst into loud applause. Then all the performers gathered on the platform and sang the "Star Spangled Banner" while two little boys with pop guns gave a quite excellent imitation of the British fleet bombarding Baltimore. The celebration was over.

"What did you think of it," inquired Alice.

"The Rotary Club put on a better one last Friday," said the March Hare.

"I didn't like the green badges," said the Mock Turtle.

He: "What time did you get to your date last night?"

Him: "Thirteen after eight."

He: "How did you know the exact time?"

Him: "Heard the clock strike thirteen after eight."

He: "Aww!"

Him: "Yeah. It was thirteen minutes slow."

Philip Inverse, the poet, writes only when inspired. To say that a poet writes only when inspired is to endow the word *inspired* with the same general significance that a woman implies when using the word *experience.*

When Philip met Julia Hoyt, he wrote a quatrain; the first time he kissed her he showed me a sonnet; his publishers are announcing a modern epic by him this spring. Where can I buy a cheap wedding present?

GETTING HER DATES STRAIGHT

Sheik: How does the girl strike you?

Second Sheik: She hasn't struck me yet, but she's done almost everything else.

Our idea of a soft job would be that of pork inspector in Jerusalem.

Sing a song of co-eds,
But most of them aren't pretty,
And that is why
We cease to try
To write this little ditty.

Our friend Deacon Haigh
Had a cow one day
And she was fine as silk,
But two days hence,
She climbed a fence,
And severely strained her milk.

Mom: Joe, I hope you don't flirt with other women the way you did with me before we were married.

Pop: Now, Sally, you oughtn't to have any kick coming. Didn't you catch me at it?

WHY I DISCOVERED THE UNIVERSITY.

(Lucubrated for the Buccaneer *by Chris Colombo, the Well Known Wop.)*

The horribly immoral King of Spain had fallen in love with that sprightly dame, his wife. My heart was nigh to break. "Farewell, Queenie," said I, in the argot of the day, "all is over between us twain."

She sobbed wildly. "Be sure to make a lecture tour and remember to change your undies once a week." Such was her farewell.

"Address me care the Dutch Treat Club," I answered bitterly, "I haven't even had a bid for movie rights on the voyage."

Do you wonder that I accepted an invitation to discover the University of North Carolina? Normally a very moderate drinker, I feared to go anywhere but a college town. In other places strangers are always forced to accept snifters from so many new friends that there is danger of drowning, but in a studious community—well, really there isn't enough to go around now, what with prohibition.

I studied up on the business (15 minutes a day does it) and by the time I arrived in America I was really the first holler as a discoverer. The trip over was a bean. None of that funny smell—Halitosis—and I met a baby from Alabama. "Do you osculate?" I asked her.

"Not me," she said.

Oh boy, some baby; I called her Giraffe. She intended to be a movie star and was training on Top Notch and Bicardi. I was awfully sorry the night she fell out of a port hole. By the way, what is the rumour I hear about a Great Neck in Long Island? Such tidings should receive investigation.

I dare you to illustrate the word marquis.

Well, father, I just saw marquis the ice man.

The little Ant, it has no bark,
'Tis gentle as your Mother.
It said to Hippo on the Ark
Let's not step on one another.

THE TWO DUMBEST MEN IN THE WORLD

Man gets on train holding basket of eggs with extreme care, sits down very carefully, and holds basket of eggs in lap very carefully throughout the entire journey. At end of said journey man leaves train very carefully; but just as soon as his foot touches the sidewalk he deliberately drops the basket, and stands with a look of self-disgust on his face.

A stranger walks up and demands why he had seen fit to drop the eggs after he had been so careful with them all the way on the train.

"Why, my dear stranger," said the seemingly unfortunate man, "the reason for this is quite a long story."

"If you would not mind telling a stranger I would like to hear it," said the interested bystander. "Well," began the man, "about ten years ago I was in a very crowded hotel; after going to bed I was awakened by the prettiest woman I ever saw. She told me that she had the room across the hall, and was about to freeze, and asked if I would please let her have some of my cover. I gave her two blankets, but after a few minutes she came back with the same story. I gave her the last blanket on my bed; in about ten minutes she came back calling for more cover. This time I gave my overcoat and two sheets. I was left to freeze for the rest of the night, and you know I have just thought what that woman wanted."

"Well, what did she want?"

"More cover, you dumb-bell."

Illustrate the word banana.

The dance committee was sorry, but it had to banana.

Buccaneer receives five dollars for every one as dumb as this which is printed.

WHY I DID NOT DISCOVER THE UNIVERSITY.

[*Signed—Cal Koolidge (P)*]

"Well," I asked my wife decisively, "How about discovering the University in October?"

"Aunt Kate is doing some canning about then," remarked she absently.

"But, dear," countered I affectionately, "My shoemaker doesn't advise me against it."

"Don't argue," answered she.

"Why?" was my forceful question, expressed in my best Socratic manner.

"Because," she returned, trumping my ace.

Of course that one staggered me. Economic responsibility of the Riffs and self-determination of jimson weeds were easy in comparison.

"Now, darling," I told her, "I really hadn't thought seriously of accepting an invitation to discover the University. It would put me in the wrong light with all my southern friends. They would be sure to think that I was trying to break the so-called Solid or Ivory South. By the way, where is my evening pickle?"

In such a delicate manner did I pass the matter off.

BALLAD OF CELEBRATION.

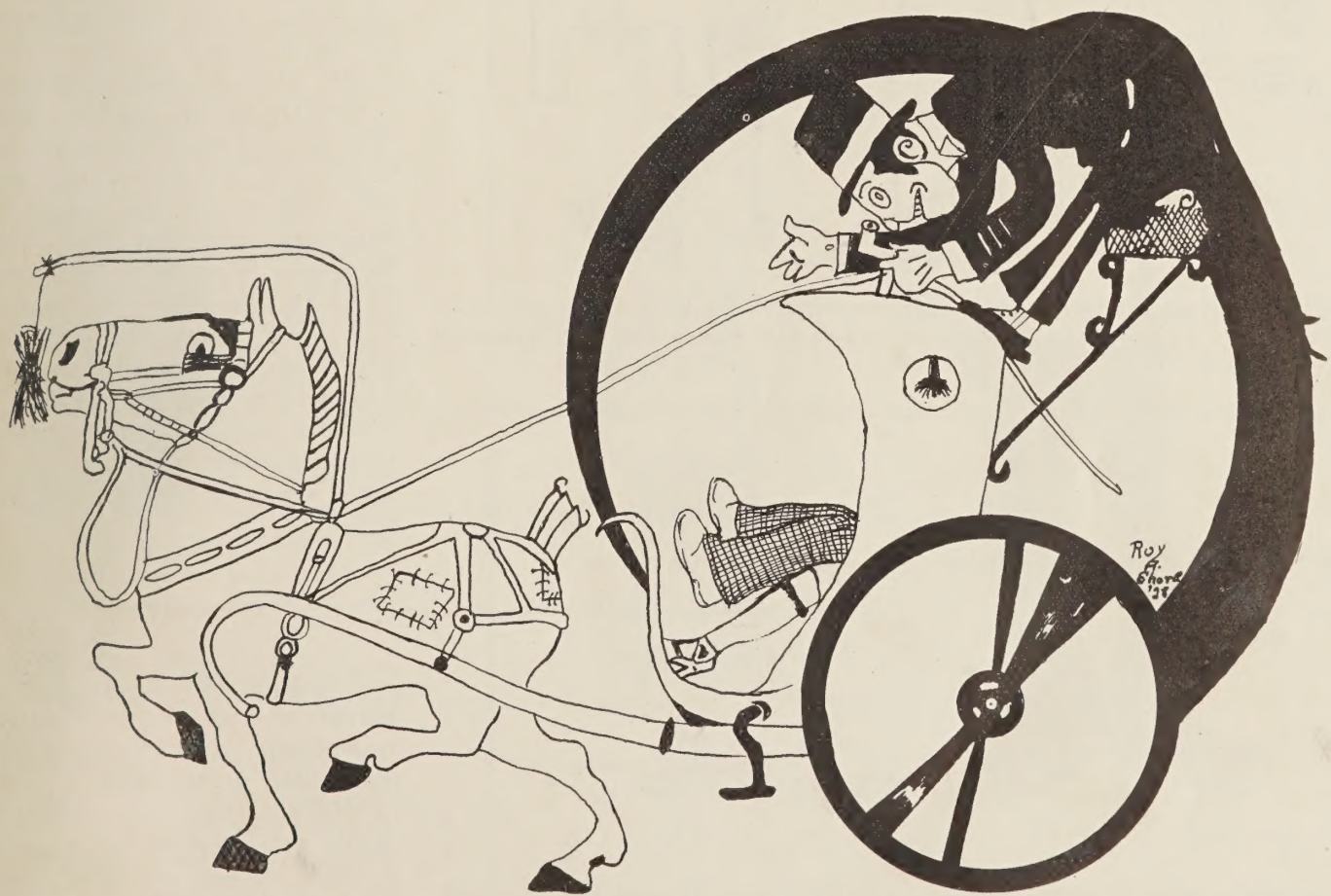
For several years or maybe more
I have been forced to celebrate
Events and holidays galore—
A custom I despise and hate.
In fact, there's but a single date
That makes me wishful to behave
As tho the sun had struck my pate—
The day when first I took a shave.

I know our heroes won the war
As all the papers proudly prate;
I know they simply bathed in gore
And gave the Dutch the well-known gate—
Yet never do my lungs inflate
With frenzier cheers for soldiers brave.
There's just one day I celebrate—
The day when first I took a shave.

Now Easter is a dreadful bore
For which the Ladies Hat Shops wait;
And Christmas likewise I deplore
Because it rains as sure as fate.
Thanksgiving's bunk, I harshly state,
And makes the nation turkey's slave—
One lone occasion's truly great,
The day when first I took a shave.

ENVOI

Prince, why should people celebrate
These stupid days with shout and rave
And leave unsung until too late
The day when first I took a shave?



WETTE: "Why don't the girls ever walk back from rides with you now?"
WATTER: "That's easy, I have Kelly Kallooms on all around."

Maddened young intellectual on receiving first letter from most recent girl: "God in heaven, is it my fate; must I always fall in love with women who write backhand and call me honey?"

Reno, Nev., is like a knuckle on a railway train: it couples and it uncouples.

Free love is what its name implies: one never gets something for nothing.

They call Columbus a doughty man
And celebrate his name;
In truth he took to sea to dodge
A fast pursuing dame.

"This is swell", said the man with the mumps.

What is the difference between an old maid and a married woman?

I don't know.

The old maid is not married.

Smith used to be a great talker, why doesn't he like being a professor at the university?

Well, he also likes to have someone to talk to.

ETIQUETTE AT A PARTY

A true gentleman never acts like a wop. However, it is often needful to pretend to act like a wop. For instance, when you are with wops.

Therefore, when you accidentally find yourself thrown with a crowd on a Gay Party, why, go ahead and harmonize "Pal O' Mine" with the rest of the crowd. Then when they all reach down to their hip pockets and tilt a flask to their lips and something gurgles down their throats, why reach in your pocket, tilt a flask to your lips and let something gurgle down your throat. It needs the gurgle to complete the imitation. Do this several times, start staggering, and you will have the entire crowd fooled into believing that you are as lousy as they are. Some bimbos have made the process so realistic that they fooled themselves. Eh, bien, you can't arrest a man for having a good imagination.

A minister, while passing a group of convicts at work on the county roads, became very much depressed at the wickedness of the world.

"My good men", he exhorted, "we should strive to mend our ways."

"Well, wotinell you think we're doing," asked No. 2389, "digging fishworms?"

THE ROVER BOYS CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS
or
How 6 Lemonades and 12 Hot Dogs Made Three Redskins Bite the Dust.

"What ho! What ho!" cried Tom, the fun-loving Rover, "We're back at old Putnam Hall, so what shall we do?"

"I'll tell you what, lads," said Dick, the serious Rover, "let's surprise the professors by preparing our lessons for tomorrow."

The merry youngsters gathered about him and shouted until they had to hold their (respective) sides. They knew that Dick could always be depended upon for some such quiet humor.

"Honestly, boys," continued Tom, undaunted, "let's celebrate Christmas!"

"Hurrah, hurrah for all the Rover boys," called out the delighted assemblage and following Tom, they made their way to the top of a cliff which overhung the village. Here they made merry by building a large fire and roasting a few chickens and pigs which they had salvaged from deserted farms as they passed. Occasionally one of them would fire a careless load of buckshot at some yokels who were attempting to scale their stronghold. Then Sam, the literary Rover, thought of a wonderful plan. With the aid of the others, he made a lever of a pine tree and prepared to upset a large rock which balanced at the top of the cliff. This would be fun indeed.

Just as the happy crew were ready to send the rock dashing down into the village, a cunning face peered through the bushes. Suddenly Dick Rover saw!

"Dan Baxter!" he cried, "You infamous scoundrel, come out."

The dastard Baxter, for 'twas he, strode boldly forth. He wore sox and a cap.

"What shall we do with this scab, boys?" cried Dick in a determined manner. "He is the treacherous louse who read three pages of Latin when the whole school was on a strike last year." (See the Rover Boys in a Captive Airplane or Seasick at the Fair Grounds.)

"Throw him over!" was the response and willing hands hoisted him over the edge. Then they completed the job of throwing off the boulder.

While the rock is falling, let me tell you of the previous adventure of the Rover Boys. It was thrilling to the extreme and may be found in the volume entitled, The Rover Boys out West or a Wild Ride on the Woolworth Elevator.

"Ha! ha!" they laughed boisterously, "the rock has bounced through the church and hospital and is almost upon the City Hall." Unfortunately, its impetus was not sufficient to injure the latter building.

Everyone ran down from the cliff to view things at closer quarters. There at the foot was that rogue Dan Baxter impaled on a sharp young sycamore.

"Look," called out Tom, the fun-loving Rover, "Look, fellows, his insides are oozing out."

Just then Sam, the literary Rover hurried up. "Hell, Tom," he bellowed laconically, "you mean his guts are showing."

The laugh was on Tom so they hurried toward the village and the seventeenth volume entitled, The Rover Boys in Town or Who Called the Sheriff.

Let us call an end.

SHE: "Oh, look at the stars, and they are so numerous."
HE: "Yes, and ain't there a hell of a lot of 'em."

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The Semi-Centennial

POMPEY has stamped his foot. And the disbanded legions have sprung from the soil in answer to the earthy note. Ex-presidents, glorious in robes that smell of mothballs, return to their ancient stamping ground, rehearse the glories that were, and politely affirm that conditions now could be worse.

The greatest disappointment of the Celebration is the inability of the Chief Magistrate to attend. If Coolidge had seen his way clear to squander two days in Chapel Hill, the success of the day as a bid for national publicity would have been assured. Reporters would have swarmed from the great papers; Pathe News would have carried the beaming face of our president to the outer provinces. But perhaps it is better as it is. Let our reputation spread through the scholarly journals and not through the Rotogravure sections. It is fitting that the oldest state university be quiet in its pride. Then let us rejoice in a procession of ex-presidents, rehearsing the halcyon days, marching in robes smelling faintly of mothballs.

The Issue

THE BUCCANEER makes its first appearance of the year at a time of gorgeous festival and we deem it only fitting that this fact should be mentioned on the cover and the editorial page, if no where else in the issue. No one is gladder than we that something is happening to give THE BUCCANEER the opportunity to surprise the literate world with its inimitable chortle of barely restrained (but restrained) merriment.

It occurred to Mr. Gerald W. Johnson, journalist, since Celebration Number this must be, that we hold the sacred rites in honor of the little known Discovery of the University by the Chief of Them All, Columbus. Anyone disputing the authenticity of this discovery can proceed to Ohio where he will unearth indubitable proof in the form of a hamlet of considerable size bearing the name of the Discoverer. The humour of the suggestion will not be disputed, unless Mr. Johnson desires to take up the cudgels in his own defense. We hope that fifty years from now our prestige will be such that it will be unnecessary to introduce a ringer like Columbus, or invite a mere President to attend our exercise denoting senescence, but will be able to attract a really big man, like Jack Dempsey or Mack Sennett.

O TEMPORA, O MORES

Times aint what they used to be. Celebrations are falling down as a means of excitement. Enthusiasm has run out and the good people are fast becoming emotionally decrepit. The Glorious Fourth passed off in our neighborhood with only two drownings, three injured by fireworks, and a few automobile accidents. Maybe things will pick up Thanksgiving and Christmas.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY

The boys on the staff wont be good. This is the kind of thing they want to see printed, but you just bet that the editors slap their hands when they try to slip something raw in.

1. Don't marry until you see her in a summer dress—preferably against the sun.
2. In an evening dress against the electric lights.
3. In a one piece bathing suit.
4. $$—&(*"

A FABLE FOR THE INNOCENTS

It was a homebrew officer
And he stoppeth one of three:
"My man, you're reeling drink, I ween,
You were likely on a spree."

The one turned on the plainclothes cop
A glassy eye and cross:
"His, off'sher, I'm no man," quoth he,
"I am an Albatross."

"An Albatross shot dead, in sooth,
By a cross-bow do you think?
A quart of—I mean a strong cross-bow
Has put me on the blink."

He hung himself to the flat-foot's neck:
With his glassy eye and red
Looked up and cried, "You can't arrest
An Albatross that's dead."

The officer spoke: "Too bad, too bad
To leave this bird to waste,
I'll take it home; I wonder how
An Albatross would taste."

The Albatross unhung itself
And sobbed: "I'd rather bunk
In jail; I ain't no Albatross.
Arrest me: I'm just drunk!"

HER AND HER OLD WOMAN

The sweetest girl in all the world
Has just informed me of her love.
My heart's desire—my wonder child—
My tender, gentle, cooing dove.
To hear such news from her dear lips
Would make a lifeless corpse feel great.
I must draw fifty from the bank
And hie me forth to celebrate.

Last night she crept into my arms
And said that she would be my wife.
My darling lamb—my precious love —
My worshipped guardian of life.
I know that she's too good for me;
My nerves are in a dreadful state.
I'll draw another hundred out
To buy a ring, and celebrate.

Praise Allah, I have broken loose
From that cheap, scheming siren's clench.
The hopeless fool—the grasping flirt—
The lazy, stupid, quarrelsome wench.
To think how nearly we were wed
Makes my blood cells disintegrate.
I'll draw about five hundred out
And then, by gosh, I'll celebrate.

DRINK CHICKEN LICKER. ONE PINT MAKES YOU LAY.

10 JOKES FOUND IN COLLEGE HUMOR

1

"I met the most wonderful man last night and he says he loves me tho he has only known me four hours."

"Well, perhaps that's the reason."

One can only feel admiration for such a subtle and adroit bit of repartee.

2

Boy: "I wish I could revise the alphabet."

Girl: "What would you do?"

Boy: "I'd put U and I closer together."

This is a remarkably clever pun involving U and you. The boy is insinuating that the girl should not act so distant.

3

Lady (gazing at tree): "Oh mammoth oak, if you could speak what would you say?"

Gardener: "It would probably say I'm not an oak but a spruce."

You see, the lady unfortunately got her trees confused. How the merry old gardener must have laughed.

4

She: "I wish you wouldn't drive with one arm."

He: "Only too glad to park, my dear."

This is one of these disgustingly vulgar jokes that do so much toward giving college comics a bad name.

5

Passenger: "Is this a fast train?"

Conductor: "It sure is."

Passenger: "What is it fast to?"

In his wrath the passenger makes use of a highly original piece of sarcasm which the poor conductor probably missed and which you will miss too if you don't watch carefully.

6

Driver: "Git up, Love."

Man: "Love is a queer name for a mule; don't you know love is blind?"

Driver: "So is dis mule. Git up, Love."

A quaint combination of mythological knowledge and familiarity with real negro dialect.

7

"Did you buy that $60 hat you were raving over?"

"Yes."

"What did your husband say?"

"He raved over it too."

One scarcely knows if the husband was pleased or angry. These double entendres are so puzzling.

8

"How does the poor working man support himself?"

"Speel it."

"With his legs, of course."

Even a working man stands up occasionally: therefore he *supports* himself with his legs. Catch it?

9

"Kansas City is a good place to be from."

"Yes, the fromer the better."

This effort reveals a disgusting lack of civic pride.

10

"What happened to the man who was killed?"

"Oh! He died."

In other words the man's death unfortunately proved fatal.

What is this world coming to? Even the movie people are interested in reel estate developments.

"Why are you so interested in Mary? Why she's so dumb she hasn't enough sense to come in out of the rain."

"That's just it. And the same applies to the moonlight."

IN LOCO PARENTIS

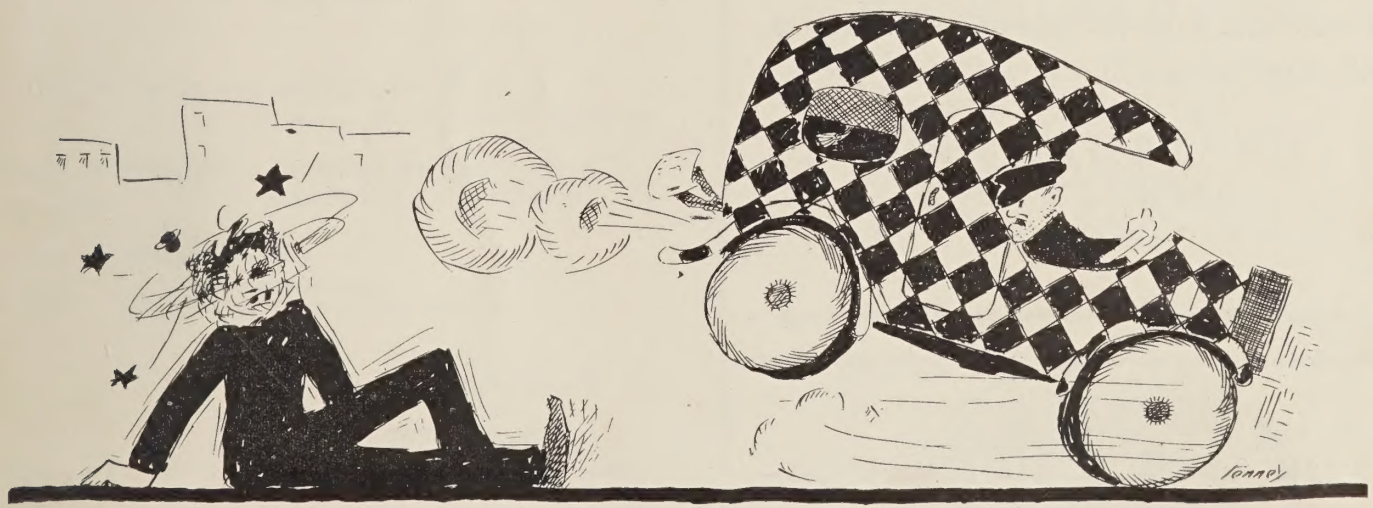
We take off our hats to the lady who sent her son to Washington and Lee because she heard that the boys drank quite a bit at Carolina.

NEW FALL SUITS

that conform with the style requirements of men who dress well, with the fabric requirements of the men who demand quality, with the tailoring requirements of men who look beyond first appearance, with value requirements of men who wish to save money on good clothes.

PRITCHARD-BRIGHT CO.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA



THESE NEW ONES PRETTY CUTE, WHAT?

Michael: Come back, you—— come back!
Mephistopheles: G'wan! I can't af-ford to. Haw!

Do You Know That Bowden's Has a Combination?

Not the kind for a safe or vault. But a combination that has food of Quality, Service, and Congeniality in it.

One trial will convince you

BOWDEN'S CAFETERIA

"Where food is cooked to eat, not just to sell"

NEXT TO POSTOFFICE

Welcome, Carolina Men

We welcome you to inspect our stock of Gents Furnishings, Clothing, Hats and Shoes

UNIVERSITY SHOP
JACK LIPMAN
Next to Pick

DR. DANIEL T. CARR

Dentist

Tankersley Building

PHONE 64

"Why do you call your flivver 'Pyorrhea'?"

"Because four out of every five have one."—*Widow.*

"Six of my sons are studying to be artists and writers; the seventh is learning to be a bricklayer."

"Aren't you rather optimistic, thinking he can support the six of them?"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"Do you love me, dear?"

"Dearly, sweetheart."

"Would you die for me?"

"No, my pet. Mine is an undying love."—*Panther.*

"You have your mother's eyes, little girl."

"Naw, Pierre's got 'em; they're glass, and he's out playing marbles."—*Tiger.*

Schiffman's
LEADING JEWELERS
EST 1903

GREENSBORO

North Carolina's
Quality Jewelry *and*
Gift Establishment

SPECIALISTS IN THE
MANUFACTURE OF
COLLEGE JEWELRY

Fortune Teller: "You are going to marry a poet."

Damsel: "And you charge me two dollars for that information?"

F. T.: "Make it fifty cents."—*Courier Journal.*

Bounder: "Stumbled into a theater dressing room by mistake last night."

Rounder: "What was going on?"

Bounder: "Oh, nothing to speak of."—*Mercury.*

John: "Do you think a girl should learn to love before twenty?"

Irving: "Nope. Too large an audience."—*Panther.*

"Yes dear, Muriel went crazy over clothes. They had to put her in a strait-jacket."

"How was it trimmed?"—*Judge.*

If You Haven't
Done This

Gathered around one
Of Gooch's midnight
Frolic tables

Eaten waffles
Gooch's style

And discussed
Football dope

Why man!

You haven't been
A Carolina student

Every night is
College night
At Gooch's

QUALITY ~ SERVICE
GOOCH'S
CAFE
SINCE 1903

The other night—

In SUTTON & ALDERMAN'S, the comparison between Hollingsworth Candies and another popular brand was being discussed.

Before about fifteen students, Dr. Sutton opened a box of each. With a knife he cut in two each piece of the two boxes for comparison.

Both candies were chocolate covered so it was the inside that counted.

Making a long story short, *Hollingsworth* won fifteen firm proven friends.

HOLLINGSWORTH'S
UNUSUAL CANDIES

"What makes you think he is conceited?"

"He had a birthday last week and he sent a telegram to congratulate his mother."—*Bystander.*

He: "Do you like Tosti's 'Good-bye'?"

She: "I don't know the gentleman, but it couldn't be meaner than Jack's."—*Panther.*

When you want
U-Drive-it
SEE
SIDNEY *and* DEWEY
Front of Bus Lunch Room
FORDS——and——BUICKS

LUXENBERG
CLOTHES FOR THE COLLEGE MAN

The SACK SUIT
(*Two and three button*)

CUT with that conservatism carefully dressed men demand, and tailored in appropriate, rich patterns that stamp them as distinctive.

$32.50 *to* $42.50

NAT LUXENBERG & BRO.
37 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

Next Showing AT CAROLINA SMOKE SHOP
Monday and Tuesday, October 19th and 20th

Our style memo. book sent free on request

Lumber Organization

The Cary Lumber Company selects a better type of timber from forests maintained by us for our supply.

One complete unit of lumber work from forest to job.

Cary Lumber Company

Established 1894

Durham, N. C.

"They say the prisoner was very much interested in the jury's verdict."

"Yes, he actually hung on their words."—*Punch.*

"What's going on over there?"

"A golden wedding."

"Curse those capitalists."—*Aussie.*

"Did you give your open-air show in spite of the rain?"

"Yes, the stage was sheltered by trees."

"And the audience?"

"Oh, we lent him a mackintosh."—*Passing Show.*

Poet: "Are you the man who cut my hair last time?"

Barber: "I don't think so, sir. I've only been here six months."—*Gaiety.*

Pig and Whistle

It looks like it is going to take all the pigs in Orange County to supply the growing demand for this popular sandwich.

The best fifteen cent feed ever introduced in Chapel Hill.

Purely a Bus Lunch sandwich especially prepared for hefty appetites.

THE BUS LUNCH

"For Your Convenience"

"One swallow doesn't make a summer."

"No, but it surely puts spring into your step."—*Moonshine.*

"There's a poor old man outside crying."

"What's he crying about?"

"He's got a watermelon for sale."—*Sun Dial.*

To the last drop it's good

Good-Grape

That good-grape drink

Let the Book X serve you

Custom Tailoring, Athletic Goods and Equipment, Note Books, Fountain Pens, Inks, Soap, Toothpaste, Shaving Cream, Text Books strictly at list price.

The Book Exchange

Student Supplies

FANCY ICES BLOCK CREAM

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for Frat or Sorority banquets

Phones 58 and 59 Main at Duke

PUNCHES SHERBETS

I am handling two of the *best* tailoring lines in the country

THE GLOBE TAILORING CO.

THE IMPERIAL TAILORS

Your inspection is invited. I also specialize in alterations

SECOND FLOOR KLUTTZ BUILDING

SOL LIPMAN

WATCH FOR THIS ISSUE

Beginning a new series of *Town and Gown* stories by LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

Nov. **5**

"The sweetest pipe in the world"

"It's a W D C"
TRADE MARK

The Milano is made in 26 smart shapes in smooth finish, from $3.50 up; rustic finish, $4.00 up—all "*insured*" for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

MILANO

"The Insured Pipe"

This snappy style is No. 1780

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

SOMETHING HUMOROUS

1. Henry Ford playing penny ante with the boys.
2. Bill Tilden winning the ping pong championship.
3. The editor of *Judge* talking to the W. C. T. U. on reasons why we shouldn't make fun of Prohibition.
4. A China-boy with a pig-sticker galloping down a long road with Jack Dempsey in front, at the business end of the sticker.
5. Mary Pickford playing Little Lord Fauntleroy, and such.
6. Hen Mencken joining the Rotary Club.
7. Ike Marconi trying to tune back in on KDKA and give the neighbors a treat.
8. Celebrations, picnics, and boards of directors.
9. General Petain annihilating the Riffs.
10. Any freshman.

—Allons, Ginette, filons donc le parfait amour.

—Et quand l'amour aura file?—*Journal Amusant.*

Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, Athletes—

Do You Know? "HOW *to* STUDY"

The Students' Hand-Book of Practical Hints on the Technique of Effective Study

by

WILLIAM ALLAN BROOKS

A GUIDE containing hundreds of practical hints and short cuts in the economy of learning, to assist students in securing MAXIMUM SCHOLASTIC RESULTS at a minimum cost of time, energy, and fatigue.

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED for overworked students and athletes engaged in extra curriculum activities and for average and honor students who are working for high scholastic achievement.

Some of the Topics Covered

Scientific Shortcuts in Effective Study.
Preparing for Examinations.
Writing Good Examinations.
Brain and Digestion in Relation to Study.
How to Take Lecture and Reading Notes.
Advantages and Disadvantages of Cramming.
The Athlete and His Studies.
Diet During Athletic Training.
How to Study Modern Languages.
How to Study Science, Literature, etc.
Why Go to College?
After College, What?
Developing Concentration and Efficiency.
etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

Why You Need This Guide

"It is safe to say that failure to guide and direct study is the weak point in the whole educational machine." Prof. G. M. Whipple, U. of Michigan.

"The successful men in college do not seem to be very happy. Most of them, especially the athletes, are overworked." Prof. H. S. Canby, Yale.

"Misdirected labor, though honest and well intentioned, may lead to naught. Among the most important things for the student to learn is how to study. Without a knowledge of this his labor may be largely in vain." Prof. G. F. Swain, M. I. T.

"To students who have never learnt How to Study, work is very often a chastisement, a flagellation, and an insuperable obstacle to contentment." Prof. A. Inglis, Harvard.

"Academic psychology with its highly productive resources gladly owes to these (students) the obligation of giving all it can to make this learning process easier, more pleasant, and in all ways more productive." Prof. G. V. N. Dearborn.

"HOW TO STUDY" will show you how to avoid all misdirected effort.

Get a good start and make this year a highly successful one by sending for this handbook, guide, companion, and adviser, NOW.

You Need This Intelligent Assistance

Clip and Mail TODAY

AMERICAN STUDENT PUBLISHERS,
22 West 43rd St., New York.

Gentlemen:
Please send me a copy of "How to Study" for which I enclose $1.00 cash; $1.10 check.

Name .....

Address .....

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

"Craftbuilt Printing"

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

The world is full of substitutes for everything but satisfaction—
WE SATISFY

CHRISTIAN & KING
PRINTING COMPANY

"Craftbuilt Printing"

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM · NORTH CAROLINA

Sign On The Dotted Line

The manner in which you guard your banking relations in college is going to determine to a certain extent the value of your name signed on the dotted lined of the financial world.

The Bank of Chapel Hill

Oldest and Strongest Bank in Orange County

ALWAYS SOME JOY KILLER

The night is fairer, dearest girl,
Because you're here.
And Joy takes on a swifter whirl,
Because you're here.
The stars themselves far brighter shine,
There's greater sparkle to the wine,
While life to me just seems divine,
Because you're here.

There's double flavor to the food
Because you're here.
The menu's more than twice as good
Because you're here.
And twice as prompt the waiters do
Each gladsome service; thanks to you.
Alas! The check is double too
Because you're here!

The question is sometimes asked: Where do young men get when they enter a large industrial organization? Have they opportunity to exercise creative talents? Or are they forced into narrow grooves?

This series of advertisements throws light on these questions. Each advertisement takes up the record of a college man who came with the Westinghouse Company within the past ten years, immediately after graduation from his university.

This Graduating Thesis Bore Fruit

G. E. LUKE

BACK in 1917, G. E. LUKE, a Princeton student, wrote a thesis on heat flow in electrical apparatus. The world was not fired upon receipt of this opus; it went on, in fact, very much as it had gone before. But LUKE came to Westinghouse, where his interest was encouraged. Today, although less than ten years off the steps of Old Nassau, he has completed researches that have improved the motor- and generator-building arts.

An interesting problem that came to him here was the development of an analytical or mathematical method of predetermining the temperature of a motor or a generator under a given power cycle. Nothing so comprehensive had been undertaken before. When developed, however, the method would permit a more scientific application of motors and generators to practical requirements. Safety factors could be cut down. Smaller apparatus could be used, with resulting economies.

The work was exacting and the researches not spectacular. In the end, however, there emerged a formula that is now the property of the industry and that stands as an important addition to the field of engineering information.

This incident shows the opportunities which the electrical industry affords the research engineer of genuine endowments. Today this young man has charge of the insulation section of the research department, with an organization of three physicists and five assistant physicists.

His work calls for the broadest kind of experience, for it relates to every kind of electrical apparatus in which heat flow occurs. Half the problems of his section are referred to it by other departments of the Westinghouse business—they are in the nature of emergency calls. The other half are of the department's own initiating. From these come many of the most revolutionary developments in the electrical art.

Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Years Ago—

A clean shirt was the sign of a large celebration (or wedding)

Today—

It means there is a laundry near to serve the community and student body and co-operate in the celebration of this good university.

Laundry Department
University Consolidated Service Plants

There was a young fellow named Claude,
The ladiest man you ever have saude.
He'd meet 'em and kneck 'em,
Then beat 'em and wreck 'em,
But he was afraid of our Maude!

I LIKE CELEBRATIONS

When I was a kid I liked to listen to the yelling and watch the Tough Men waving torches and snapping their Suspenders. They said it was for the President, but I smelled the Gin. Maybe I can vote next Election Day and get in on the Big Time. Sometimes they Celebrate at a Football Game too. Or a marriage, or a Funeral, or a Christening. Of course nobody enjoys watching the College Professors celebrating. Except when one of them, Cap and Gown and all, sits down in a Mud Puddle. But on the whole I like celebrations. Gee, yes, I like them.

It's a cinch that summer school dresses would never pass for harem veils in Turkey.

IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT

A Terrible Fate Awaits You

if you don't subscribe to

VANITY FAIR

He: Εὐφιλήτη, εἶδες ταὶς Μωρίαις ὁλικαὶς καὶ τὴν τῶν γονάτων γελουσάντων Ἄνην Πέννιγγτον;

you won't know who's who or what's what

you'll be caught short on dinner table conversation

you won't know what plays to pick or whom to look for in them

you won't know when the time changes in the world of ideas

why, for instance, jazz and Charlie Chaplin are today classic, and on what chill tomorrow they may be *vieux jeux*

when they put the padlock on D. H. Lawrence and when they took it off James Joyce

when the Russians stopped being chic and who supplanted them

the debutantes will dodge you at dinner

the stags at eve will cut in on someone more amusing

you'll be a wet rag, a dumb bunny

But it's not too late. Curfew doesn't ring tonight. The order blank is here. Vanity Fair's subscription list remains open .... Thank heaven there is still time.

She: Ἦ μην ἀλλά τι προ. υργιαίτερον, εὐφίλητος, εἶδες τὸν ἀντίγραφον νεότερον τῆς *Vanity Fair?*

10 issues for $2

VANITY FAIR

TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN

Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Vanity Fair:

Your English didn't persuade me, but your Boetian is irresistible. Attached find *two dollars* for *ten issues.*

Name, etc. .....

.....

.....

Illustrations copyright by Vanity Fair

PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

A HELL OF A SOCIAL NOTE.

Saturday night a week ago they whooped it up in hell;
The devil and all went on a spree
And threw a red hot jamboree
With a cheery brimstone smell.
For two slick guys had become millionaires
By selling poor widows some bum oil shares,
And all was gay down in the nether regions.

At three o'clock on that gala night the sport had just begun;
They melted the lead and heated the coals
And mixed up drinks for the poor lost souls
So they could join the fun.
For seven hundred big strong men
Had lynched one nigger for stealing a hen,
And wine flowed free down in the nether regions.

The pitchfolk weilders and the sinful damned forgot their mutual hates
And cruised up and down the river Styx
With a big boatload of fire proof bricks
To sling at the pearly gates.
For a bunch of crooks had got off free
By using insanity as their plea,
Mirth reigned supreme down in the nether regions.

"I just bought a Rembrandt."

Patriotic American: "Well, American cars are good enough for me."—*Judge.*

She: "Something ought to be done to conserve our wild life."

He: "I'd suggest repealing the Eighteenth Amendment."—*Punch Bowl.*

Cheaper Bus Fare

Ten one way tickets in booklet form may now be purchased at the bus station at the club rate of $4.00.

New trips added to the schedule are a 7:30 A.M. out of Durham and a 12:00 P.M. out of Chapel Hill. All others on the hour.

C. H. D. Line, Inc.

Telephone 167

If war ever broke out with Japan, or any other country for that matter, the War Department can rest assured that Carolina will furnish her quota of men for the Tank Corps.

First Cannibal running into camp: "Is I late fo' dinner?"
Second Cannibal: "You is; everybody's eaten."—*Dodo.*

Things we'd like to know:
Does the *Country Gentleman* hitch his horse to *The Saturday Evening Post?*

Meet me at the Smoke Shop where everybody goes

A regular place for regular fellows

Good Eats
Drinks Smokes
All sport dope Talk it over

"DEAN" PAULSEN, Prop.

Tailored *at* FASHION PARK *for* College Men

Royal Park

THE ACCEPTED SUIT STYLE

The qualities which made Royal Park so desirable among young college men will be found to an even greater degree in our present display. The richness of fabrics, the smartness of patterns and the wholesome values have won the instant approval of U.N.C. college men

Par-Kerry

TOPCOATS FOR AUTUMN

Adapted to the chilly days of Autumn, these topcoats fill every requirement of well dressed college men. They are correctly styled exclusively for us in the college shops at Fashion Park. The unusual storm-proof Par-Kerry fabrics are practical and servicable.

Suits - - - - $45 and more

Topcoats - - - $40 and more

MARKHAM-ROGERS COMPANY

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

DOWNS
©
THAT NEW
ARROW
COLLAR
418

THE

BUCCANEER

Price 25¢

LOCAL COLOR NUMBER

When it's Thanksgiving—and the teams are drawn up for battle on the gridiron—when the first touchdown goes over and the grandstands rock with frenzy
—have a Camel!

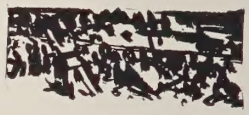
Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the rival bands are playing to make your blood tingle. And the cheers and answering songs sweep back and forth between the opposing thousands of rooters. When, following that tense hush, a swift player darts out from the flashing formations on the gridiron and races across the goal for the first touchdown—oh, man, or superman, when the taste of joy is too keen to endure—*have a Camel!*

For Camel is the boon companion of your joys. Roam as far as you will from the prosaic things of every day, Camel will be the truest smoke friend you ever had. Not a tired taste, not a cigaretty after-taste, not a regret in a million Camels! Just full and fragrant smoke contentment, just added zest in living.

So when your own college's team tears through for its first smashing goal this Thanksgiving Day—when life seems fullest of the frenzy of happiness—taste the most fragrant smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

© 1925

PITY
THE
POOR
PLEDGE.
HE
IS
NOT
IT.
HE
CANNOT
SIT.

IMPOSSIBLE PASTIMES

Playing pat-a-cake with a mule's hind legs.—*Colgate Banter.*

"Remember, all's fair in war," said the old maid to the chivalrous invading soldier.—*Virginia Reel.*

Algy: "What becomes of your lap when you stand up?"

Reggy: "It retires to the rear and pops up under an assumed name."—*Virginia Reel.*

He: Something seems to be wrong with this engine, it—

She: Don't talk foolish, wait until we get off this main road.—*Black and Blue Jay.*

Boy: Hey, mister, gimme a nickel to go on the merry-go-round?

Drunk: Save money, boy—hic—and climb up here on my —hic—shoulders.—*Black and Blue Jay.*

Jim Henry presents

a new shaving sensation

I know just how Fulton, Langley, Bell and Morse felt when people scoffed at their ideas.

I came in for a good deal of kidding myself eleven years ago when I predicted that shaving cream would knock hard soaps through the ropes.

Now that I'm introducing another revolutionary product, I find that men take me seriously. And when they *try* this new preparation, their fulsome praise makes my sales talk sound as conservative as decisions of the Supreme Court.

Yes, Mennen has another winner. Mennen Skin Balm is fracturing every record of sales growth ever made in the man field.

One demonstration forms a life-long habit. This is how it goes:

You squeeze a little of the silky balm from the tube (no bottle to leak or break). You rub it for half a minute into the skin just shaved.

First you feel a tingling bite, instantly followed by a surge of cooling comfort. Then you smell a brisk, refreshing odor that clears your head and delights your nostrils.

No trace of Skin Balm is left, but there has been definite antiseptic action, and your skin looks and feels better than ever before.

Get a big 50c tube of Mennen Skin Balm at the drug store and call on me for your four bits if you aren't happy with your purchase.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SKIN BALM

B O W D E N ' S

Is a Club With an Unlimited Membership

The privileges that it offers to its members are---Their second cups of coffee and all the hot biscuits they desire FREE during meals. Join this continually growing club. Your meal ticket is your membership card.

BOWDEN'S CAFETERIA

NEXT TO POSTOFFICE

Strowd Motor Company

Ford Service since 1914

AN OFFER

This ad is worth 25c in cleaning if clipped and brought to the

Carolina Dry Cleaners

This offer good only from Nov. 10th to 15th

Mabel: Why do you suppose there is so much electricity in my hair?

L. B.: Because it's connected to a dry cell.—*Toreador.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Prof.: I will use my hat to represent the planet Mars. Is there any question before I go on?

Stude: Yes! Is Mars inhabited?—*Pitt Panther.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"George, I'll give you a pint of Scotch if you'll hurry over to my house and get my grip. Hurry now.—What! Haven't you gone yet?"

"Gone? Boss, I'se back!"—*Yellow Jacket.*

We specialize in furnishing
Fraternity Homes

POPE-CROWDER COMPANY
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Chapel Hill Barber Shop
and Pressing Club

6 Club Tickets, $1.50

"It must be difficult to eat soup with a moustache."

"Yes, it's quite a strain."—*Gargoyle.*

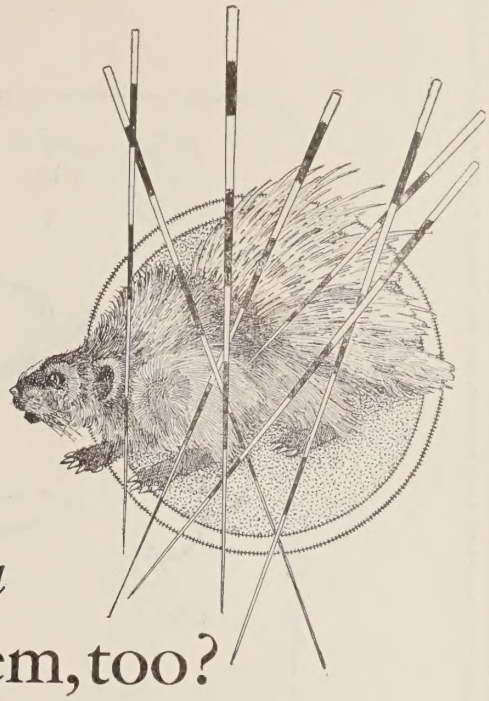
✠ ✠ ✠

"A police dog! He looks like a poodle."

"S-s-sh! Secret police dog. He's in disguise."—*Le Pele-Mele* (Paris).

✠ ✠ ✠

"No, Jimmy, I can't go out tonight. I've been taking riding lessons and I have er—er—a sore foot."—*Harvard Lampoon.*



Do *you* grow 'em, too?

If you are a regular he-gent, the chances are that your beard rivals the porcupine's armament.

In a hedgehog, quills are defensive; in the human face they are offensive. The animal sheds his quills once a year; man must get rid of his every day.

This would be an unmitigated calamity, if Mennen Shaving Cream hadn't been discovered. Nowadays, men with quill-like beards get behind a dense bank of Mennen lather. A few seconds later they emerge —clean-shaven, well-groomed, good-tempered.

The exclusive Mennen process, dermutation, changes the belligerent beard into a meek mass that surrenders at a glance from the razor.

This magical Mennen action is sure-fire. It requires neither the urging of towels and fingers, nor the pampering of soft, heated water. Test these robust claims at my risk. Money back if you say so. Giant tubes at 50c.

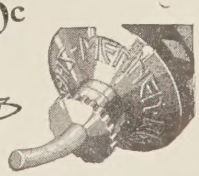
Another sure-fire product is Mennen Talcum for Men. Makes your face look better and feel better, for no apparent reason. That's because it's tinted to blend invisibly with your skin. Great for after bathing, too. Two-bit tins.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

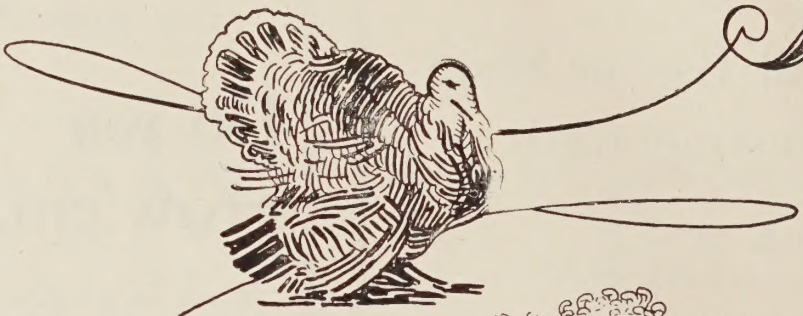
Regular type tube with threaded cap

YOUR CHOICE OF TUBES 50c

New-style tube with non-removable top



For Thanksgiving



SEASONABLY DECORATED BOXES EXPRESSIVE OF THANKSGIVING ~ For Those Who Love Fine Things

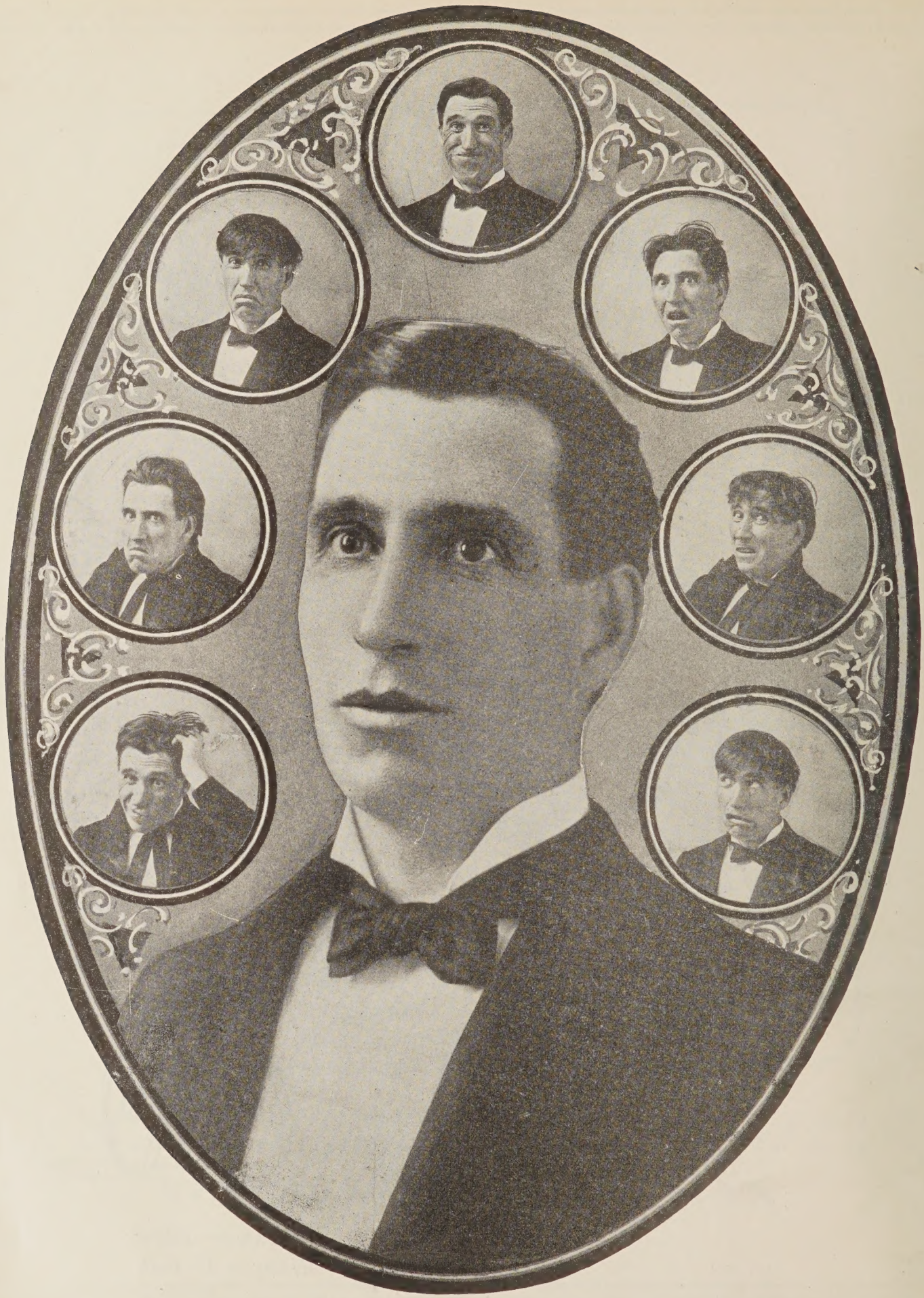
Hollingsworth's UNUSUAL CANDIES

VIRGIL HOLLINGSWORTH, AUGUSTA, GA.

To the Carolina player scoring the first point against Virginia we are going to present a Five Pound Box of Hollingsworth's Unusual Candy. For sale by

SUTTON *and* ALDERMAN

Ye Unwary Editor
Riding to Ye Fall



PROFFESSOR CROTCH IN MANY MOODS

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME III NUMBER 2

Fall: "Did you ever eat any green persimmons?"

Spring: "Yes."

Fall: "How do you like them?"

Spring: "They gripe me."

Cervantes wrote in prison,
Milton wrote in the library,
And Homer wrote in the Attic.

Jimpson: "What's the capitol of Oregon?"

Weed: "Springfield, Mass."

Jimpson: "Thanks, I thought so."

Wire: "If I put my money in this bank, can I draw it out whenever I want to?"

Less: "Sure, if you give us thirty days notice."

How d'ja hurt your hand?"

"I was playing bridge and the darn think broke."

People We Have Never Met.

1. Ante Up
2. Ma Jong
3. Pa Jamas
4. Sis Tern
5. Aunt Elope
6. Maggie Zine.

Lady: Would you see me across the street, officer?

Policeman: Sure; my eyesight is as good as any on the force.

That contortionist is the biggest tightwad I have ever seen.

Is that right?

Yes, he drinks hair tonic, and turns himself inside out in winter to keep from buying an overcoat.

Girls use mirrors to see if their faces are clean, and boys use the towel for the same purpose.

Olive: "Hasn't your girl brown hair?"

Oil: "Don't know. I haven't seen her in two days."

"What's the matter with your foot?"

"Rheumatism."

"Why don't you see Doctor Smith, the rheumatism specialist?"

"I did but he was sick in bed."

"What was the matter?"

"Rheumatism."

She: "Why aren't you having as many breach of promise suits as you used to?"

He: "I had 'For Display Purposes Only' engraved on my frat pin."

SOME EMOTIONS

George Penny, the Hill's most famous bootlegger, is never found far from Professor Crotch. Here he regards the master with worshipping eyes.

The moods interpreted by Professor Crotch are as follows reading from left to right.

(If left handed, read from right to left. If you can't read, get someone else to read it to you.)

1. Dissipation
2. Animation
3. Resignation
4. Celebration
5. Addition
6. Multiplication
7. Division.

Tramp: Why is that man painting the inside of a chicken coop?

Trample: To prevent the hen eating the grains in the wood!

THE SOPHISTICATED SISTERS

1. Little Winkie Floyd is not so keen but she's a really *good*-hearted creature. Her sisters say "You can say what you please about Winkie, but you have to admit that she would do *anything* for you." They mean, of course, that she would do you for anything, but then *we* aren't supposed to know the difference between naivete and nativity. Winkie is the girl who invented the term Kalloom (now please don't be crude—it's in all the best lexicons) because she got tired of being accused of knecking. The standing mystery down at the hut is how on earth did she flunk English I?

2. Mildred is one of those languorous maidens, not given to over-exertion. She is on intimate terms with the unintelligentsia and kills three dozen fags on any dull day. Her latest boy-friend reads Sanskrit for diversion and never says over eight words an hour because his uncle is an Egyptologist. He asked Mildred what she thought of the tenets of Havelock Ellis and she says, "Desist, Wilfred, you know I don't keep up with sports." She's that clever. She claims that she wears that famished look because she believes in eugenics and eats only on every other Friday. Which is interesting, if true, but she certainly got her signals crossed last Wednesday evening when I took her out to dinner.

3. Myriad Stalls is the majordomo of the fraternity. Willie Shakespere wanted to know what's in a name. Et ego, Alfred. What she is ignorant of concerning stalls would make a British theatre-goer grotto. If you want to know which would make the best housekeeper, a blonde or a brunette or henna-haired damsel, ask Myriad, she's been all three—only she doesn't know anything about house-keeping. Except the low-down on drawing room acoustics. She's big-hearted, too. Oh, my, yes. But in a nice way, of course. Her forte is dramatics. She's darn good, and she ought to be. She's been acting now for nigh twenty-two years.

She reminds me of the transportation services.

How do you mean?

The bus lines, lad, the bus lines.

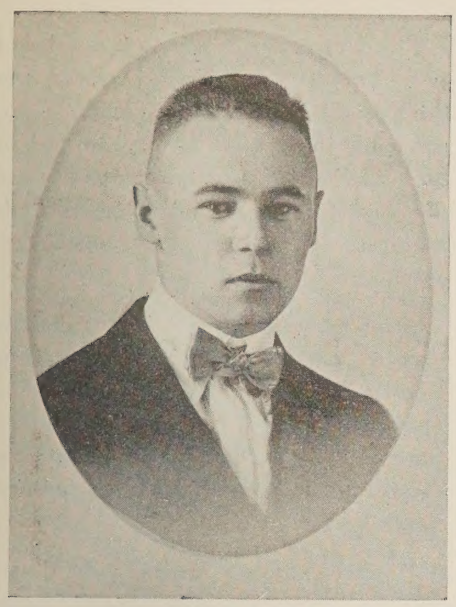
"Does he dress well?"

"Why when he was hazed, he insisted on being smartly belted with a Hickock."

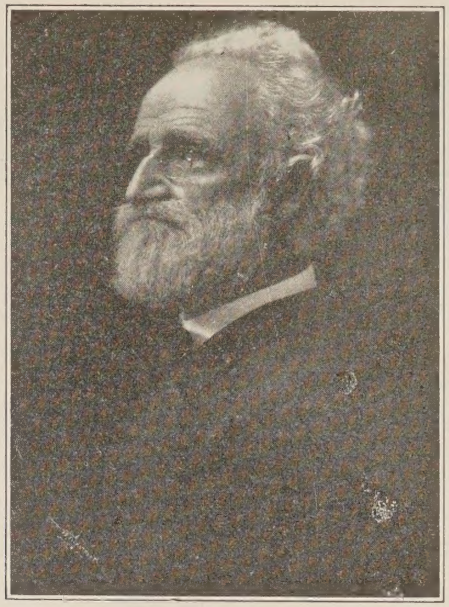
Critick: His verses are weird and blood-curdling.

Critick No. 2: Yes, Edgar Allen Poe-try.

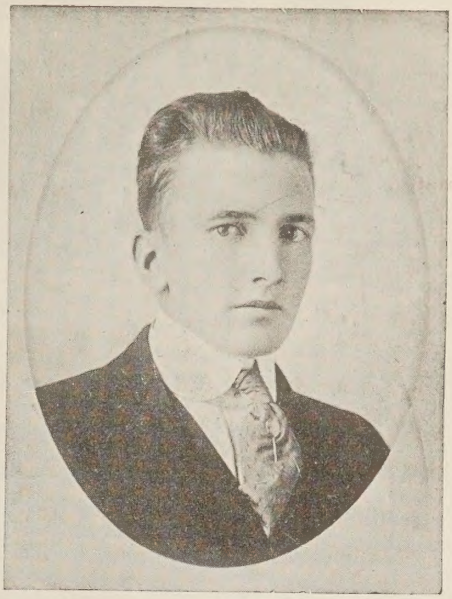
OUR-FRATERNITY-PAGE



Pelleas Melisande of Charity Cross-roads. A man among women. Has only one thought and that a virtuous one—himself. All the neophytes think that he is the cream of society; later they learn that his old man carries a milk route.



Goofy McDuffy, our fraternity hero. Once he drank all the medical supply for the good of the cause when he saw a student councillor coming toward the house. And what is a frat without a dumb-bell? Goofy is our private gymnasium. Goes to B. Y. P. U. and talks about saving the heathen. Wants everyone to call him "Speedy."



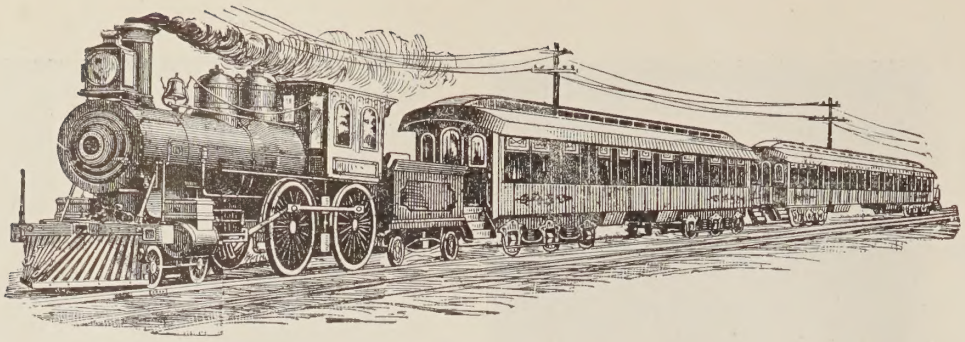
Hefflesneff Clide is a grate boy. We all love him, Lud, how we love him. His only trouble is that he has never passed anyone yet. We don't know whether we should have him psycho-analyzed for dementia praecox or give him a large dose of s-l-s. (-a-t-).

Adelbert Hagen de Quincy, III, the demon student. He got mad as hell when one of the profs gypped him and he only pulled down three A's and a B. Was teethed on a fountain pen and took nourishment from a desk lamp.

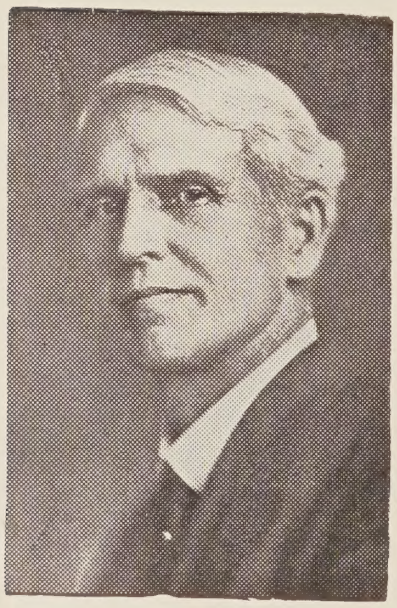
Let's have a big evening and give some yells. Now take your books, boys, and we'll all join in. Wish we had room for more.

Bon ton,
Bon ton,
Sigma Alpha
Epsilon.
Hoity, toity
Kalamazoo
Sigma Delta
Delta U.
Rough and ready
Crude and raw
Brenau
Chi Tau
Haw Haw.

Steamboat Bill. We get all our football dope from Bill. He carried water for the second team. What we should do without him when the games come around I don't know. What we should like to do to him the rest of the time is easy.



Dear children, this is a picture of a North Carolina Train. Smell the fire in the engine. She is all het up and ready to go. See the spacious C-O-A-C-H in the rear for the white people. See the nice bell and all the black smoke pouring forth into the great F-I-R-M-A-M-E-N-T. But look, the train, no I mean the Cole tender is empty. See how the track ends in front of the train. It has nowhere to go. The track is theF-U-N-D-A-M-E-N-T-A-L part of this train. See how the telegraph line hangs in the air. It has no support. The telegraph is the I-N-T-E-L-L-I-G-E-N-C-E of this Railroad, children. Do you know where the engineer is? Neither do the Passengers. He is over at that Sodom place trying to buy more track. And where are the Passengers? They are back there in the coaches fighting over the seats. And the C-O-N-D-U-C-T-O-R? Oh, he is gonna be conductor next year.



This is Mr. A. Thing. You can see by his collar that he is a disappointed politician. All disappointed politicians write articles for magazines.

Francais: "I am insult. I challenge you to a duel with pistols tomorrow morning before breakfast."

Anglais: "That lets me out. I never eat breakfast."

A tutoring Lieut. would toot
On a flute he kept in his boot.
He put a foot in the boot containing
the flute,
Making rifts in the flute in the boot of
the Lieut.

There was a young man with a qt.
Who drank a lot more than he ot.
He hit a cop twice,
Now he's wishing for ice,
In a place where there's always a dt.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CATALOGUE

The University is situated at Chapel Hill, twelve miles from Durham and thirty-eight miles from Raleigh. Trips are made three times a week to each of these towns under personal direction of the superintendent and attendance is required of all Freshmen unless excused.

A model central power plant distributes a minimum of heat, water and electric lights to all buildings and a few rooms. The records of the United States Life Guard prove that the drownings at Chapel Hill are comparatively few.

Chapel exercises are held in Memorial Hall every morning (except Saturday and Sunday) (Monday through Friday inclusive) at 10:30 A. M. Here violent and eloquent talks are made about the misuse of public lavatories and paying more than $3.00 per pint for hair tonic.

Expenses are made as heavy as possible by the University so that a new pair of shoes may be donated to the police force each Christmas. This generosity is extended in return for the hearty coöperation given by him in keeping all students who have cars from running over unfortunate co-eds.

All members of the graduating class who desire sheep-skins must fill out a blank form stating sex, breed, age and rank of sheep from which said skin is to be taken.

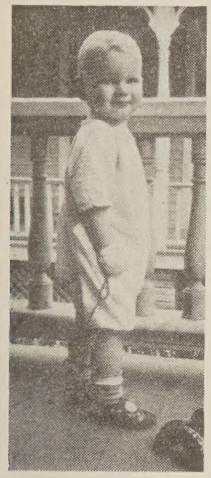
For further information, address the President, in care of the Laundry Department.

SIGN IN A MOVIE HOUSE

This Week
"Night Life of Paris"

Next Week
"Back Home and Broke"

ANY NEWS IS FIT TO PRINT!



Editor Prank Parker at the early age of three. He has just said, "Madam, there is nothing in this rumor that Carolina has a football team."

We hereby hurl defiance at Prank M. (Mirror) Parker and his hoodlums who monthly defalcate with our magazine. Huzzah for Tom Swift and Mark Tidd, and the Young Editor's Rise to Fame! So's your old shoe.

THE ATHALETIC SITUATION

Having witnessed the recent sleep walking contest—going by the name of a football game between this and another well known institution, we have become firmly convinced that either a new team, new coaches, or new tackling dummies are sadly needed. Or new coaches.

As we see the present situation at present, the main trouble lies in the tackling dummies. They are good dummies, but unfortunately they are not life-like and do not have the disturbing faculty of side-stepping, stiff-arming, and running. But we have nothing against them as dummies.

We are only a "Campus Mirror" and hence feel sure that we voice the sentiments of the student body when we make the following suggestion: We suggest that either new model tackling dummies should be bought for the squad or new dummies bought or a new rule should be passed which would prohibit the man with the ball from running.

A quaint note struck in an issue last year. Almost too personal, since prohibition.

"Quarterback whose only fault is he doesn't rum himself enough," Coach Fetzer is reported to have said.

In another of last year's issues, it was royalty itself which intrigued the kiddies sense of humour.

"After spending ..... the Prince of Whales has departed for Canada."

An item of interest is quoted for those who are interested in such things. (Thurs, Sept. 24, 1925)

"Boys outnumber girls in the Malin, Oregon, public school."

Where would our culture be were it not for Prank and his devastating comments on illiteracy? (Thurs. Sept. 24, 1925)

"*Often mispronounced,* tithe. Pronounce the "th" as in "this", not as in "thistle.'

A pastoral which is evidently culled from Hymen by way of Gayley's Classic Myths (or Mythologies). Rather cunning. (Thurs. Sept. 24, 1925)

"Dan Cupid reports the following marriages during the summer:"

A dog-ear which makes one suspect that we are not getting our money's worth out of the track team. (Sept. 22, 1925)

"Track Meet, Gerard Hall, Tonight, 8:30."

Vice in Chapel Hill has been attacked in no uncertain tones. The *Tar Heel* stands four-square to all the winds that blow and expresses itself with withering scorn and virtuous indignation. Pray, pray, spare Prexy Baulsen's gray hairs and his love of art!

"A picture of a lady, clad only in one stocking, has been added to the fixtures in ..... Shoke Shop as an inducement to students to trade there .... is the first time, within the memory of The *Tar Heel*, that a local merchant has resorted to the use of such pictures to improve trade."

A pyramid over a Y. M. C. A. story taken from the paper for Sept. 22, 1925.

"Gwynn quits organization to go into business—Comer expects greater efficiency than ever before."

A social note of some importance from the issue for Sept. 22, 1925. "J. Heinie Lineberger, of Belmont and Chapel Hill, and President of the Publications Union, is back on the Hill. He reports a trip to Canada. Lineberger is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity."

A FEW PUISSANT QUERIES

Although I am a whang at answering examination questions there are a few which have stumped me during my collitch career. Do you remember the exam we took the morning after the night when—? Then cast your eagle eye over these and remember that although a Cadillac never needs attention a snow ball won't bounce.

My archaeology instructor sprung this one: Compare in detail the figures of Queen Hotshepsut and Dorothy Knapp.

Do you catch the fine question of ethics involved in this? If Browning thought about the high rate of infant morality during the Black Plague, what did E. M. Hull?

Here is one which involves mathematics: If marriage is sacred, figure the square root of the holiness of Peggy Hopkins Joyce and divide the resulting comic section by the third edition of Omar Khayyam, third shelf to the left as you enter Canada.

I thought my course in Library II was wasted when this one dropped me for the count: Look in Vebster's Fictionary and get figures showing how many Chinese were yellow during the Dythyrambic war.

The chemistry professor must have been spoofing us when he put up this one: Which is more dangerous to a new dinner jacket, the juice of one grape fruit, or a pint of apple brandy?

THIS IS
THE
CEDAR
BIRD
IN HIS
NATIVE
LAIR

THIS THING

Can you guess what this is? If you can, you're a better man than I am Gunga Gin. In fact you win. I think that it is a paper basket. The University in its beneficence is spreading them around in the dormitories, one for each room. Now guess again. Observe the classic outlines; pipe the wide top of the vessel, look at those legs. Is it an amphora? A drinking bowl? A——? With the help of a kerosene stove one could cook fudge in it. But if they caught you at it, oh my, they might put you on prohibition. What did you call me? So's your Aunt Emily!

What do you do with your campus radicals when they start acting hard?

Lock 'em up in the stiff house.

Blatz: Vell, and did Ikey accept the bid to your fraternity?

Blutz: Vy no; the poor fool turned up his nose at us.

She's what you might call a safe girl.

Yeah, but men seldom get their hands on the combination.

Many a hot looking sweater came from a fire sale.

I hear they convicted that man who shot the co-ed over in Chapel Hill.

Yes, the idiot persisted in claiming it was an accident.

First Golfer: I didn't do so well on that hole because I had to play my ball out of a heel print six inches deep.

Second Maniac: My gosh, what a lie.

THE CAROLINA GASOLENE

THE MAN WHO SMELLED

By Rollin D. Bones

CHAPTER 606

John Blatherskite opened and closed his mouth . . . fishily, sardinishly, troutishly. He had or perhaps he hadn't. Yes. No. Maybe. Only yesterday it had happened again and his fluttering heart fluttered . . . fluttishly, fluently fluidly. It was his secret . . . he shouldn't breathe it to a soul. And yet. Then. Now. They shunned him as he ambled along, counting the cracks in the sidewalk. Temptation whiffled out of Greek restaurants like a plate of goulash . . . out of Jew clothing stores like a suit of woolen underwear. Ay, there's the rub. Madly he cast his eyes across the street but a polite pedestrian returned them. The desire overpowered him and he threw aside restraint, his religion, his pants. He *would* smell. Yes, by the one eyed mate of Columbus, he *would* smell. Dropping to the ground he pressed his nose to the cement, bayed like a pack of hound dogs and smelled . . . deliciously, rabidly, rabbitishly.

What did John Blatherskite smell? Turn to page 77, drink Listerine after every party (adv.) or try it on your own piano.

SPECKLED BERRIES

By William T. Davenport

With the sole purpose in view of refuting the arguments set forth by those members of the "Old School" who maintain that the younger generation are heading for the hot lip section of hell, the writer indulged in a number of so-called giraffing, necking, and kallooming parties during the past summer school. From these first hand experiences he procured the following very interesting statistics:

Total number of parties attempted	627
Girls admitting that they had never even been kissed	627
Number of parties succeeded with at first attempt	625.5
Number of times "Stop!" was exclaimed	?
Number of times "Stop!" was meant †	1

† Bad cold; nose running.

Cases of halitosis	319
Number using listerine	308
Number chewing gum	600

DO YOU SEE THIS BICYCLE?

This is I, William T. Crouch, riding in infinite involutions to my class in Evolution on my Spirit Power Bicycle! I am an authority on music, religion, poetry, prose, government, and applied power, and will undertake to make a monkey of any monkey who is monkey enough to monkey with me.

"Swing low sweet chariot," cried the darky in the back seat as the car rounded the curve at sixty per.

FEATURES IN COMING ISSUES:

"ARE YOU AFRAID TO LOVE?"

By Plato Aristotle Pslowmoshun.

Being an answer to the question, "DOES A PETTING PARTY END WITH A KISS???"

The *Magazine* considers that it has been especially fortunate in procuring the sole publication rights of this remarkable article written by the greatest of all sex novelists. Mr. Pslowmoshun, who has devoted several hours of his life to the study of such matters, says that no young man should fail to read this story. No copies will be issued to persons under sixteen years of age who are not accompanied by their parents.

VOL. III NOVEMBER 10, 1925 No. 2

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CIRCULATION STAFF

John D. Ross, *Manager*

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The House

The Pirate shaved a splinter from his wooden leg.

"When do we get a craft of our own, shipmates?" he began dolefully. It was fifteen minutes by the ship's chronometer before the silence could be broken, and then it was too late. Seven handkerchiefs had floated through the door of the *Tar Heel* office and out into Cameron Avenue.

The Knight of the Exchequer was the first to recover from the wet gloom that hung over the room.

"They have promised us a place in the Graham Memorial Building when it is completed," he cried. "Until then let us be men."

"I can't be a man," declared the Flapper primly, if soggily.

"Why?" thundered the Pirate.

Seeing that the Flapper was blushing and guessing at biological reasons, the Knight very courteously interrupted.

"But that has nothing to do with our new home." And then to the Pirate. "Will you lead us in song?"

Long, long into the night did the mournful strains of "To-morrow" and "Silver Hairs Among the Gold" compete with the Band which was upstairs, evidently practising on Gin Fizz and Fifty-Fifty Hot Spots.

There is room in the crew of the good ship for several artistic cut-throats and for those scurvy ink splashers who are careful to go fairly deep in the files of *Judge*. Address any copy to Editor of Buccaneer, Box 831.

INSECTICIDE OR THE END OF THE FIRST AMOEBA

The night was dark and dreary and the dog was full of fleas, the cat retired behind the davenport and the moon rose dry and hot. The gal sobbed a sigh and lent her head on the buzz saw with a final choke. Her head rolled down the main street and a passing ditch-digger sprigged his toe on it. Picking it up he wondered dully where the rest of the girl was. He kissed the lips reflectively and stuck the head in his pocket.

On reaching his boat, a Cunard liner, he stopped as he entered the low portal but nevertheless he stumped his toe. By the time he had sat down the girl had eaten a hole in his pocket and bitten him on the hip. They always do. He tapped her on the head gently with an axe and she drew back awkwardly. "She would have done it more gracefully," he thought, "had she some of the rest of her body with her." He idly wondered how the rest of her might look, if her legs would have been as pretty as her face; it was rather queer that she should still run around. But it didn't matter, he had her and sitting her up on his pipe rack he began to puff smoke up the nostrils of the girl. She evidently didn't smoke for she coughed violently, throwing her ears from side to side; her false teeth rattled out and he, mildly irritated, stuck them back for her. She blinked her eyes rapidly three and a half times. The hardy ditch-digger sat up in surprise his hair probably growing while he stared at the hussy. "Nix!" he shouted, "Not that! Not that!!!" but she only stared that innocent stare. "Oh God" muttered the man, "what am I gonna doo do . . doo . . doo?" She got out the old Concert Grand and wrote the immortal work entitled, "If your sweet mamma loses her head, you better find it for her."

"Is this Stratford?"
"Yes, sir, and Shakespeare's home—"
"I'm looking for a service station."—*Courier Journal.*

First Chorus Girl: "I'm thinking of marrying Jack."
Second Ditto: "So am I. Do you know of anybody who's got it?"—*Judge.*

He: "Do you love me like you used to?"
She: "I think I can do better than that now."—*Film Fun.*

THE HELL IT IS

The seasons of
Basket.....,
Moth.....,
*High.....,
draw near.
*[extinct in Chapel Hill.]

Co-ed: He's truthful, isn't he?
Co-edess: He keeps his word because no one will take it.

Hist. Prof.: The combined English, French, and Italian fleets failed at the Dardanelles.
Student: Obvious; a straight always beats three kings.

Stude: Milton spent fifteen days on one page of Il Penseroso.
Sing Sing: That's nothing; I've been on one sentence for six years.

Conversation heard just after a Co-ed has entered a dentist's office:
Dr.: I'm afraid to give her gas.
Nurse: Why?
Dr.: How can I tell when she is unconscious??

"I had to discharge my nurse for the most horrible cruelty."
"What did she do?"
"Kicked my poor darling Fido for biting the baby."—*London Opinon.*

Girl's Father: "Well, I think I'll smoke a cigar and then go to bed."
Suitor: "Here, have a cigarette."—*Answers.*

JUST A DASH OF LOCAL COLOR

She: I hear you went to see Belle last night.

He: It wasn't my fault. I put some alcohol in the radiator of my car and the damn thing didn't know where it was going.

All girls with legs like sausages should adopt the new porterhouse roll for their hosiery.

He: "What is that piece of music the orchestra is playing?"

She: The Fifth Symphony.

He: "Gee, but I'm late."

"The South has a peculiar effect on me," said the little Yankee maid who was visiting her cousin. "I can't say 'don't' when I want to, and I don't want to when I can."

There is a young lady from Ark.
Who can saw more wood than her Park.
She looks pretty pink
When she takes a little drink
And she can chaw more tobacco than her Mark.

Sot: "What was the score?"
Blot: "36 to 0."
Sot: "You're mishtaken; we had the ball one time."

A traveller was motoring through an historic section of England. Halting his car near an elderly Quaker gentleman he inquired, "This is the way to London, isn't it?"

"Sir," replied the ancient dignitary, "I knowest not what thou meanest. First thou telleth me a lie and then thou asketh me a question."

"How long before the train leaves for the Mardi Gras?"
"It goes to New Orleans in thirty minutes."
"Oh, I thought it took days and days."

There was an old lady from Worcester
Who had some hens and a rorcester
The rooster died;
The old lady cried;
'Cause she didn't get eggs like she orcester.

COLLEGIATE POETRY PAGE

Ode to President Chase on his Golden Anniversary.

A Snifflesniff and a Wooflepoof
Stood next to an open door;
The Snifflesniff sniffed
And the Wooflepoof poofed
So the Snifflesniff sniffed no more.

J. E. Squawkins.
Graduate student. (Age 63)

Free verse clipped from the columns of Popular Mechanics.

VERMICULATION

Epidiorite are
In Duumvir.
Geotropism has a
Kieselguhr.
The dead cat
Lies
In the alley—
Stinking.

Henry P. Phuller,
Poet.

Epic advanced in proof of evolution by the Christian Science Monitor.

A pollywog and a goofus fish
Were swimming around one day;
But alas, t'was bait
Which the goofus fish ate.
Who says it's the women who pay?

William T. Ouch,
Asst. Editor of the Coed's Magazine.

Sex study from the Senegambian. Ladies please skip.

ODE TO A BOVINE

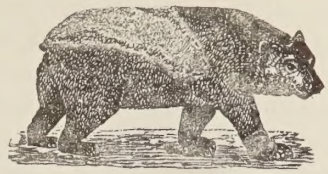
Standing there in pastures green,
Chewing her cud,
She gestures majestically with her
Cordal appendage—
At flies, by Gud.

Deen Broadshaw,
The deported Russian radical.

Fragment of early Pliocene verse unearthed in the basement of old South.

I love you;
You love me;
We love us;
What else can is?

Prank Parker, age 5.
Gammer Row, Gammer House.



Speciman of verse written between shaves by Carolina's infant pridogy.

See the pretty bear
Up there?
It makes me cry;
He might die.

R. Kenneth Scawt, 'bg
(Age 3 months)

Historical research set to the tune of "The Old Gray More." Somewhat cynical.

Sappho sighed sarcastically;
Plato percolated profusely;
Brutus barked bombastically;
Socrates sneezed spitefully;
Aristotle ached artistically;
But what care I?

Julian Snore,
An unsullied genius.

Little R. Kenneth Scawt is the lucky winner of this week's prize, the award being an embossed copy of the Shorter Catechism. Silver stars are given to J. E. Squawkins and Julian Snore; we hope these talented youngsters will join our club. Incidental awards are pictured above several of the poems.

NONSENSE

(*Written under the influence of Nujol*)

Again the girl sobbed out a name. She lay on the rug with her feet on the mantle of the Queen of Kokomo.

"Holy cats!" thought the man as he stumbled on the prone figure. But she wasn't a holy cat and she said so in no mean tones. "My goodness," shrieked our hero, cursing his worst.

"That's the trouble," answered the girl, "my Goodness!"

"Where'd he go?" questioned the hero wildly looking around.

"Oh go to the devil," soothed the girl in the soft tones of a bull elephant.

"I shan't!" answered our hero pluckily, "so there!"

The girl sprang down from the floor with a loud explosion which seemed to startle our hero but he recovered his sang-froid gently.

"You will do," announced the girl looking up into his eyes from a distance of three miles below.

"Will do what?" questioned the boy with a wise smile meant to deceive the heroine.

"Mercy," said the girl, "Is your brain all gone?"

"All gone?" echoed the hero truthfully.

"Yes, aren't you going to die?"

"No, my sweet," answered our brave boy in tones of saccharine, "I am going to the Phi Assembly and listen to the artichoke."

"Hell!" she shrieked, "you must be a college man!"

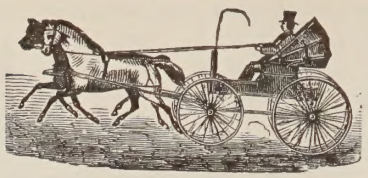
"No," he comforted, "I am just a freshman."

And here endeth the first tale told on the third day.

Sentinel: Halt! Who goes there?

Colonel: Fool!

Sentinel: Advance fool, and give the counter-sign.



MR. DAVIE FINDS THE UNIVERSITY

While floundering about under the foundation of a foundry, we found the above cut of Mr. Davie, the founder of the foundry under whose foundation was found the cut of the founder of the University.

Mr. Davie claims that his foundling the University, had not been founded until he found it. In finding his foundling, he found the University.

We, however, claim the honor of finding the finder who found the foundry under whose foundation was found the above fotograf of the famous finder who found time to find and lay the foundation for the founding of our dear, dear University.

JUST AS HAPPY AS CHILDREN

This is a picture of the glee club off on its northern trip. The boys are all wondering whether the director will get in the picture. He is lying down and resting back of the sofa.

OYEZ, OYEZ, OYEZ

Croaked!

Duly passed and recorded at the Dialectic Senate of the University of North Carolina, Di hall, this day the tenth of October, year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-five; laying, putting forth, and setting down the rules and regulations of Campus Conduct at said University.

Be it enacted by the Dialectic Senate, now in session, that:

1. It shall be unlawful for any rooster, cock, or female fowl, of over twelve H. P. to blow, toot, or in any manner sound his horn before 7 A. M.

2. Any jokes, puns, or repartees, concerning Professors, Fords, Co-eds, and Mud, shall be considered a misdemeanor on the part of the teller of such a joke, and he, she, or it, shall be punished by the criticisms of those who hear the said jokes.

3. All clocks, time-pieces, sun-dials, and Big Bens shall be required to keep the same time, so that students may get to class on time; on the penalty of having pendulums removed, hands cut off, and their face mutiliated (the clocks of course), and their figures bent.

4. All mules, donkeys, and jack-asses caught braying and hee-hawing, shall be fined fifteen cents and costs of court; provided, that this clause shall not apply to freshmen.

5. All bulls, heifers, or any male beef, that shall have the audacity to low, moo, or in any way vent their natural feeling by means of mouth, shall be guilty of disturbing the peace, and shall be sent directly to the stockyards of Chicago; provided, that this clause shall not apply to Seniors.

Salesman: On the level, now, this really is a good car.

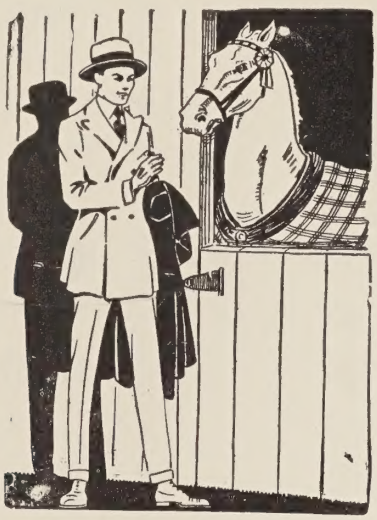
Victim: Will it climb a hill?

OUR CHAPEL HILL OUTFITTERS

Ouija Boards are going fast as exams draw near.

Going out of Business Sale of Relics of the Saints.

Cigarettes of 1806 vintage slightly damaged by fire at reduced rates.



All sorts of blazers cut from real horse blankets.

The latest winter styles with Oxford Bag trousers.

Last appearance of Madame Du Barry in our show window.

Every college boy should have one of these safety razors.

CRIKEY,
SAILOR,
BUT WHERE
ARE THE
DAMNED
ADS?

There's an air
to "Braeburn"

Braeburn
SMART STYLED CLOTHES
FOR COLLEGE MEN
TAILORED AT ROCHESTER

THIRTY FIVE to FORTY FIVE DOLLARS
AT THE SMART COLLEGE SHOP

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of electrical appliances
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A Full Dress Order
Of "Flossy" Foods

Down at Gooch's, Well,
We Have Lots of Fun
At Nights.

Flossy foods or full
Dress orders are popular.
For instance, how about
Roast Beef with a border

Of violets, or, bacon and
Eggs edged with American
Beauty rosebuds.

If you don't get in on
Some of these night
Frollics at Gooch's you
Can't be called a
Carolina Man.

QUALITY ~ SERVICE
GOOCH'S
CAFE
SINCE 1903

Old Fashioned Barbecue

If you could stay around the Bus Lunch one day and see the amount of real old fashioned barbecue served you would think that this is headquarters for political parties in Chapel Hill and that an election is nearby.

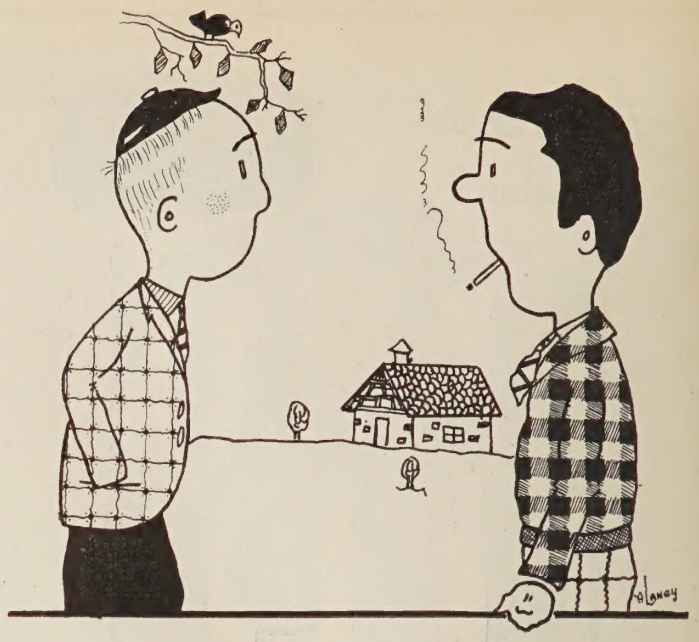
There must be something good about this barbecue. We keep the pit hot cooking it, anyway.

THE BUS LUNCH

"For Your Convenience"

Chapel Hill Insurance and Realty Co.

Insurance *and* Real Estate



Algernon: "Hullo, where have you been?"

Clarence: "Oh, just been purchasing a jolly old clothes brush."

Algy: "What? Do you mean to say you wear your suits until they need brushing?"—*London Opinion.*

* * *

—Je me demande pourquoi ils ne m'invitent plus.

C'est peut-etre parce que tu acceptais toujours.—*Le Rire.*

* * *

Professor (entering class room and finding only one student present): "Well, where are all the rest of the fools?"

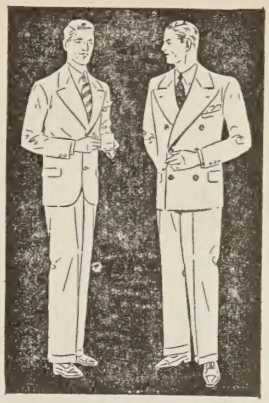
Student: "I don't know, professor. It seems that we are the only two here."—*Georgia Cracker.*

Shorts Now a Man's Chief Underwear

The well dressed man's underwear today would have seemed the height of folly a decade ago, for compared to our fathers the men of today wear practically no underwear at all. This, of course, is due to steam-heating and a theory that over-warm dressing is not healthy even in cold weather. There is still the man who wears a woolen undershirt in winter, but he is decidedly in the minority, and even then he wears cotton shorts of the B. V. D. variety, instead of woolen underdrawers to match his undershirt. Also, underwear today is very much abbreviated. The shorts are shorter than they formerly were, and undervests, whether of cotton, wool or silk, are cut low in the neck and deep under the arms like the upper of a bathing suit. The thin woven silk shirt without sleeves is very good for winter, if a man feels any need for a change from the cotton undervest he wears in summer. One New York shop shows undershorts in blue and yellow broadcloth with silk knitted undervests in colours to match. The most important item of underclothes, today, is the short underpants, which, very often, are the only item of underclothing a man wears in summer. For the most part, these are now made in colours as well as in white. Those in striped and figured materials to match shirts, or of the same materials that shirts are made are the newest output of the smart Fifth Avenue shops. Separate vests and undershorts are preferable to the one-piece garments, because they fit more neatly around the waist. Another very excellent type of undershort is made like the running trousers sold in sports shops, and lately these have been improved by small pleats inserted over the hips to make them fit more closely around the waist and still have plenty of room in the leg.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette write the "Well Dressed Man," care the BUCCANEER and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

(Copyright, 1925, by Vanity Fair, New York)



Homewood and Edgewood

Blue Suits

will be very popular this year in fancy weaves — diagonals — wide wales and diamonds — and lots of plain ones, too.

Watch for Our Showings

See the fall and winter lines in authoritative American and English styles for the College man—in single and double breasted models exquisitely tailored, perfect fitting. *$29.50 and $34.50*

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ILLUSTRATING BROTHERLY LOVE

He: Hi, George.
Him: Mornin', Joe.
He: An' how wuz the forestry class today, George?
Him: Jus fine; all about trees and things.
He: An' wuz I there?
Him: All a time.
He: Thanks, George.
Him: 'Sall right, Joe.—*Cougars Paw.*

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LEISURE

I like to doze away the time
On flowery beds of ease,
I like to treat the hourly chime
Of clocks with disregard sublime,
And do just what I please.

I cut my classes, chapel, gym—
The Registrar in heat
Dispatched to me a summons grim;
I didn't care to go to him—
My leisure's now complete.

—*Yale Record.*

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PIECE BY PIECE

"I say, Armand—"

"Ah, yes!—Pygmolio—"

"I wish to inquire if the members of the League of Nations are paid on a peace work basis."—*Dirge.*

Jack, "Um-m, can't wait till I get there."
Jit, "Where to, Hill Bakery?"
Jack, Um-m, yes."
Jit, "What for?"
Jack, "Um-m, for some dainties."
Jit, "Count me in, I'm going too."

Dainty Pastries and Delicious Cakes are our Specialty

The Hill Bakery
JUST ABOVE THE PICK

FANCY ICES BLOCK CREAM

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for Frat or Sorority banquets

Phones 58 and 59 Main at Duke

PUNCHES SHERBETS

"What was the racket in the barber shop?"

"One of the barbers is shaving himself and trying to talk himself into a massage."—*White Mule.*

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This business of naming girls after the states of our glorious Union is growing like a carbuncle. On every hand we meet Virginias, Georgias, Carolinas and even Californias. Great stuff, patriotic, etc.

Bingo rises to remark that the foregoing may be all right, but he'd hesitate to snatch up a blind date with Arkansaw Smith, Arizona Jones or North Dakota Johnson.—*Yale Record.*

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"Stop! I've never heard such profanity since the day I was born."

"What were you, a twin or a triplet?"—*Royal Gaboon.*

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"Father, to what do you attribute your success?"

"Hod woik, me lad, hod woik."—*Cornell Widow.*

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A thing of duty is a bore forever.—*Lampoon.*

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There, little murderer,
Don't you cry.
Just plead crazy,
And you'll get by.—*Wampus.*

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"What kind of a woman do you want for the party?"

"Get me one that's good and lively. If you can't get me one like that, get me one that's lively."—*Green Onion.*

Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, Athletes—

Do You Know? "HOW *to* STUDY"

The Students' Hand-Book of Practical Hints on the Technique of Effective Study

by

WILLIAM ALLAN BROOKS

A GUIDE containing hundreds of practical hints and short cuts in the economy of learning, to assist students in securing MAXIMUM SCHOLASTIC RESULTS at a minimum cost of time, energy, and fatigue.

ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED for overworked students and athletes engaged in extra curriculum activities and for average and honor students who are working for high scholastic achievement.

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Preparing for Examinations.
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How to Take Lecture and Reading Notes.
Advantages and Disadvantages of Cramming.
The Athlete and His Studies.
Diet During Athletic Training.
How to Study Modern Languages.
How to Study Science, Literature, etc.
Why Go to College?
After College, What?
Developing Concentration and Efficiency.
etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

Why You Need This Guide

"It is safe to say that failure to guide and direct study is the weak point in the whole educational machine." Prof. G. M. Whipple, U. of Michigan.

"The successful men in college do not seem to be very happy. Most of them, especially the athletes, are overworked." Prof. H. S. Canby, Yale.

"Misdirected labor, though honest and well intentioned, may lead to naught. Among the most important things for the student to learn is how to study. Without a knowledge of this his labor may be largely in vain." Prof. G. F. Swain, M. I. T.

"To students who have never learnt How to Study, work is very often a chastisement, a flagellation, and an insuperable obstacle to contentment." Prof. A. Inglis, Harvard.

"Academic psychology with its highly productive resources gladly owes to these (students) the obligation of giving all it can to make this learning process easier, more pleasant, and in all ways more productive." Prof. G. V. N. Dearborn.

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Get a good start and make this year a highly successful one by sending for this handbook, guide, companion, and adviser, NOW.

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Gentlemen:

Please send me a copy of "How to Study" for which I enclose $1.00 cash; $1.10 check.

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With thirty-one years experience in selecting the better grades of lumber from virgin forest we feel prepared to serve the standard bearers of the building business.

Cary Lumber Company
Established 1894
Durham, N. C.

Bride (at phone): Oh, John, do come home. I've mixed the plugs in some way. The radio is all covered with frost and the electric ice-box is singing "Way Out West in Kansas." —*Life.*

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A low brow may be a moron, but look at all the fun he has. —*Beanpot.*

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"Oh, ma! C'mere, quick!"
"What is it, Mary?"
"Look, Johnny ate all the raisins off that sticky brown paper."—*Moonshine.*

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That college men are fond of jokes is evidenced by the number who visit the girls' dormitories and the sorority houses. —*Rammer-Jammer.*

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Said the small boy: "My maw, and paw had an awful time getting married. Maw wouldn't marry paw when he was drunk and paw wouldn't marry maw when he was sober."—*DePauw Yellow Crab.*

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Classical Student (translating Greek): "He knelt at the feet of the beautiful Circe; and grasping her by the knees—that's as far as I got."—*Bowdoin Bear Skin.*

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"I had a good time last night at Helen's party."
"Did you? Who all were there?"
"Me and Helen."—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

Father: Young man, I understand you have made advances to my daughter.

Young Man: Yes, sir; I wasn't going to say anything about it, but now since you've mentioned it, I wish you could get her to pay me back.—*Shi-u-mah.*

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"Who on earth is that homely girl Jack is dancing with?"

"That's my sister."

"She sure can dance."—*American Legion.*

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"Where yo all goin', niggah?"

"Ah's bein' rushed by Tri Kappa."

"What yo all mean, Tri Kappa?"

"K. K. K., niggah."—*Wasp.*

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"I see they have a new fraternity at Yale."

"What is the name of it?"

"Row dammit row."—*Froth.*

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The rancher beckoned to his foreman. "Jake, I wish you'd ride into town and get the correct time."

"But I ain't got no watch, boss."

"A watch, a watch," the rancher roared, "Why the hell a watch? Write it down on a piece of paper, you fool!"—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

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"Oh!!" exhaled the sweet young thing, "I want popularity in the worst way."

"Well," broadcasted her escort, "you'll get it if you go after it in that way."—*Orange Owl.*

WATCH FOR THIS ISSUE

Beginning a new series of *Town and Gown* stories by LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

Nov. 5

New Trips to the Safety Coach Schedule

A new trip out of Durham each morning at 7:30 so that you can catch your 8:30 class.

A late bus leaving Chapel Hill at 12:00 midnight.

All during the day trips are on the hour out of Chapel Hill and Durham.

C. H. D. Line, Inc.

Telephone 167

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

"Craftbuilt Printing"

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

The world is full of substitutes for everything but satisfaction—
WE SATISFY

CHRISTIAN & KING PRINTING COMPANY

"Craftbuilt Printing"

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM · NORTH CAROLINA

Mrs. James: Jesse dear, I wish you'd wallop Junior. Do you know that he shot a little negro boy in the back yard with one of your pistols?

Jesse: Well, the boy's a damn good shot.

Mrs. James: Yes, but the cat dragged the carcass under the house and with this hot weather.—*Siren.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Pledge: "May I have this dance?"

She: "No, I'm terribly sorry, but I'll have to refuse you. (On second thought), I guess you think I'm mean?"

Pledge: "Oh, that isn't the only reason I want to dance with you."—*Punch Bowl.*

✠ ✠ ✠

White: "What time shall I meet you?"

Black: "Seven or eleven. I'm familiar with both numerals."

✠ ✠ ✠

Prof. (after lecturing for forty-five minutes of Government class): "And now is there a question any one would like to ask?"

Stude, waking: "Yes sir, what time is it?"

✠ ✠ ✠

"Solomon, old man, where do you get so many birthday presents?"

"Oh, a word to the wives is sufficient."—*Pelican.*

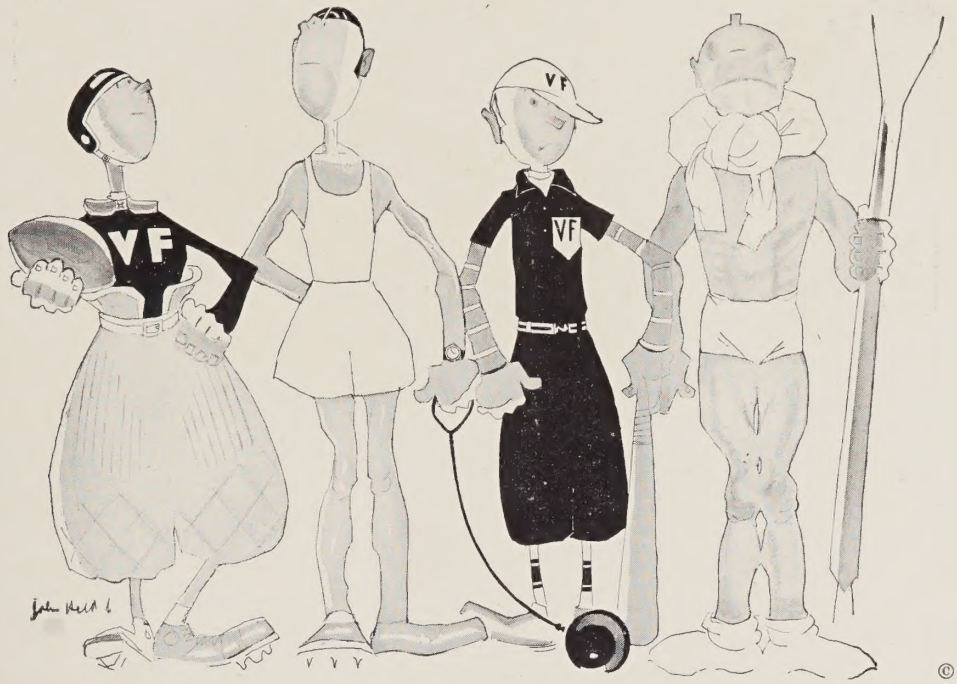
✠ ✠ ✠

A Rolls Royce roadster will be awarded to the clever young man, woman, or couple submitting an acceptable title for the above drawing. The title must be accepted by the editor who reserves the right to reject any or all contributions.

If You Want the Best, Don't Say Ice Cream, Say

Waverly
ICE CREAM
MADE ITS WAY BY THE WAY ITS MADE

A T H L E T E S !



© Vanity Fair.

Do you sometimes put on pants?

Do you sometimes go out into civilized society? Are you included—even by mistake—at luncheons, dinners, teas? Then, what do you know about the other fellow's game? You can't discuss the discus throw with dowagers. You can't sock debutantes in the jaw. Intelligent men and women talk of art, the theatre, dancing, the latest world idea . . . and not even an arrowy dive into the green turtle soup can save you from the consequences of not knowing what it's all about. Bores aren't asked a second time!

Don't be muscle-bound above the ears!

The world can't bother with people who never let more than one idea dawn above their horizon—one sport, one art, one line of repartee.

It won't recognize you unless you can hold up your end when the talk veers to the charming, sophisticated interests of modern life.

And yet the secret of social success is so easy—so simple—so inexpensive. All you need to do is tear off that coupon and spend two dollars for the one magazine that will keep you in touch with every new movement of modern life.

Get a running start! Sign the coupon now!

Special Offer!

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issues of

VANITY FAIR

for

$2.00

VANITY FAIR,
Greenwich, Conn.

Enclosed find $2 for ten issues of Vanity Fair. Just watch me crash the velvet ropes in nothing flat.

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45 minutes' toasting develops its aristocratic flavor — the enormous production makes possible its democratic price

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

V. 3, no. 3

BUCCANEER

PIRATE NUMBER

PRICE 25¢

GENE FAWIN

RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

Red and Black Color Combination

Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

$7 Parker Over-size Duofold; $5 Duofold Jr.

The Chief Attraction at Christmas Headquarters

Parker Duofold Duette

in Satin-lined Gift Case de luxe

NO better way to start your List of Gifts than by writing Parker Duofold beside the names of those you favor most. A gift not given today and forgotten tomorrow—but the constant companion of those who receive it.

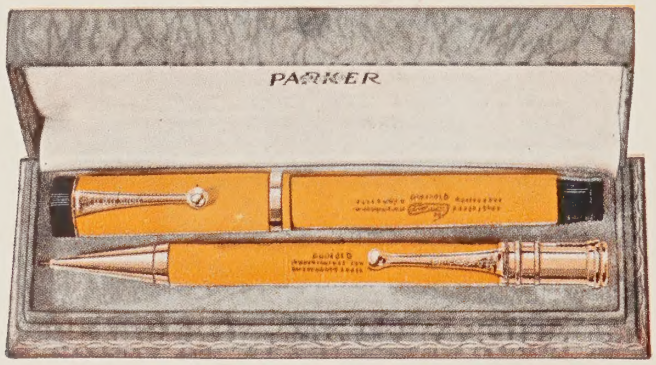
At the first sight on Christmas of its Black-tipped Lacquer-red barrel hearts will glow with joy and gratitude.

And it's characteristic of Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils to win the devotion of their owners more each day, each year.

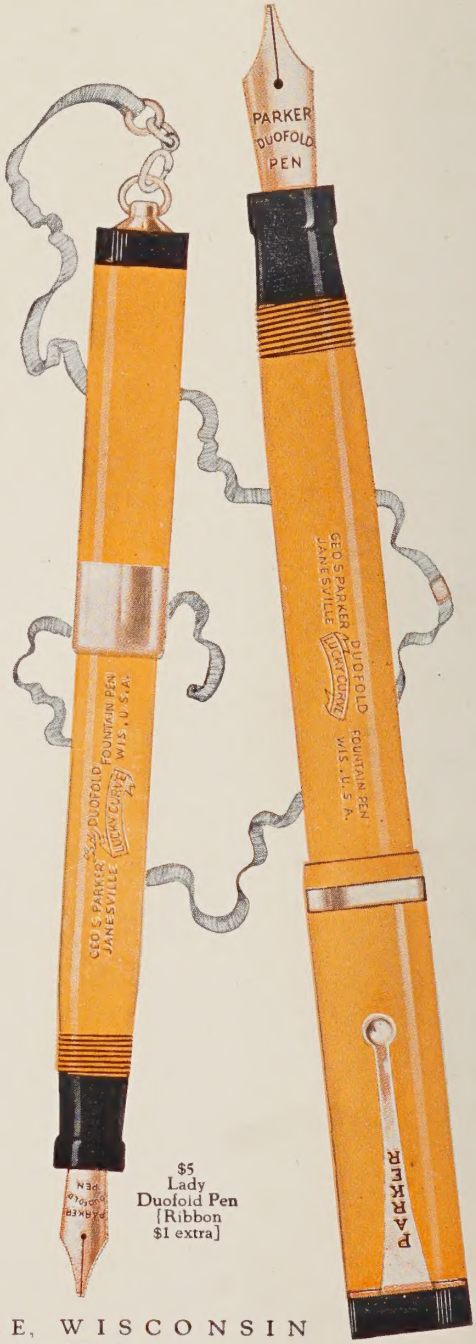
The Pen with the Hand-size Grip, Over-size Ink Capacity, Free-swinging Balance, Invisible Filler, and 25-year Guaranteed Point.

The Pencil with Gold Crown Clip and Tip, Hand-size Grip, and Non-clog Propeller that turns lead OUT and IN.

A perfect match—a matchless Writing Team. Ready for Christmas at all good pen counters.



Parker Duofold Duette can be had in Black and Gold as well as Black-tipped Lacquer-red but we recommend the color for it makes them hard to mislay.
Over-size Duette, $11; *Junior Duette*, $8.50; *Lady Duofold Duette*, $8
Satin-lined Gift Case de luxe included



$5 Lady Duofold Pen [Ribbon $1 extra]

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · *Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady Duofold*, $3; *Over-size Jr.*, $3.50; *"Big Brother" Over-size*, $4 · TORONTO · LONDON

SURE THING!

"I beg your pardon," said the girl timidly, would you care to help the Working Girls' Home?"

"Sure thing," said the State Street ornament briskly. "Where are they?" —*Gargoyle.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Harry: I hear you were in California all winter.

Merry: Oh, yes! I had a gorgeous time.

Harry: Got sun-kissed, I suppose?

Merry: Yes, and those native sons could sure do it.

—*Flamingo.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Unlucky Motorist (having killed the lady's puppy)—Madam, I will replace the animal."

Indignant Owner—"Sir, you flatter yourself." —*Bison.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Conductor—"What are you doing with those towels in your suitcase?"

Passenger (with presence of mind)—"Oh, they are some I used the last time I was on this train. I had them washed and brought them back." —*The Tiger.*

✠ ✠ ✠

It is reported that the Clean Language League, or whatever its name is, is to change the old slogan of "Pike's Peak or Bust!" into "Pike's Peak or Torso!" —*New Yorker.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Seen your wife lately?"

"No, but the *Times* says she'll be home some time in November." —*Belle Hop.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Wall: "How can I keep my hair from falling out?"

Knut: "Shampoo with glue."

Your Hotel Home

Thirteen stories of solid comfort---the new Washington Duke---one of the Southland's finest. Reasonable rates, better service, all 'mid the surroundings of a palatial home. $2.50 and up. Dining room and coffee shop combined---with choice dainties from the land over.

Tal Henry's famous orchestra playing for a dinner dance every night; 6:30 to 8:00---script dances every Friday night. The most convenient place to stopover from Chapel Hill and surrounding spots.

Washington Duke Hotel under management of Wm. Foor Hotel Operating Corporation, O. W. Donnell, Resident Manager.

The Washington Duke Hotel
Durham, N. C.

Schiffman's
LEADING JEWELERS
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GREENSBORO

North Carolina's Quality Jewelry *and* Gift Establishment

SPECIALISTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF COLLEGE JEWELRY

Graduate Lumbermen

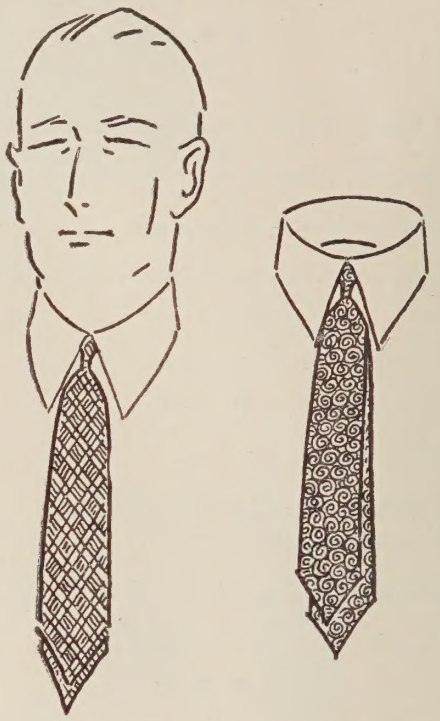
With thirty-one years experience in selecting the better grades of lumber from virgin forest we feel prepared to serve the standard bearers of the building business.

Cary Lumber Company

Established 1894

Durham, N. C.

The Importance of the Properly Fitting Collar



©VANITY FAIR

A man, to be smartly turned out, must have clothes that fit him properly, and the same thing is true in the case of his accessories. One of the most important items in the well dressed man's wardrobe is his collars and unless they fit properly and are becoming to him, he can never achieve smartness. The appearance of a collar that is too large for a man is as bad as one that is too tight, since the former gives the wearer a slovenly unkempt appearance and the latter makes him look as if he were choking. The low, turned down starched collar with long points is the smartest collar for informal day wear in town, because it is not only extremely comfortable but it is more becoming to a man than any other type of turn down collar. And this is true of the man with a long neck as well as of the man with a short neck. The average man with a long neck seems to think that he should wear a high coller in order to hide as much of his neck as possible, but instead of doing this the high collar serves only to accentuate this feature and, moreover, gives the neck a stiff and awkward appearance, which would be avoided if a low collar were worn. In the case of wing collars, the collar with the wide V opening is by far the smartest as well as the most popular, due to its trim appearance and its comfort. Consequently, to have a properly fitting collar, it is first necessary to see that the collar band of one's shirt is correct. Neckbands should fit snugly and yet give the wearer sufficient ease of movement, since a tight neckband is not only uncomfortable but unhealthy.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write the "Well Dressed Man," care the Buccaneer and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

LUXENBERG
CLOTHES FOR THE COLLEGE MAN

The DINNER SUIT

CUT precisely according to conservatively correct ideas in notch and shawl collar models. Tailored in the LUXENBERG way of fabrics which insure excellent wear.

$39.50

NAT LUXENBERG & BRO.

37 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

At Carolina Smoke Shop
Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 8th and 9th

Our style memo. book sent free on request

REVEALED

Chairman at K. K. K. meeting: " . . . and now, gentlemen, please be sheeted."

✠ ✠ ✠

Soph (trying to fix store): "Freshman, call me a janitor."
Freshman: "All right! You're a janitor." —*Yellow Jacket.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Are you having Mary down to the game?
Naw—she's broke.—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

✠ ✠ ✠

A newsboy, near the end of his route, found to his dismay that he did not have enough papers to supply the last few customers. At first he was dismayed, but soon his face cleared. "No news is good news," he cried and turning around, went home to supper.—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Have you ever been to the Green Mill on a date?
No, but I've been to Paradise on a raisin.—*Wampus.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Auto Salesman: And what wind of a horn would you like, sir? Do you care for a good, loud blast?

Haughty Customer: No ; I want something that just sneers.—*Punch.*

Just when my ego begins to get comfortably inflated, I usually get a letter like the following:

Dear Jim:

You modestly pin the title "salesman" on yourself. How much do kids need to be "sold" on going to the circus? Would it require "salesmanship" to dispose of iced drinks in the Hot Place?

Mennen Shaving Cream is a priceless boon in an otherwise cruel world. It is one human product that has attained perfection. It has changed the slavery of shaving into a mere pre-breakfast gesture.

Salesmanship? Huh! When a man has once felt that creamy, gorgeous lather on his face, seen (not felt) the razor zip off the whiskers, experienced the refreshed after-sensation—you couldn't keep him away from Mennen Shaving Cream with a shot-gun!

Disrespectfully yours,
R — — — S — — —

In a chastened mood, I only add that Mennen Shaving Cream comes in two types of tubes—50c at drug stores.

And Mennen Skin Balm—the remarkable new preparation for after-shaving—costs the same in the same stores. Have you met Skin Balm? Have you felt its pleasant bite, experienced the sensation of refreshing coolness it gives, smelled its stimulating odor? Forget all your prejudices—try a tube of Mennen Skin Balm and you'll thank me! And don't forget it has real antiseptic value, too.

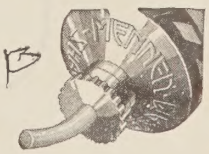
Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

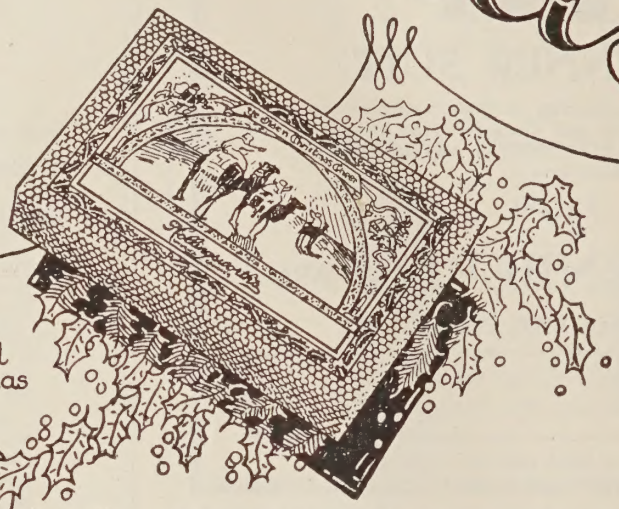
Regular type tube with threaded cap

YOUR CHOICE OF TUBES 50c

New-style tube with non-removable top



For Christmas



Special Christmas Box

A distinctive gift for those who love fine things

Hollingsworth's

UNUSUAL CANDIES

VIRGIL HOLLINGSWORTH, AUGUSTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

Your Gift Problem will be solved when you see our complete stock of gifts. Let us help by making suggestions befitting the Yuletide Season.

SUTTON *and* ALDERMAN'S

HARD HEARTED HANNAH STANDS BY HER CHEST

The sprightly dame—"And what did you say to the powder boy after the explosion, Captain?"

The Skipper (modestly)—"You blasted imp."

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME III — NUMBER 3

THE LAND OF THE SPREE AND THE HOME OF THE CRAVE!

He: "Darling, I must love you!"
She: "But you've just met me."
He: "I know, but I have to go home tomorrow."

Grad.: "Are you betting for or against your college?"
Soph.: "No."
Grad.: "What?"
Soph.: "I mean yes."
Grad.: "I knew you had the right spirit."

She tripped full lightly cross the street,
Aflame with joy and lafter;
She tripped upon a flatfoot's feet,
And fell upon her after.

AS USUAL, OR SWATTED FRUIT

Beneath the moon I met her,
As usual.
Beneath the moon I kissed her,
As usual.
Beneath the moon I was socked,
As usual.

Hail! Tittiremus, and where didst thou purloin that doggy hosiery?

S' Death, Madame Automat, I did purchase them from a dog fancier!

My husband is leading me a dog's life.
How so?
All he gives me is petting and scraps.

Brunhilde (Kissing violently): Am I being gummy, my heart throb?

Dankwart, the Ladrone (shedding an iron tear): No, no, little soul mate, but next time, not such a Wet Smack!

SONNET OF THE WOULD-BE PIRATE

Masts like fingers pierce the burnished sky;
A skull-splotched flag hangs in the heavy air.
Upon the deck grim figures meet the eye—
Cruel swords in hand, bright ribbons in their hair.
Their garments form a vivid crimson blaze.
Dark faces scarred and wrinkled—crafty, bold,
Betray the lust and passion of their days
So filled with blood and greedy quest of gold.

In secret many thrilling dreams I've built
Of Spain and swift adventure on the sea.
My hands which long to clasp a cutlass hilt
Make futile love, or hold a cup of tea.
Why did my soul in bondage have to wait,
And then be born when they were gone—too late?

A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION OF THE CORSAIRS

Sheik-el-Beled, scourge of the seven seas, hijacker par excellence, and Gland Kleagle of the Ku Ku Klan of Palestine lay off High Barbary waiting for a prize. But Barbary was not that high. She simply wouldn't kneck an old Klucker with a marcelled beard until she was absolutely boiled.

Since there was no help for it, the Sheik forbore, cut a toothpick from his peg leg, and called a convention. In a short while terms had been agreed upon. A coin should be flipped for any booty taken. Heads and he took the treasure; tails and the crew gave it to him. This question being decided, the pirates took out their song books and caroled "The Ballad of the Brotherhood":

Yo, ho-ho, and a bottle of rum,
Fifteen men on the floor,
How in the hell can the old folks tell
That it ain't gonna rain no more? .....

This was followed by a second rousing catch:

Fill me with contemplation
O, golden voice serene—
I'd rather be a sailor
Than a soldier or marine.

As they sang, an English man-o'-war came gliding over the horizon. The Sheik pondered and was sore perplexed. Should he surrender? But no, he had only killed some seven hundred, and most of them were hundred percenters. His soul was pure, his conscience spotless.

The Englishman opened battle while tea was being served. Now the Sheik was a polite man, but he could not conceal his opinion of this gaucherie, this pugilistic faux pas.

"They are no gentlemen," he swore to his crew, who in turn swore by an ace high straight and stripped the decks for action. When the decks were stripped, and the matches served, the Sheik caught an Englishman peeping and the game was on.

"Give 'em the cold steel!" he roared to his mate.

"Sorry, sir, but the ice is out," murmured that worthy diplomatically as he rammed a load of green apples down a gun.

"You improvident wretch," sighed the Sheik, "We'll have to give it to 'em luke warm."

The one-eyed mate siezed upon the plan. He put the steal in his pocket, too, and slipped it over onto the man-o'-war. Now the English were it. At that, they wanted to strike their flag, but the Sheik warned them that that was a mug's game, and read them a lecture on proper respect of the Spars and Spars.

After the Englishman had a fair start, the race began. Faster and faster they flew, but neither could gain. As the mate had told his mother when he was but a tot: "A stern chase, mother, is apt to be a long chase." For once, the cruel Sheik was forced to resort to strategy. He released a pair of trained pigeons. The birds soared and hovered over the man-o'-war. All was suspense. Then the pigeons emitted two or three combattive shrieks and began to lay eggs with such amazing rapidity that the Englishman was loaded down and sunk in five minutes by the Sheik's gold watch and chain.

However, it was that very evening that the victorious captain sat at his dinner in dumb agony. He repented having taken a life. His very vitals were touched. On the table before him lay an unfinished salad. The cook sat in the galley singing a weird, piratical chantey, "Why Should I Cry Over You?" as he peeled the onions. The Sheik looked again at his salad. Lying on a limp lettuce leaf were the accusing remnants of a dead caterpillar, silent but touching. He tucked his gold inlaid shirt tail more snugly about his waist. Allah, O, Allah, but he was sorry that he had taken a life.

"Are your cheer leaders very keen observers?"

"I should say! They can look up into a crowd of a thousand girls and pick out the good supporters."

Everyone should hear the Corn Drunk Blues; the notes are high and the words are exquisitely mixed.

Britisher: "Dunn hats are awfully cheap here; only 3 shillings, 6 pence."

New Zealand: "Aha, that reminds me of Queen Victoria's limbs—simply can't be felt for 3 shillings, six pence."

"Jim can't smoke when it is raining."

"Why?"

"Well, the rain wets the smokes and he can't pick 'em up."

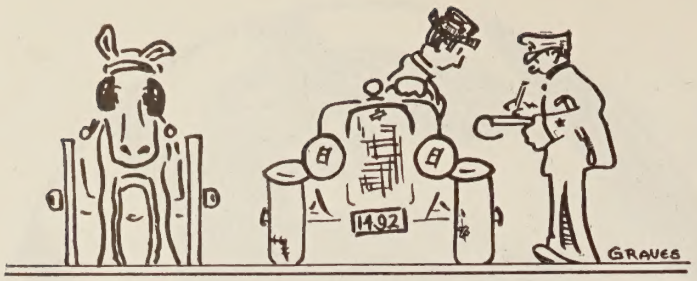
CLOSE COMPANY

Amelia: You were stingy with the breeze on your side of the porch last night.

Cecily: And I noticed that you and Fred were pretty close over your way.

A POINT OF HONOR

To hell with the Pope, the Captain cried
As he trundled up the poop,
For ye cannot cope with a new wed bride
In an open rigged sloop.
I met the gel at a fancy ball
Where every one wore red;
"Now mark her well, but do not fall,"
My fellow pirates said.
"She vamps a feller with one flash look
That seems like something more."
But the kisses were mellow, I stole in a nook
Just off the ball room floor.
I wooed her and wed by land and sea,
And swore as a pirate should
To do the thing she asked of me,
Or do the best I could.
She asked a thing—great grief and sharks
That steer the open main,
O, do not bring the oyster marks
Into my throat again—
She wanted—me—to—take—a—bath!
(The Captain's voice grew grim)
She knew wild sea, where is your wrath,
A PIRATE CANNOT SWIM!



PULLED FOR PARKING NEAR A PLUG

A woman who had been reading our radio instructions wrote: "Many thanks for the advice; I took off that thing you told me and got much farther."

It has been said that a Co-ed is an individual who tries to change the "b" in books to an "l."

Sally had received many invitations to sit on men's laps in crowded street cars because they judged from the length of her skirt that she was a little girl... The parlor situation was different.

THE TEN BOOKS WE SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE IF CAST AWAY ON A DESERT ISLAND.

1. Loose-leaf Encyclopedia.
2. A year's subscription to the Buccaneer. (Adv.)
3. Boccaccio's Decameron—in English.
4. A set of Havelock Ellis.
5. An order on Knopf for one novel a month.
6. Esquemelin on pirates and castaways.
7. Emily Post's Book of Etiquette.
8. Complete Congressional Record.
9. Who's Who in Africa.
10. The other book in the University library.

O SCAPE YE WOMEN'S TIRESOME TOILS IN A BOUNCING BRIG

SIR HUMPHREY de FITT sang songs of love,
He lampooned the dryads, told contes from above
Of beautiful women who yielded to love,
For he was an amorous fellow.
A lyric was nothing to Humphrey de Fitt,
From rondeau to sonnet he'd cynically flit,
His Ode to the Buxom would give you a fit,
With its dainty, yet sonorous bellow.

In poems linguistic,
Of tone pessimistic
He'd often go tell it
And knowingly yell it;
A man on the ocean
Is always in motion
Delightful and charming
But yet most alarming
For roving and sailing
Are all unavailing
And lead to a wife in the end,
But this I should like to amend
Nor write in Phoenician,
Arabic, nor Grecian,
But warn the girls fairly—
Almost debonairly—
That I should stay single
If Bronson or Pringle
Spread net and allusion
Or sighed with effusion
Or writ in the locative
Missives provocative.
Yes, I'd remain static
Cold, idiomatic,
And sail for Bahama
Without any mama,
For my brig to vex you all
Is rigged up bi-sexual,
Single and mighty
And Hermaphrodite.

Unlike Sir de Fitt, I never do sing
Or twangle melodiously cat-gut and string
To please girls or irk them or make their ears ring,
O, I never say anything mellow.
I never go wail for the cruel but fair,
But wrinkle my face in a lowering stare,
Yet somehow I fear lest Sal's shown me the air,
An I'm turning a rabid chrome yellow.

WHAT HO! WHAT HO! THE SOUTH SEA ISLES
AND THE PIRATE'S GOLD AND THE PIRETTE'S WILES.

O WHERE DID YOU BURY YOUR GOLD?

I

O pirate chief of all great mortals famous
O you who terrorized the world of old,
Puccini John de Corsaic Alfred Dormouse,
Where, my friend, did you bury your gold?

II

They say that William the Kidd was a hoax,
That you and Morgan alone were bold.
But harken to praises and pity my croaks —
Where, Buccaneer, did you bury your gold?

III

I've hunted in sand dunes since I was a tot
But they'd never a doubloon unfold,
So tell me, I pray you, and mark me the spot,
The identical spot where you buried your gold.

IV

I'm clean as the sheets of the *Ladies Home Journal*
My rags will not keep out the cold.
I feed it is true, but its only diurnal—
O, where did you bury your gold?

SPEAKING OF PIRATES, HERE'S A MEAN GOLD DIGGER

ROXANA DECLARES:

FLAPPERS OPEN THEIR EYES WHILE BEING KISSED AND GENERALLY FAIL TO KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT AFTERWARDS.

THE PRINCIPLE OF KNECKING DRAWS BIG INTEREST.

Diff: Bill is on the university track team and I heard he could outrun a deer.

Daff: Yes, I know a certain dear he gave a hard chase.

HE HAD THE CAROLINA SPIRIT

After a month's hard usage a freshman pulled this one on his roomie:

"Wake me up if they dump me tonight, Bill," he asked, "I might catch cold sleeping on the floor."

Pirate: I have just killed old Neptune. Now I will be King of the Sea.

Another Pirate: Oh! Ho! me lad! How about the Prince of Whales?

* * * * * * * * * * *

TEN MARKS OF A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

EXCUSE THIS TOO

"If Venice came to Rome would Genoa?"

"No, but Hollywood."

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

"The Woman Hater" knew "Eve's Secret"?
"The Rocking Moon" told the "Romance of an Actress"?
"The Prince of Broadway" met "Sally of the Sawdust"?
"The Vanishing American" met "The Phantom Rider"?
"The White Monkey" got in "The Wild Bull's Lair"?
"Sealed Lips" let out "The Everlasting Whisper?"
"Half a Hero" became "Hard Boiled?"
"King Cotton" started "Kidding Captain Kidd?"
"The Eyes of the Desert" saw "Fifth Avenue Models"?
"Shackled Lightning" went down the "One Way Street"?
"The Desert Flower" married "The Man from Lone Mountains"?
"Lightning" struck "Rock Bottom"?
"The Thundering Herd" had "Tongues of Flame"?
"The Iron Horse" kicked "The Mine With the Iron Door"?
"The Little French Girl" gave "Romola" "His Supreme Moment"?

"Your father looks very nice in his grey hair."

"Yes, dear old chap. I gave him those."—*Drexerd.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Co-ed: "You can't understand women that way—really, you should live in a girls' dorm."

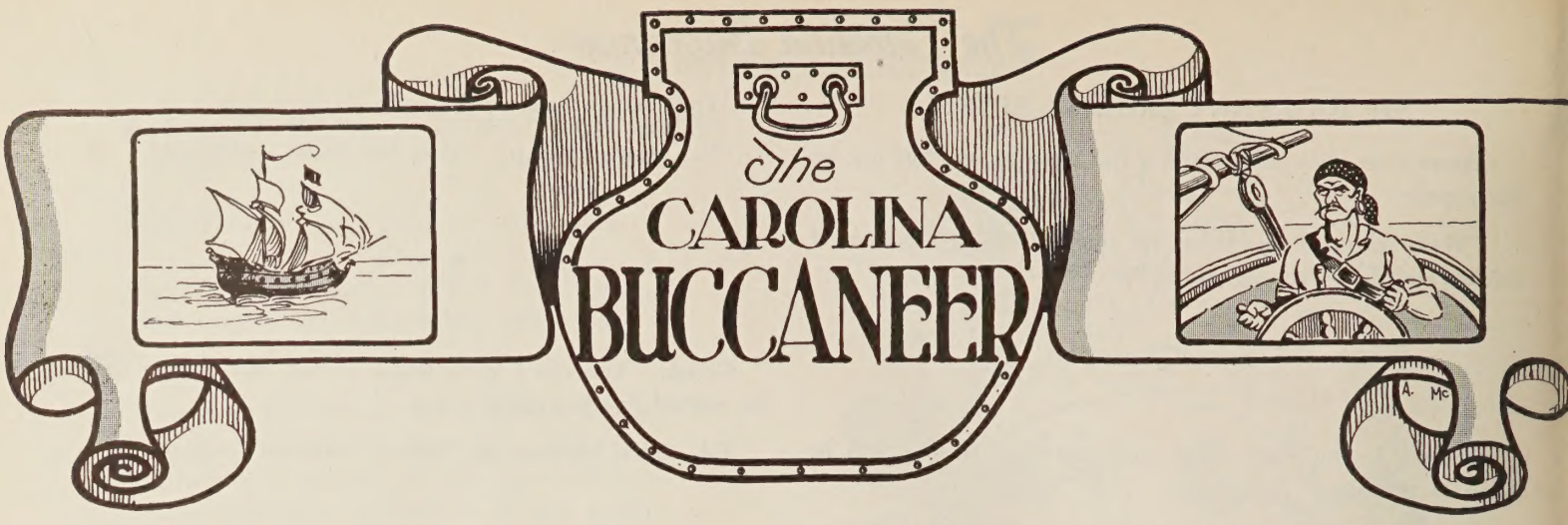
Ed: "That has been my lifelong ambition."—*Dirge.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Won't you give something to the Old Ladies Home?"

"Sure; you can have my mother-in-law."—*Georgia Cracker*

A POOR RHODES SCHOLAR



VOL. III DECEMBER 10, 1925 No. 3

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OUR PLACE IN THE SUN

BUCCANEER had always considered itself a plodding, prosaic magazine, existing without a purpose, and betraying that fact monthly. Now, just recently, it has discovered that it has a purpose! Those who were not flattered by passing mention in our Local Color number complimented us highly upon it, insisting that such a gallant exposé of iniquity and sham was our raison d'etre. To those whom we rudely hurled into oblivion, hearken to this kindly criticism, go and sin no more.

In addition to a purpose, we find that for one issue Buccaneer has poetic genius and rides no lumbering Pegasus across the w. k. Sahara. The very name of the Pirate number inspired the members of the staff to rhyme, and that rhyme dripped from the typewriters in such solid lumps that it took us two whole nights to transpose one or two poems into prose. However, let us hope that we have not found ourselves, whatever that may mean.

One final plea: Anyone on or off the campus who can draw even a breath is invited to send sketches to the EDITOR of Buccaneer, Box 831.

BLACKBIRDING

WE take this opportunity to congratulate the Glee Club and its director upon their fortunate escape from a charge of blackbirding. After reading the withering letters published by the Anglo-Saxon Club of Hampton, Virginia, we expected to see no less than two dozen manacled slaves, stolen from the Institute there, step from the Glee Club bus onto the auction block. Of course we need new janitors, but we waive personal prejudices and make our best bow to the Club upon its empty handed return.

Any contributor sending verse to the Editor of the BUCANEER may expect to find himself knocking at the pearly gates the next morning. If the rash fellow persists, we threaten to turn his poetry over to the *Carolina Magazine*.

We wish that the Chi Omega girls would not send in so many contributions.

THIS SUBSIDIZED PRESS

SOME weeks ago the tenth semi-annual meeting of the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association was held in Chapel Hill *without benefit of clergy*. The Pirate was *not* invited to attend and bless the meeting with his cutlass. That's all right, and the Pirate is not revengeful, but he can tell you right now that never again does he give the *Tar Heel* a whole page of free space. The Flapper took it more to heart, as flappers will.

"Look at what the meeting turned out to be," she moaned, "Now wasn't their sex appeal all shot to hell? Didn't some one suggest that the struggling mass of mindless morons be given lofty editorials on questions of international import through their favorite collitch papers? What do you think think of that?"

The Pirate takes great pleasure in announcing that J. P. Pretlow, J. T. Madry, and J. O. Marshall have been added to the staff. Due to the temporary demise of F. S. Wright, our gallant art editor, who is off on co-op work, Eugene Erwin has been hoisted into his boots and has chosen Nash Johnston to act as his assistant.

THEN THE STORM BROKE

"Hear about the riot at the Umbrella Repair Men's Ball last night?"

"No. What was the matter?"

"The orchestra played, 'It Ain't Gonna Rain No More, No More."

—Ring Leader.

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A well-dressed man who knocked at the door of a house, explained that he was the son of the landlord, made an extensive list of necessary repairs, and collected a month's rent, has been found to be an importor. The fact of his taking an interest in repairs should have aroused suspicion.

—London Opinion.

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Did you bet your S. M. U. chapter a blanket on the game?"
"We haven't a chapter here. I bet the hotel a blanket."

—Whirlwind.

✠ ✠ ✠

"Can I trust you, Mr. Policeman?"
"Why, certainly, little girl."
"Well, will you fix my garter, please?" *—Froth.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Customer—Waiter, this meat is tough!
Waiter—Did it hurt your teeth?
Customer—Pry 'em out of this piece and let's have a look at 'em.

—Williams Purple Cow.

✠ ✠ ✠

He: "Why didn't you answer that letter I sent you in vacation?
She: "I did't get it."
He: "You didn't get it?"
She: "No: and besides, I didn't like some of the things you said."

—Beanpot.

✠ ✠ ✠

"Boys will be boys," beamed the doting mother as her five year old son dropped his father with an axe. *—Flamingo.*

BEGINNING A PIRATE TALE

(In the manner of Michael Arlen)

And it was on a certain quintessant May morning in the year so-and-so, which as the savants declare, was a year in which many things of little importance and one event of most astounding import took place not so very far from the Stoughwormlingtonditch estate of Sir Delphys Carewe, that impeccable baronet. It has been said or possibly rumored or perhaps even whispered in cognizant circles that in his nobly unrestrained youth this meticulous scion was guilty of various pleasing indiscretions with a lady who, to be sure, shall be nameless in this unpretentious chronicle—but of that more anon. For when one has had one's soul placed into galling contact with fate which as often as not deals with one fatally one is liable to feel that one is not responsible for one's acts committed when one is in the mental anguish of this one. And on this articulated morning in May it happened that a ship, oh such a pale and sportive ship, did sail right blithely on the waters of Avonlea which fronted the coast of Stoughwormlingtonditch and its virginal decks were strode by the booted feet of Bloody Bunker; that irresistible corsair. Ah, that was a man and indeed he was, having been born that way, which is by way of being an epigram. And as he strode he talked thus and thus under his breath and eventually tiring of this he spat thus and thus into the water of Avonlea. All this I was told by another, I not being there but the veracity must not be doubted for had I been there I doubtless should have beheld and beheard likewise.

Young Son: "Daddy, why do girls prefer college bred? Is it better than mother's bread?"

Father: "Know you, my son, that it is because it is a four year's loaf."

WARDROBE AND EQUIPMENT FOR THE CORRECT PIRATE

According to the latest fashions, the following articles should be included in the pirate's wardrobe:

He should have at least one pair of patent leather boots, trimmed in gray suede. The correct shirt is a lumber jacket made of green crepe de chine. Any pair of pants will do. The up-to-date pirate should have a bandanna of red silk, with a scarf to match. As to equipment, the following hints might be of use. Of course, a ship is the prime requisite. A steam yacht is preferable. If possible the yacht should have a spacious dance hall. It should also be equipped with a radio and phonograph. It is absolutely essential for the correct pirate to have a crew. It is needed to join in the comic choruses. And a pirate should above all have a very keen cutlass with which to sharpen his pencils. A musket is nice, too. This comes in very well in celebrating the Fourth of July. (The Fourth of July comes just before the fifth.) He should also have a spy glass with him continually. It is very handy to have one when passing by a bathing beach. As all pirates and pirate ships must have a plank, this is also included in the list of equipment. This article is of use when the crew or prisoners become unruly. You can spank them with it.

There's a difference
Oh, bold vampire of passion!
None can your charm eclipse,
Men are your slaves to fashion,
And Pirates for your Lips. ~
By You, though, fair reminder
Of joys like those above,
Are men made stronger, kinder,
And Pirates for your Love. ~
Much popularity can't be preserved!
Mary Johnston—28

HEARD ON THE CAMPUS

Howdy, Bill. Whatsyurry?

Lo, Jim. 'Minna Rush. Gottawrita theme onatol bookyneer Edward Teach.

Yameen Bluebeard, eh?

Yer, thasswhacha call tholscout. Knowenny doponim?

Betcha life. Know allaboutim.

Goodfyou. Spillit.

Well, itseemsat thisere Bluebeard wassa bad guy with the wimmen.

Everytimygetsback from piratin' hebringzima new wife.

Reglolsheek, eh?

Youseddit. Youseddit. But they was like allarestathwimmin and don'tgetalong so good.

Yeh. Wimminerhell, aint they?

Youseddit. So one day when tholguy'slit, wonnathajanes slips up ontoppatha house an yells, "Sisterann, sisterann."

What was thisisterann?

Aint sure, butta think itwassa revanoowofficer's boat.

She dunnimdirt, eh?

Youseddit. Thasallaknow, Bill. Fyouneedenny more info theresa book byabozo named Maeterlinck atthalibry sumpenabouta Bluebeard.

Reckonitza same one.

Muchabliged. I'llookytup.

S'long. Gladda cudelpya.

Hack: "Why do college boys like daughters of taxidermists?"

Saw: "Because they know their stuff."

AFRICAN GOLF

Egg: "Ever play Mah Jong?"

Yegg: "What's that?"

Egg: "A game that you play with little ivory blocks."

Yegg: "Sure, I play that. Why don't you say what you mean?"

FAMOUS PIRATES

(Not strictly in order of precedence.)

1. Henry Morgan.
2. Francois Lollonois.
3. Steed Bonnett.
4. Pierre LeGrand.
5. Graduate Manager of Athletics.
6. Taxi Drivers.
7. Hi Jackers.
8. Mable and Eloise.
9. Graduate Manager of Athletics.

Some historical light fired a shot that was heard around the world. Not to be outdone, Henry Ford devised a rattle that keeps the folks awake in China.

She gasped for me,
She swallowed me whole;
She's the engine,
I am the coal.

The mate of the good ship Springaleak was constantly in an intoxicated state. After searching desperately for a punishment for this habit, the captain entered the following statement in the ship's log for fourteen consecutive days: "The mate was drunk today."

At the end of this period he decided to leave the entry out for a day in order to oberve the effect on the mate.

Observing the omission, the mate made the following pertinent entry: "The captain was sober today."

Professor to business administration class: "Now what did this organizer do when he built a mop factory?"

Stude: "He mopped up."

She cast me away and ran to her toil.
She is the castor I am the oil.

CAFETERIA HYMN

Through the mouth,
Over the tongue,
Lookout below
Here I come.

Hopeful Athlete: "I have a chance for the football team."

She: "Are they going to raffle it off?"

Pirate: "There seems to be something wrong with the rudder."

Piratess: "Well, can't you wait until we're out of sight of land?"

I will make you a tailor-made suit for a milch cow or work horse. Phone 2404-W. 337 East Market.—Classified ad. in the Stockton (Calif.) *Independent.*

"What would you say if I kissed you?"

"I wouldn't be in a position to speak."

Prof: "What was the poem I was speaking to you about yesterday?"

Voice from the rear: " 'Imitations of Immorality', sir."

"I took my girl horse-back riding yesterday, but her horse was too rough for her."

"What did she do about it?"

"Oh she got sore and walked home."

A SEA DIRGE

There was a gallant pirate
Not so very long ago;
He ruled his ship with a rod of iron
But his brow was mighty low.
He loved to capture acrobats
And make them walk the plank—
He also was exceedingly fond
Of the terrible rum he drank.
Now the inn keeper's girl was a very fine girl
And a very fine girl was she.
She longed to play in an amorous way
With the terror of the sea;
So she sent a keg of flaming rum
To where the pirates were
And invited the chief to come and have
A cup of tea with her.
When the buccaneer's wife received the news
She swore upon the spot
That her man preferred that trollop
Because her booze was hot;
So she put a dose of paris green
Into her husband's soup tureen,
Which shows it doesn't pay to be a pirate.

TWENTY TON?

Dense: Say, where is this place, Capa City?
Opaque: Where did you see the name?
Dense: On that box car.

JUST A PIRATE CAPTAIN LYING FOR HIS CREW

"Have you any good books?"
"What price Glory—"
"The cost is immaterial, but don't call me pet names."

THE GREAT BUNCO GAME

P. Foot Johnson, famous Buccaneer, decided to leave off his childish sports and to go into business. He sailed joyfully away from the Happy Isles and landed at Tortuga on a rainy day. From the wharf he retired to the very saloon where Joan of Arc got her start. There he took what is commonly called a small snort of the renowned "Hallucination Cocktail." Fifteen minutes later he was charging the public two bits admission to see the snakes and elephants and inside of half an hour the governor had bought half interest in his side show for two hundred gold pieces.

Freshman (reading): While Latin was to be retained, frequent sermons were to be preached in the vernacular.
Prof: And what does that last word mean?
Freshman: Ain't that something like the Forest Theater?

Hey: Where you going with that thermometer?
Day: I'm looking for a girl.

"What is the first mention of modern beverages in the Bible?"

"Why when Joseph rent his garments he had Schlitz in his coat!"

A-FEW-FAMOUS-SLOGANS

Bootleggers are now blocking the traffic.
The twelve millionth is on the road.

So soft, so fresh. Done in over-tones of green with figures in each corner.
The skin you love to touch.

He slouched along: Yellow-slicker, dragging socks and Oxford-bags.
America's foremost fashion creator.

He had never bought a bottle, but then—you never know.
Even your best friends wont tell you.

He felt hungry and sat down at the table.
A good place to eat.

The French women are pretty, but the Spanish get my vote.
They last longer, and they satisfy.

Why take her to ride when the family is attending the movies?
Learn at home.

The newly-weds became nervous as the hour grew late.
Time to retire.

She had cost him business, home and family.
Ask the man who owns one.

They moved here only three weeks ago, but she has a date every night.
We are advertised by our loving friends.

Your girl may come and his girl may come, but co-eds stay on forever.
Best in the long run.

Things went nicely until she slapped him, then he *was* nice.
Power to start and power to stop.

She was shopping for her trosseau—Yes, ma'm, everything of that sort on the third floor.
Eventually, why not now?

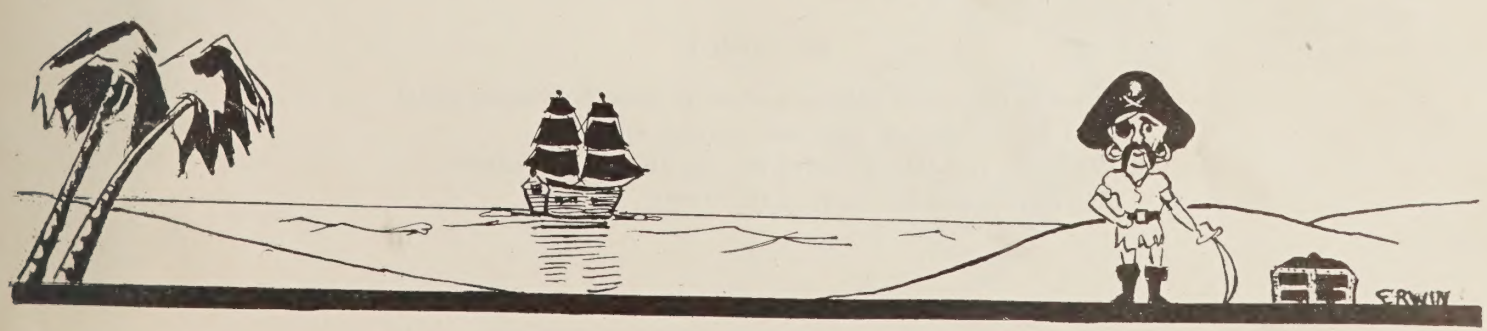
She faced the world with lips of crimson and a face of chalk.
Save the surface and you save all.

They had just seen the moon, when the patrolman came up.
No parking here.

Oh, and does the Laundry put little tabs on your er—things, too?
You just know he wears them.

He could not condole himself for stealing such a girl for a wife.
Honesty is the best policy.

A college boy
The best comedy in America.



A - L E G E N D - S E T - A R I G H T

We have discovered that a hoax of long standing has been practiced upon the campus and the state at large. For some unaccountable reason Dr. Kemp Prattle chose to deliberately falsify and enlarge upon history until we hesitate to say whether there is the slightest modicum of truth in him. He tells the story that the body of Peter Dromgoole was buried beneath the rock which bears his name. What could be more ridiculous? It would have taken all the students together to have moved it!

Out of respect for the truth and a desire to point to the student body the true moral reason for the death of Dromgoole we investigated several files of ancient laundry slips and had the following ballad written. This is true history. Other traditions which have been warped in their passage through many hands we hope to set aright in subsequent issues. None of these poems may be set to music and sung before the University without full consent of the Editor and Business manager.

GOOD PETER DROMGOOLE

PROLOGUE

Peter Dromgoole was a fellow in the University
Who loved a co-ed dearly in the spring.
He toasted her in coffee and in (shhh) wine and foaming bock;
So of good old Peter Dromgoole we shall sing.

I

The birds all were chirping
And singing right sweet;
The young things were sprouting
Beneath Peter's feet.
The teachers were tending
Their lawns and their Fords
And sophs giving freshmen
Their tricks and their boards.

II

Fair ladies, fair ladies,
Young Peter at morn
Would chant his orisons
Sad and forlorn.
He worshipped sweet Mary Smith;
(God bless her kindly)
He swore by his pants
That he'd follow her blindly.

III

Now up came Tom Jones
With a mug like Apollo
To take off sweet Mary
If only she'd follow.
Good Peter grew angry
And cried in his teeth
That Tom should flit upwards
Or roast down beneath.

IV

They fought in the morning
While dew pearled the grass,
The glorious Dromgoole
And Tom, the young ass.
Their pistols rang boldly,
Hills answered in mock,
But good Peter Dromgoole
Lay stretched on a rock

V

The ladies all pitied
Their friend Mary Smith
For Tom gave her nothing
To bless herself with.
We've buried poor Peter
And banned foaming bock,
But the co-eds we have
And a legended rock.

EPILOGUE

Peter Dromgoole is in heaven where he does the streets inspect
And flutters with a pale and shining wing;
Now this sad fate is awful but it's all you can expect
If you love a co-ed dearly in the spring.

When the second act has come to an end—and the curtain is rung down amidst whirling applause—when you mingle outside with the excited throngs in the lobby
—have a Camel!

Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blenders. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN the thrilling second act of the best show of the year has just come to an end. And the stars have taken their curtain calls in answer to round after round of applause. When you join the crowds outside just as pleased and thrilled as yourself —*have a Camel!*

For no other friend is so cheerful, so resting between acts as Camel. Camel adds its own romantic glamour to the brightness of memorable occasions. No other cigarette ever made—and *kept*—so many friends. Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally or zestfully you smoke them. Camels never leave a cigaretty aftertaste. All the desire to please, all the skill to serve of the largest tobacco organization in the world, goes into this one cigarette.

So when you leave the theatre pleased and inspired for greater things, when you see life's problems and their solutions clearer —lift the flame and taste the mellowest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

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FABLE

Once there was a beautiful young girl who was riding through the country in her sport roadster. She stopped at a farm house to ask about the road and when the farmer told her there was a college town straight ahead she said, "Thanks for the tip, I'll take the detour." —*Beanpot*

✠ ✠ ✠

He: "I passed by your house last night."
She: "Thank you." —*Frivol.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Pardon me, but do you osculate?
What do you think I am—a pendulum?—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

✠ ✠ ✠

'Twas ever Thus:

Little Willie: Why hasn't Peggy Joyce ever married Santa Claus, Pop?

Pop: Because there isn't any Santa Claus.—*The New Yorker.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Dumb: Do you know that seventeen thousand twelve hundred and eighty-two elephants were needed to make billiard balls last year?

Dora: My, oh my, isn't it wonderful that such big beasts can be taught such exacting work.—*Purple Cow.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Lord Lampwick: Now in my college days I belonged to the Order of the Garter.

Sorority Sophie: How very interesting! Which chapter—Boston or Paris?—*Pelican.*

Have Your Suits

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Joseph: "There's the new prof, do you have anything under him?"

Conrad: "Yeh, he's sitting on my hat."—*Virginia Reel.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Son: What's a genius, Pop?

Pop: A genius is a man who can rewrite a traveling salesman's joke and get it accepted by *The Ladies Home Journal.*—*Cornell Widow.*

✠ ✠ ✠

She: "Then you really love me?"

He: "Good heavens, woman, did you think I was shadow boxing with you?"—*Punch Bowl.*

✠ ✠ ✠

It's a great life if you don't weaken, and a greater one if you weaken just a little bit.—*Drexerd.*

✠ ✠ ✠

The world's cheapest date—Adam and Eve. She only cost him one bone—*Royal Baboon.*

✠ ✠ ✠

There was a tap at the door. He arose and turned it off.—*Black and Blue Jay.*

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WAIT AND HEAR

The

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Both Gertrude and Beth I have bidden good-by,
I've said *au revoir* to Marie,
And 'Nita and Carmen have heard *adios;*
They've all had their last look at me.
To Ellen and Mary I've made my farewell,
To Dottie I've said toodle-oo,
To Hilda and Gretchen 'twas *auf wiedersehen;*
I've tipped them all off that I'm through.

I cannot be bothered with so many girls,
I've shut them all out of my life;
It's too much annoyance, when they call me up,
To tell who it was to my wife.

—*Judge.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Math. Prof.: Where did you get your black eye?

Astronomy Prof.: Some homewrecker told my wife that I have classes only three nights a week.—*Purple Parrot.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Policeman (producing note book): "Name, please."

Motorist: "Alogsiurs Alastiat Cyprian."

Policeman (putting away note book): "Well, don't let me catch you again."—*Punch.*

✠ ✠ ✠

He: I just learned a new dance step. Are your folks home?

She: No.

He (starting radio): Come on, I'll show it to you—*Cornell Widow.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"A little woman is a dangerous thing."—*Judge.*

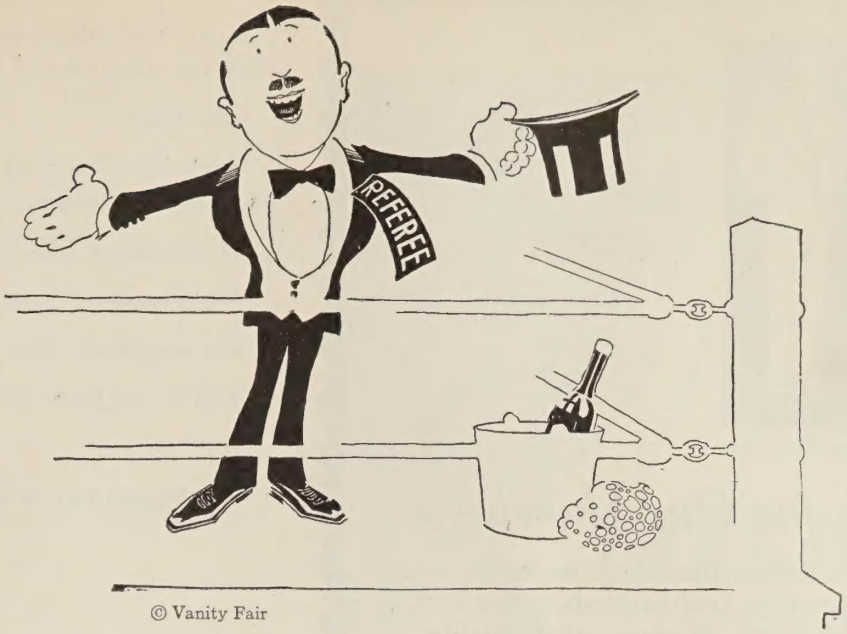
✠ ✠ ✠

"There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married."

"How do you know?"

"I've asked them."—*Juggler.*

$1000. in prizes!



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Announcing!

VANITY FAIR'S COLLEGE HUMOUR CONTEST

Vanity Fair offers $1000. in prizes for the three best contributions submitted by undergraduate college students.

Articles submitted for the contest must be in prose, between 1000 and 2000 words in length. They must be received not later than noon, Feb. 1, 1926. They must deal, wittily but wisely, with collegiate life or any other phase of the life of the day.

The first prize will be $500; the second prize $300; the third prize $200. The judges will be George S. Chappell, Anita Loos, and John V. A. Weaver.

Vanity Fair has always encouraged the development of the younger school of humorists. It was the first to recognize the talent, and to publish the manuscripts, of such men as Robert C. Benchley, Robert E. Sherwood, Donald Ogden Stewart, George S. Chappell, E. E. Cummings, and John V. A. Weaver, the literary interests of all of whom dated from their college days.

Through this contest, Vanity Fair hopes to obtain some notable contributions, in an entertaining vein, based on the point of view of the younger American.

Vanity Fair will purchase many contributions at its regular rates, even though they are not awarded prizes.

For more complete details and conditions of the contest, see the December issue of

VANITY FAIR

Homewood and Edgewood

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BALTIMORE

Choose your stationery as you choose your roomate for fine qualities as well as appearance.

Old Hampshire Stationery

is a worthy bearer of your most sincere and important message.

Sold plain and die stamped by SUTTON & ALDERMAN

Fine Stationery Department HAMPSHIRE PAPER CO.
SO. HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

A LITTLE BIT OF SCOTCH

Sandy was fishing on a bridge when a pompous looking gentleman stopped and asked:

"Any luck?"

"ANY luck!" replied Sandy, "Why mon, I got forty pike out of here yesterday."

"Do you know who I am?"

"No," answered Sandy.

"I'm magistrate here and all these estates are mine."

"And do you know who I am?" quickly asked Sandy.

"No."

"The biggest liar in Scotland."

—*Chanticleer.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"One if by land, and two if by sea"—the poet's voice reached the ears of the two college men in the corner.

"There you are—exactly as I told you," exclaimed one triumphantly. "You have to pay just double for the stuff these English rum ships bring in." —*Brown Jug.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Don't you dare swear before me!"

"Pardon me—go ahead."—*Chanticleer.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"What would you give for a voice like mine?"

"Chloroform."—*Yellow Jacket.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Prof. (dismissing class): Oh, Miss Johnson, may I hold you for a minute?—*Georgia Cracker.*

PALE HANDS

I held a little hand last night,
So dainty and so neat,
Methought my heart would burst with joy
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my heart
Could greater solace bring,
Than the little hand I held last night—
Four aces and a king.

—*Pelican.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Ma: "Did you dream that you were out riding with Bill last night?"

Sis: "Yes. How did you guess it?"

Ma: "I saw you walking in your sleep."—*Pitt Panther.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"I see Rosenblatt had a terrible fire last night."

"Vell, he's a nice feller, he deserves it."—*Middlebury Blue Baboon.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Your majesty," said the grand vizier, "there is an old flame of one of your wives hanging around down stairs."

"Well, call the fire department and have him put out," growled the sultan.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Barber shave
Man sneeze;
Man dead,
Next please.

—*Octopus.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Wife (all excited): "Help, Jack, help! Mother's been struck by lightning!"

Hubby: "Good God!"—*Pitt Panther.*

"The sweetest pipe in the world"

It's a W D C
W D C
TRADE MARK

The Milano is made in 26 smart shapes in smooth finish, from $3.50 up; rustic finish, $4.00 up—all "*insured*" for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

MILANO

"The Insured Pipe"

This snappy style is No. 1780

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Thorobreds

Braeburn
SMART STYLED CLOTHES FOR COLLEGE MEN
TAILORED AT ROCHESTER

THIRTY FIVE to FORTY FIVE DOLLARS
AT THE SMART COLLEGE SHOP

C O N S E R V I N G

Adding Life to Garments Entrusted
to Our Care---Send us Your

Wool Sweaters, Blankets, Shirts, Underwear

And They Will

L o o k L i k e N e w

Every Possible Precaution — We Invite Your Inspection

LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT, U. C. S. P.

Nebuchadnezzar was making love to a new beauty brought in by his harem hunters. The Prime Poobo of the empire was trying to get him to decide about the spring planting.

"Oh, hang the damn gardens," said Neb.

And they did.—*Virginia Reel.*

✠ ✠ ✠

She (relating her travels): "And in Florence I visited the Pitti Palace."

He: "Oh, did ums?"—*Boston Transcript.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"What's the penalty for bigamy?"

"Two mothers-in-law."—*Mercury.*

FANCY ICES — BLOCK CREAM

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

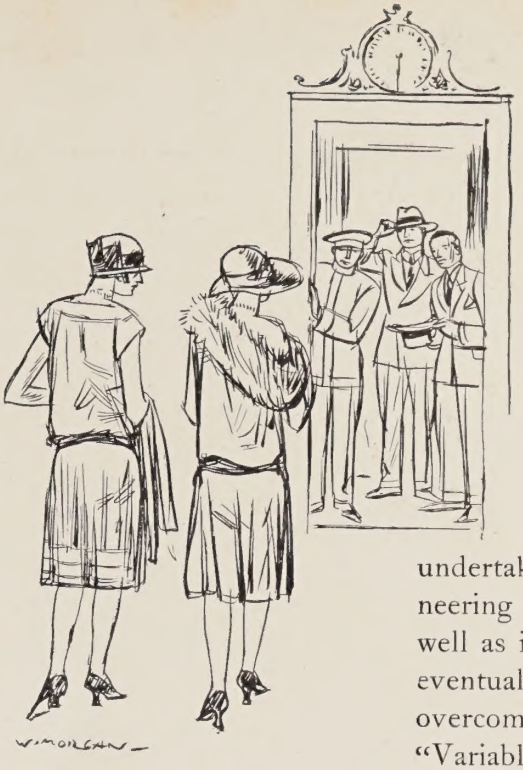
We make any color schemes for
Frat or Sorority banquets

Phones 58 and 59 — Main at Duke

PUNCHES — SHERBETS

A composite picture showing how a fullback feels and looks when punting.

Going Up



R. W. Owens

EVERY time you go up in a modern building having high-speed elevators (the Chicago Athletic Club, for instance) you are lifted by the ingenuity of at least one Westinghouse engineer who is barely ten years off the campus.

Until three years ago, high-speed elevators invariably required direct electric current. There was no practical method of using alternating current, and since many districts are supplied only with alternating current, a serious handicap existed.

It was possible to employ a motor generator to convert alternating current into direct current, but when that was done no practical system of control was available if the elevators were to be operated at high speed. The suggestion was made that the control be accomplished by varying the voltage of the generator and (among others) to a young man of thirty-three—R. W. Owens, Illinois '14, now head of the direct-current section of the motor engineering department—came the special problem of designing an electric generator that would perform as one had never performed before.

The question is sometimes asked: Where do young men get when they enter a large industrial organization? Have they opportunity to exercise creative talents? Or are they forced into narrow grooves?

This series of advertisements throws light on these questions. Each advertisement takes up the record of a college man who came with the Westinghouse Company within the last ten years, immediately after graduation from his university.

Many were associated in the undertaking, for it involved pioneering in control apparatus as well as in generator design, but eventually all difficulties were overcome, and there emerged the "Variable Voltage Control System for Electric Elevators", now standard throughout the building industry.

Here you have the type of problem that confronts the design engineer in an organization like Westinghouse. Not all are as large as this, or lead to such sweeping results. The design engineer works for the customer. He starts with an analysis of the customer's needs and develops apparatus to meet those needs.

His responsibilities are varied and heavy. The jobs of the direct-current section of the motor engineering department range from motors for driving ventilating fans to those for dumping whole cars of ore at the docks. A force of 1,000 men is constantly occupied building the motors designed by this section.

Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

IT PAYS TO INSIST ON ARROWS

ARROW SHIRTS

THE GORDON

A FINE WHITE MERCERIZED OXFORD SHIRT CUT TO ALLOW FOR SHRINKAGE. IT HAS AN *ARROW*-MADE COLLAR ON THAT BUTTONS DOWN, MADE WITH BUTTONED CUFFS OR WITH FRENCH CUFFS.

THE POMFRET

OF FINE WHITE AND COLORED MERCERIZED OXFORDS CUT TO ALLOW FOR SHRINKAGE, WITH BUTTONED OR LINK CUFFS. COLLAR IS WITHOUT BUTTONS. ALSO MADE IN BROADCLOTH, FLANNELS, PONGEE AND MADRAS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC.

V.3, no.4

BUCCANEER

15¢

BURLESQUE NUMBER

Tie a tin to trouble

A TIDY red tin of Prince Albert, to be exact. There's the greatest little trouble-chaser in the known world. Smoke P. A. and pipe-grouches choose the nearest exit.

Yes, *Sir,* P. A. is right there with the Polly-anna stuff. Sunshine, gladness, the light heart, the bright smile. Because Prince Albert is the cheeriest, chummiest tobacco that ever tumbled into a briar or corncob.

Smoke P. A.—and *smile.* Cool, comfortable P. A. Fragrant, friendly P. A. Not a tongue-bite or throat-parch in a ton of it. The Prince Albert process hung the "No Admittance" sign on Bite and Parch the day the factory opened.

Get a tidy red tin of P. A. today and give pipe-worries the gate.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1926, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Valentines

Drop in and make your selection from our complete assortment of HOLLINGSWORTH'S *unusual candies. Attractive packages appropriately wrapped*

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

DRUGGGISTS

"I hear that something of Mary's broke at the dance last night."

"'Course it did."

"Aw go on; they don't wear 'em."—*Sun Dial.*

* * *

Football men come back early in the fall and toss a football around to get in practice, and co-eds come back early and kiss their girl friends.—*Awgwan.*

* * *

Billy (who has caught his father kissing the maid): "Whatcha doin', dad, with our maid?"

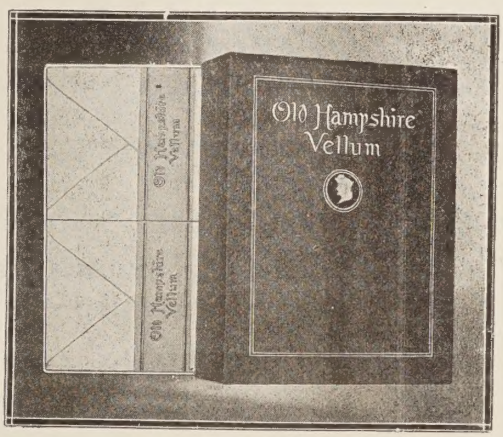
Father: "Bring my glasses, son, I thought it was your mother."—*Ski-U-Mah.*

* * *

She: "Do you know any stories?"

He: "Not of a parlor nature."

She: "Then let's go out in the kitchen."—*Ski-U-Mah.*



Quality Stationery does not mean "frilly" stationery. There is a distinction recognized by the genuinely refined.

Old Hampshire Stationery

possesses a quiet dignity that makes it the choice of the discriminating. Ask to see it when next in need.

Sold by SUTTON & ALDERMAN

FINE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

"Craftbuilt Printing"

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

The world is full of substitutes for everything but satisfaction—
WE SATISFY

CHRISTIAN & KING
PRINTING COMPANY

"Craftbuilt Printing"

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM · NORTH CAROLINA

Say, you, that bootlegger's daughter you took out is certainly crumby.

Yeah. She's corn-bred.—*Columns.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Avast, Menelaus, and who was that lady I seen you with last nite?

Belay that, Ulysses, that was no laundry, that was the Y. M. C. A.—*Columns.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Chaperon: "Just saw a young man on the back porch trying to kiss your daughter."

Modern Mother: "Did he succeed?"

Chaperon: "No, he did not."

Modern Mother: "Well, it wasn't my daughter then."—*Rammer-Jammer.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Aces: How would you rather die—like Joan of Arc, or Mary, queen of Scots?

Deuces: Like Joan.

Aces: Huccome——?

Deuces: I always did prefer a hot steak to a cold chop.—*Columns.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Is Abe very religious?"

"Vell, when he buys animal crackers he has the man take the pigs out."—*Widow.*

✠ ✠ ✠

BACK TO NORMALCY

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

"Why, that was my wife."—*Widow.*

✠ ✠ ✠

I had a little sorrow, born of a little gin.
"He's got a crying jag on," they said, and locked me in.
How could they know that I was glad?
(Such unpoetic souls they had!)
How could they know that I was glad to think how *bad*
I'd bin.—*Pelican.*

Come on —help!

I've been writing this Mennen Column for twelve years—with an average of thirty thousand miles a year in Pullmans on the side. I'm not quitting, but I'm not too big to call for help. Pretty nearly every man whose mind hadn't hardened before I could work on him has tried Mennen Shaving Cream. It's no use to argue with a man who is convinced.

It will take a smarter writer than I am to add to the appreciation of a shaver who, after years of suffering, has known the deep, soothing joy of Mennen Dermutation. You know dermutation is the laboratory name for what we regular guys refer to as a licked beard.

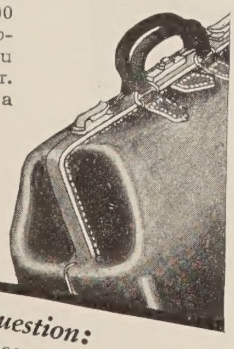
I can't, and I doubt if you can, express in words that thrill of victory when, for the first time, your mean, tough piano-wire bristles quit like a dog—just naturally collapsed so that about all a razor had to do was to wipe off the wilted stubble.

But here is my proposition: I want the shavers of America to help write my stuff.

At the bottom of this column, I ask a question. The best answer to that question wins a splendid traveling bag that you couldn't buy for $50.

I want quick action—this contest closes February 15. I'm the judge. Contest open to all. No strings or conditions except that answers are limited to 100 words. Winning answer will be published as soon as I can pick it. If you don't win this contest, watch for another. I may run several of them. The bag's a beaut. I've never toted one as good. Hand made—big, classy and will last like the Mennen habit.

Here's the Bag



Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

Here's the "Prize" question:
When did you first use
MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM
—and why?
Are you a regular *Now?*

Contest closes February 15. Write 100 words or less. Watch for another question in early issue. Mail your reply to THE MENNEN COMPANY, *Jim Henry Contest,* 353 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey

"Do you do the Charleston?"

"You said it—all the time, nearly."

"Yes, I've almost quit dancing myself."—*Virginia Reel.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Two tramps were ambling along a dirt road. One of them spied a house off through the trees.

"Wait here," he said, "I'll try that house for a hand-out."

A while later he returned empty-handed.

"What's wrong?" asked his companion.

"They're so poor I didn't have the nerve to ask them. I peeked through the window and I saw two girls playing on the same piano."—*Bison.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Daughter: "Mother, at the circus the three-legged man tried to kiss me."

Mother: "Daughter, I told you to beware of strange men."—*Rural.*

✠ ✠ ✠

ATHEIST

The Swashbuckler (in melodrama)—"Another stoup of wine, varlet, dost hear?"

Flustered Super (promoted to small part)—"Dust where?"

The Swashbuckler (rising to occasion and clutching throat)—"Dust here!"—*Humorist* (London).

✠ ✠ ✠

"Gee, I'm leg weary."

"Where you been?"

"To the Follies."—*Pelican.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Tourist: Don't the revenue officers you've killed, ever haunt you?

Moonshiner: Yas, some, but not near as much as the ones I ain't killed.—*Cracker.*

NEW HAVEN

Sheff: "Hot dog, Willie! Now we can get my fur coat out of hock. Here's Dad's annual check for new tires; he doesn't know I had Kelly-Springfields put on last time."

TAXI
TAXI
GENE ERWIN

Wet as a wash-rag,
Liquid as a pond.
Yea, by the sacred corkscrew
I'm a bottle in the bond.

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME III NUMBER 4

TO ALTHEA

(Apologies to Lovelace)

Stone walls do not a prison make
Unless one is inside 'em:
Minds innocent I will not take,
I simply can't abide 'em.
So I'll have freedom in my love
And in my heart be free;
It's useless, chaste and hidebound dove,
To languish smiles on me.

TO DULCY

(Apologies to B. J.)

Write to me only onth a month
And I will anther yours,
But send me candy every week
To quicken all my pores.
I luffed you onth, I wath a dunth,
And knew not how it bores—
Three times a week, a letter meek,
In baby talk like yours.

BUCCANEER'S ALL-AMERICAN

The Buccaneer's sports writer has seen All-This and That picked on the campus in every form from All-Intra-Mural to All-American after the pigskin stopped getting kicked about, so he has picked an All-Apple-Sauce Team, to witless:

Rudy Valentino	Left Out
Kip Rhinelander	Wrong Tackle
George Ross Pou	Left Guard
Al Smith	Center
President Chase	On Guard
Cam Morrison	Might Tackle
Duke Estate	Couldn't End
Alice Rhinelander	Quarter Black
Rockingham Cole	Shoot Back
Jack Dempsey	Must Fall Back
Harry Wills	Full Black

On the side lines would be Ma Ferguson as sobstitute, Calvin Coolidge as cheer leader, Will Rogers as mascot, Colonel Mitchelle as manager, Governor McLean as water boy, and the N. C. Bus owners would furnish the coach.

Gooch Café Waiter (who slings slang): "This broth is the cat's meow."

Student (eyeing a hair in it): "Yea, with the whiskers thrown in."

WHOA!

Vice: "Why does Coolidge prefer riding a hobby horse?"

President: "Because he doesn't have to speak to the animal."

Movie: "What is the difference between a modern and an old-fashioned kiss?"

Fan: "About half a reel."

CROSS WORD PROVERBS

United we drink; divided we fall.

A word in the head is worth two in the dictionary.

The early bird stays up all night.

One bad girl deserves a mother.

Football fame is rather to be chosen than great wisdom.

Do not count your change before the last chip is gone.

A cross word to the wise is sufficient.

A stitch in time saves wondering if the hole in your sock shows.

A red headed girl throws out no heat.

Budding Journalist (after graduating from Harvard): "Well, Jack, I'm through now, but what can I do?

Jack: "Write for money."

Graduate: "But father says that's all I did while I was in college."

LIGHT COMEDY

Tom: How could I get a light if I had a box of cigarettes and no matches?

Thumb: "'Damfino."

Tom: Remove a cigarette and then the box would be a cigarette lighter.

"What happened to that consumptive fellow, Bob Day?"
"Oh, Day is dying in the west."

THE LOVER BOYS

I

"Hurrah, hurrah for the Lover Boys," sang out Will Lover, familiarly known to his two brothers, Shudda Lover and Haywood Lover, and every one of the thirty-five students at Western Junior College as "Sheik", the most perfect collegiate lover in the country, as he dated up Ima Pippin, the pretty little co-ed from Pace College.

Will had known Ima for only a short half hour, but he had made good time. It seemed as if they had been knowing each other for years.

"Shall we go to the corner drug store for a lemonade?" he laughingly remarked as he playfully kissed one of her wrists.

"Oh, I would love it," she screamed as she gave him a big sisterly hug and pulled one of his ears.

"Hurrah for the Lover Boys," they trilled as they tramped merrily down the street like two lambs at play.

II

"Hurrah, hurrah, I have a date for the dance tomorrow night," rang out Shudda's sweet tenor voice as he came skipping into the room where his two brothers were playfully making a freshman work their Math for them.

"Hurrah, hurrah, you have nothing on me," merrily chimed in Haywood, "I have a date, too."

"Hurrah, hurrah, we all have dates," chirped Will, "for I am taking Ima to the dance."

"Hurrah for the Lover Boys," they chanted as they did a snake dance up the hall in their pajamas.

III

"Ha, what is the cause of the merriment?" leered Big Joe Jones, trying to stop the Lover Boys as they lazily strolled along the path, laughing and telling jokes on the way to a physics examination the next morning.

"Hurrah, we are going to take our girls to the dance," said Will, entirely ignoring the fellow.

"No you're not," said Joe. "I have just been elected President of the Student Council. That means only my friends and fraternity brothers will be given permission to have dates."

The Lover Boys' faces fell. And to find out just how far they actually did fall and how the Lover Boys again arose triumphant, you must read our next volume which is entitled, "The Lover Boys' First Night at West Point" or "One Hectic Time."

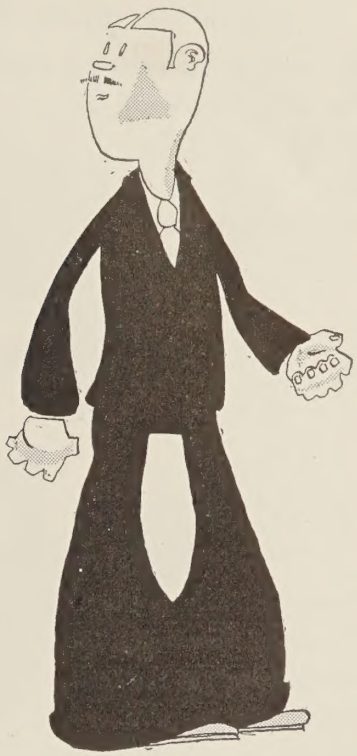
PUTRID PUNS

Bludge pays $5.00 for each one printed.

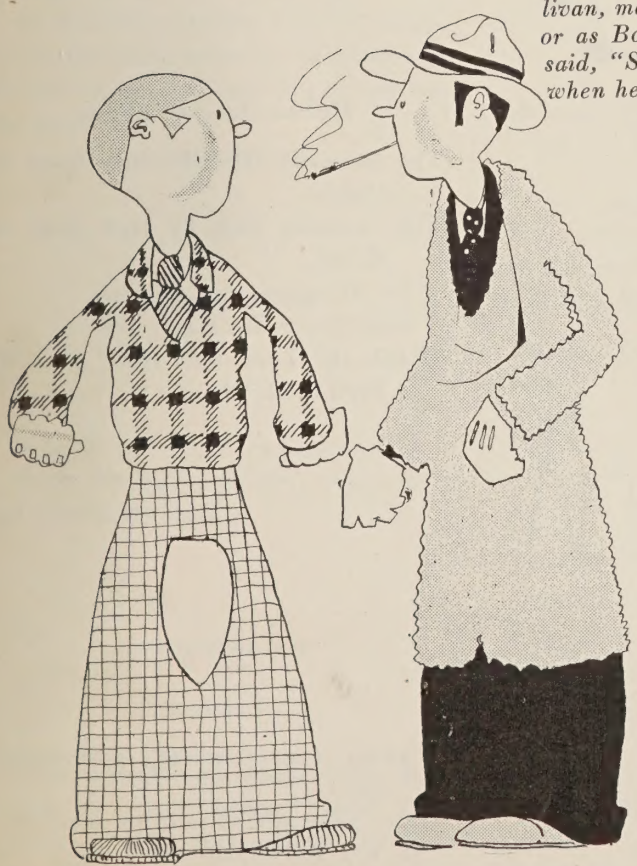
Mother: "You must not go out and play with the little boys until your cold gets better."

Little Sally: "Bood iv I drig sub Lizderine catechism?"

What for do you think Venice, this foxy little Oxford Bag, is throwing down a noble apple slosher like John? These English drinks are usually as sweet as vanilla shakes.



Is she snooting John for love of this Carbonated Fizzle whose Prophylactic adornment has given him adenoids from breathing around it? Would this London frail tie up with such a wet smack?



As Dankwort Smith is telling Bootleg Sullivan, maybe it's because John Held too tight or as Bootleg said, maybe it's because John said, "Sugar, speak English and prove it," when he found out her natal metropolis.

THESE HERE COLLEGIATES AIN'T THEY AWFUL

F. S. WRIGHT

SYNCOPATED NURSERY RIMES

(For the Instruction of Very Small Children)

Romantic Episode

She stood on the bridge at midnight,
The hero still pursued her.
He fell on his knees
And said, "Marry me please!"
And she knew that the hero had wooed her.

Golfer's Limerick

There was a young lady from France
Who got on a Pullman by chance.
The engineer kissed her,
The baggage-man missed her,
He should have improved on his stance.

Ode on Prison Reform

'Twas Christmas in the prison,
The prisoners were all there
Assembled about the festive board
Partaking of the fare.
In came the old jail warden
And his voice rang through the halls,
"What will you have for Christmas, boys?"
The convicts said "Tennis balls."
Then cried the old jail warden
And his voice was choked with sobs,
"You'll get no Christmas presents—
You're a sportive bunch of slobs."
Up spake an old life-termer
And his voice rang true as brass,
You can take your Christmas presents,
We'll play lawn tennis on the grass."

Historical Anecdote

Columbus had a one-eyed mate,
He loved him like a brother;
Most every night they would get tight
And sing to one another.

Mobile Booster's Song

The buzzards they fly high down in Mobile,
The buzzards they fly high down in Mobile,
The buzzards they fly high
And obscure the starry sky:
Thank the Lord that cows don't fly down in Mobile.

Animal Fable

The monkey and the baboon were sitting on the class,
The monkey threw the baboon a forward pass;
The professor looked at the anthropoids
And said, "Cut that out, youse two fresh boids."

Eclogue

"Farmer, farmer, where's your daughter?
We've come around to drink some tea."
"She's in the kitchin like I taught her,
So just sit down and talk to me."

THE GAMMA SIGMA SLEEP CHAPTER LETTER.

Although the chapter lost through graduation and so forth its strong '25 delegation, it looks forward with vim to the approaching year. We rushed men enthusiastically during the summer and early fall and have succeeded in pledging Adolph Q. Goofus with the aid of our strong alumni in the state and one (1) bottle of Booth's High and Dry. Goofus is a promising youngster from Elm City and is sure to land a place on the Intra-Mural knitting team.

Since only five of the ten undergraduates failed to return we are going ahead with plans for the new house; they are being rushed to completion and $6.78 has been collected on the fund. The house will be a neat little wooden affair facing the campus with the back entrance on the river.

Fall football camp has been in session for the last two weeks. Brothers Boots Weakly and Ernie Vaterlant are working hard for places on the second scrubs. Boots was noticed by the coach and assigned a position as assistant linesman in the first scrimmage.

At this early writing it is impossible to list the many activities in which the chapter is sure to take a part during the year.

Fraternally,

Senorita: "And so Manuel the Bulfighter has married?"
Senor: "Si, and his wife has him completely cowed."

Wag: Is your wife temperamental?

Staff: She has a plenty of "temper" but durn little "mental."

"I'm afraid we have seen too much of each other," said the young girl to her suitor as she gave him the gate.

Prof. explaining point in lecture. "Has anyone ever taken an opera glass, put the large lens to the eyes and tried to walk a crack in the floor?"

Stude: "No, sir. I've never been that drunk."

Stude, to roomy on bed: "What is the name of that record?"

Roomy: "Don't wake me up, let me dream."

Stude: "Well, I think you might at least wake up long enough to tell me the name."

"Is your wife going with you on your vacation?"

"No, this is to be a pleasure trip."

CALL ME SPEEDY

"Weren't you a member of the track team here not long ago?"

"Sure, I ran the 440 in '21."

"Gee, but you were fast."

Damsel: "I smelled onions on Bill's breath last night."
Damsell: "Naturally, he's one of those Greek Fraternity boys."

CALCULUS OR HISTORY?

First Stude: Let's go up to the room and study some with Jim and Ed.

Second Stude (absent mindedly): Fine. Let's make it a quarter of a cent a point tonight.

"Gloria Swanson sure would make a good poker player."

"I'm dumb, why?"

"She draws such full houses."

Jim: My roommate fell down the stairway last night with two pints of whiskey.

Tim: Did he spill any?

Jim: No, he kept his mouth closed.

DR. J. G. deBOOTBLACK SCANDALTON'S COURSE IN GOVERNMENT

The courts are the great tribunals of the citizen for the protection of his baby's birthright. Almost everyone, in some capacity, takes great pleasure in bribing the judiciary of his state. If he is a business man, he may have to resort to a court to keep his wife from firing his stenographer. If he is a tramp, he seeks the courts to prevent his benevolent friend's dog from getting all the bones. If he is injured in an accident, he goes into a court to get his whisky back. He may have to appear as a witness to prevaricate and equivocate for his friend.

If he is fortunate enough to have his pocket flask stolen or his cellar robbed he appears in court to get a new bootlegger. Finally, when he dies, his heirs need the assistance of a court in the distribution of his toothbrushes.

Judging from Hoyle's vast knowledge about card games, he must have gone to college quite a while.

Charles: "I wonder who invented this dance?"
Ton: "Some true exponent of Southern shivery."

VISUAL EDUCATION

(This griping story was written especially for Few Deceptions Magazine by Mr. Barn Orr McBraddon, editor of the New Encyclopedia of Sex. Mr. McBraddon is known as the nation's greatest writer of stories of youthful passions.)

I

A group of college boys were grouped together in a room of a large downtown hotel. The walls of the room were covered with pennants and pictures of traffic cops. An empty Bay Rum bottle was lying on the dresser. The boys were playing cards. The conversation had turned to religion. Soon they would be discussing rats. A door slammed somewhere, but no one noticed it. In a few minutes one of the boys arose.

"I am cleaned," he said, trying to smile.

"Tell it to the pole cats," said another, named Jeter Murphy.

Suddenly the first speaker gave a low whistle of surprise.

"Look," he said.

"Where?"

"Across the street."

II

Hilda Gray was a poor dancing girl who had to work hard to earn a living. For two hours each evening at the Orpheum theater she gave an imitation of an alder bush in a wind storm. Hilda had just finished her work, and after going to a dance and two suppers with three different "butter-and-egg" men she was tired.

"Me for the old shack and the roost," she told herself as a handsome young street car conductor put his arms around her and lifted her into the car.

III

Twenty minutes later Hilda slammed the door of her apartment and rushed up the stairs and into her bed room where she immediately began to take off her complexion and lay it on the bureau. This accomplished, she lost no time in undressing. Soon various bits of apparel were flying onto chairs and into corners like flakes in a snow storm. Finally the last tiny piece of remaining silk was about to be shed.

"Oooh, I forgot to close the blinds," she cried.

Rushing to the window, she hesitated a moment with her hand on the sash.

"Nice bunch of boys across the street," she mused, stepping back.

IV

"Well, I will declare," exclaimed Jeter.

"I thought she was going to close the blinds," said another.

"Merciful Heavens, she is taking off her—"

(This simple little story of love will be continued in our next number of Few Deceptions which will be on all news stands by the twentieth of February. Do not miss it. Send in your subscription at once.)

SUBMERGED PERSONALITIES?

After a detailed examination of the matriculation records for the Fall-term of 1925, we hereby make the following official announcement:

Total number of yellow-slickers: 2,398.

—Buccaneer Statistician.

Hey: "I hear you played your first game of spank-tail-hearts last night."

Day: "Yes, it made quite a hit with me, too."

HER: "Didn't the dance come off smoothly?"
Him: "It was indeed a well oiled affair."

VOL. III JANUARRY 20, 1926 No. 4

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La Vita È Terra Incognita

BUT not so drinking. Drink and drinking in these United States were abolished by the act of Volstead; drink and drinking on this campus were abolished by order of the trustees. It amazes the Buccaneer that such a worthy sheet as the *Tar Heel* and such capable organs as the state papers should take seriously any jesting remarks of college officials on the matter. How can they imagine that we have a liquor problem on our hands when alcohol is nonexistent?

And do these papers forget that the great Confucius placed no limit on his wine allowance, or that another religious figure went so far as to change water into wine? (Which latter is beside the point, we must admit, since it is now taboo to perform this miracle.) And so it seems ridiculous to us that we should go on eternally fighting windmills. That especially when a group of undergraduates has taken their indignance at unjust criticism to the length of creating a new organization, Epsilon Upsilon Epsilon, the euphonious creed of which involves the very best principles of all the fraternities on this question.

THE BUCCANEER announces a Girls' Number, which will take the place of one of the regular issues. Girls from all our favorite finishing schools, colleges, towns, and hamlets are asked to seize this golden opportunity and contribute pen and ink sketches and copy. If the materialistic side of the matter must be bared, two first prizes of five dollars each will be awarded to the lucky damsels who do the best art or literary work. This issue should go across with a smack. Copy must be mailed by March 15th.

A PLAY

Characters:
SWEET YOUNG THING
A LITTLE BEAR
MILES STANDISH
Time: After the Mayflower.

(Miles Standish standeth in the edge of the woods cursing his foul fortunes.)

Miles: Priscilla my peony, whither hast thou did me thusly? You married that Alden bird whilst I was off to see, to see what I could see. And now, curse the luck that let me see this day, I must tread the long lone path by my only.

(Here the noble man tosses his head very high-like and catches it on the second bounce.) But harken! Footprints approach, I will conceal myself behind yon tree.

(He hides, and the noise of six feet are heard; a moment later a young puritan maid enters. (Puritan refers only to this dame's clothing.)

Maid: Oh, I fear me that I am hurt. (She looks carefully around but seeing no one she slides to the ground in bitter tears. Pulling up the hem of her ample skirt she investigates a small scratch on her left knee.) Ooooh, boo hoo-o-o-o-o. (Captain Standish, in the meantime has grown very—er—er—nervous.)

What a hard life we poor women have to lead. (At that moment a little bear, the other four feet, enters from entrance behind maid; Standish sees the bear but maid doesn't.)

Miles: Oh, I say, if you will pardon me, you have a little bear behind—

Maid: Sir! I pray you don't forget to remember that I am a lady. (She hastily pulls her dress over her ankles.)

Miles: But my dear, you have a little bear behind—

Maid: Listen here guy, Ooooh what words hath I let roll from mine unruly tongue. (She turns over with her face to the ground and the little bear comes up to her and commences licking her ankles.)

Maid: Oh stop, please—please stop, Captain Standish, stop—o—h, somebody will see—.

(Captain Standish kicks the bear away, snatches the girl up and turns with drawn sword as the bear scampers off. Then he sets the maid on her feet and they knelt in a prayer of thanks, as true Puritans always do.)

WHOOZIS WANTS TO KNOW

IF there is anything JUDGE does not want to know.

WHAT makes the CAROLINA MAGAZINE so dumb.

HOW the BUCCANEER gets that way.

WHAT has become of all the good looking co-eds if any ever existed.

WHEN Bill Couch is going to be murdered.

WHO is Mr. Green Room.

WHAT has become of the *TAR HEEL* editor.

WHEN they are going to build the new gymnasium.

Where is the guy who has not read the PLASTIC AGE.

WHO is this professor Koch.

IF any one has seen or knows what has become of the originator of the POOLE BILL.

WHAT has become of Mr. Bluske.

IS college life worth living.

IF the GRAHAM MEMORIAL building will be finished in our generation.

ALSO if there will ever be a directory published by the University "Y" that will carry the correct names and addresses of as many as fifty per cent of the students and faculty.

HOW many did you pass last quarter.

IF there was not some rumor of a new stadium to be built here.

IF there is any rumor that Carolina will have a baseball team next spring.

WHEN is the new gymnasium going to be built.

IF Dr. Cobb ever invents any new jokes.

If any athletes ever take Professor Pooker's English these days.

IF those who do are not freshmen.

IF Mr. Heronian flunked any athletes last quarter.

WHAT the TAR HEEL reviewer will say about this article.

IF the editor will live up to his promise and not divulge the author's name.

IF not, will we be hanged.

WHO told the PLAYMAKERS they could act.

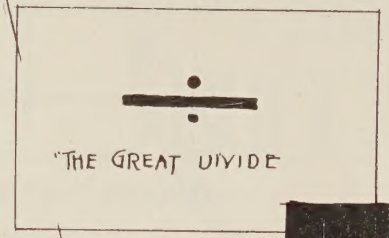
WHO won the Thanksgiving game. (Perhaps we should ask Jonathan Daniels.)

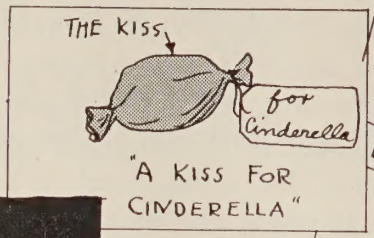
WHO put the "college" in COLLEGE HUMOR.

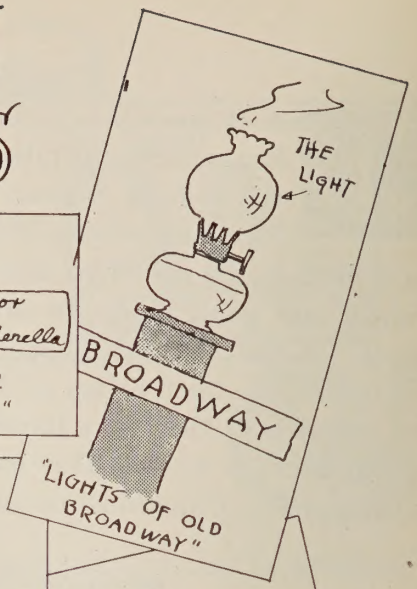
WHAT made the freshman inquire how so many literary and Glee Club men on our campus came to be wearing Phi Beta Kappa keys.

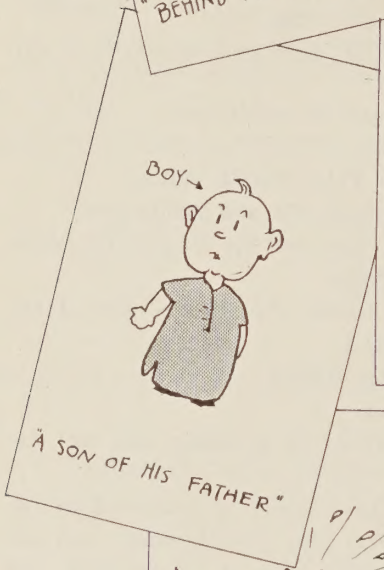
CAN the next freshman class be any more verdant than the present one.

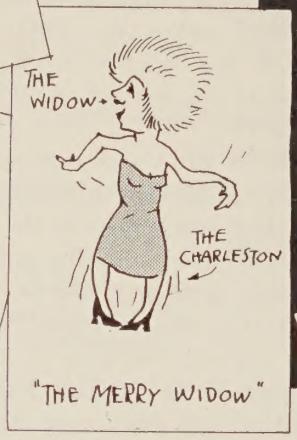
LAUGHS - ON THE - SHOWS

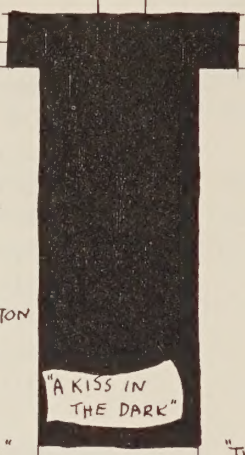


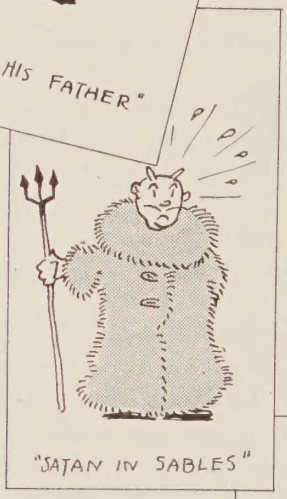


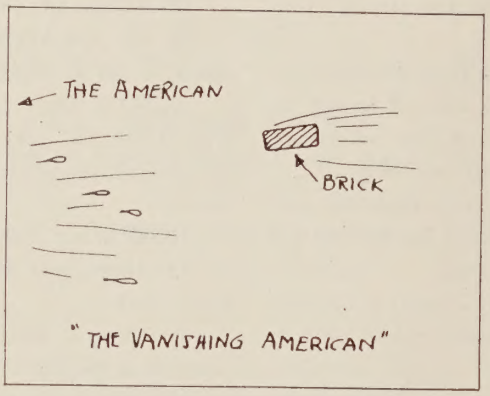


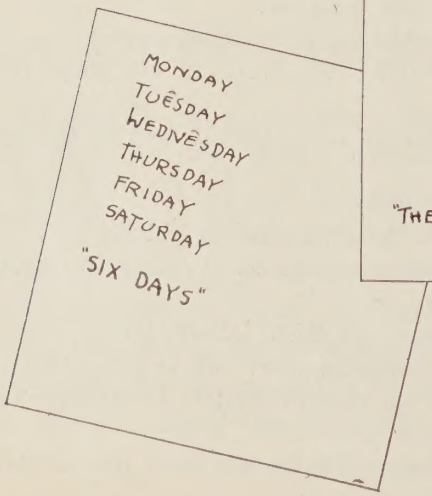


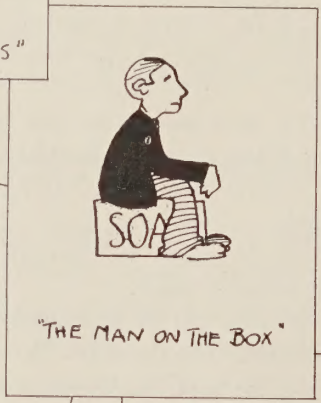


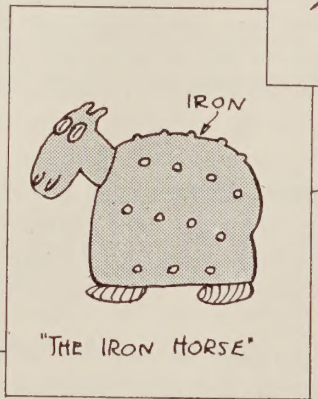


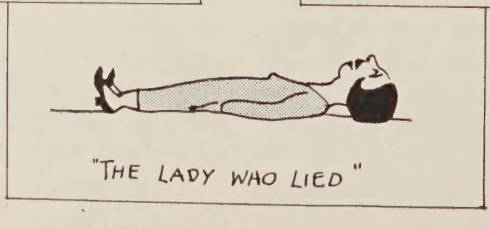


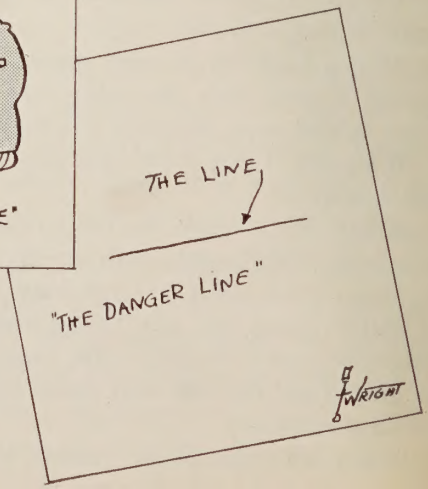












THE PROFESSOR'S BEDTIME STORY

(*By* Thornton Wurgess Playing)

"Well, Chauncey, did I ever narrate to you the occasion on which little Algernon Dinosaur purloined some long pants? I did not? Then hearken. Little Algernon was sporting about in the green Paranoic Meadow with some of the Pithecanthropus Erectus children when. . ."

"Did the Pithecanthropus children have tails?" interrupted Chauncey.

"Don't be irrelevant, and besides Chauncey, remember that we are very close to Tennessee and must be careful as to what children did or did not have in those days. To proceed, little Algernon and his playmates were having an old fashioned primeval good time, when lo and behold Algernon tripped on a brachiopod and fell forcibly on the turf. He laughed at his mishap and got gaily up, but one of the Merry Little Triassic Breezes crept up behind him and told him that all was not well."

"Goody, goody—his pants were torn," shrieked little Chauncey in pedantic delight.

"Oh, somebody told you," said the professor and continued. "His trousers were indeed mutilated. Since little Jenny Pterodactyl was one of the group Algernon backed off toward home to procure a pair of his father's pants. How the children chuckled at his discomfiture!"

"And could they all see his discomfiture?" queried Chauncey brightly.

"Now, Chauncey, none of that," replied the professor. "Algernon scurried home, reached into the big, dark family clothes closet, seized a pair of pants, and donned them hastily. When he returned to his childish games the Pithecanthropus children just laughed and laughed, for the trousers had lace around the bottom."

"Aw, hell, I know that one. They were a pair of his. . ."

"Hush, Chauncey. Bedtime."

Your Ma may think you're awful smart, that's usually how it is at home, but you didn't have the least idea that this was gonna be a pome. It's sorta like a modern girl and why she uses so much paint; there are an awful lotta things that look a lot like what they aint.

Oofty: Did *Scribners* publish those poems you sent them?

Goofty: No.

Oo: Why not?

Goo: For the same reason that my gas bill was too much last month.

Oo: What's that?

Goo: The meter was wrong.

WERE YOU BORN IN JANUARY?

If you were born in the month of January, your mother's name must have changed when she married. Your eyes are either blue, brown, or black. You will be the idol of your family. Refrain from being idle too long. Your birthstone is the garnet.

Your lucky day is the second Sunday after two Wednesdays have preceded a sore throat. You are lucky when you win. Avoid losses. Remember the first million is the hardest. You are not perfect. Conquer your faults. Think of George Washington. He is dead. You are in love. Don't marry a girl who is named after a cigar or whose name begins with a "z". She is engaged to another. You shouldn't wear green ties. They don't suit your complexion. When going out, try to wear some kind of shoes. It will give you more social prestige.

Mary: "What is real love?"

Jane: "That intangible thing that makes you really enjoy kissing the bald spot on top of your husband's head."

Aloysius: "Has your girls got a good line?"
Ethelbert: "Yeah—the line of least resistance."

EPSILON UPSILON EPSILON REVEALS BUY LOSS

Feeling the need of a new fraternal organization on the campus, some few kindred spirits have come together and joined themselves strongly as Bottles in the Bond. Casting aside the subsidiary sixty-four organizations to which any Carolina Joe College can pledge fidelity we have sworn to uphold the most outstanding features of that sacred thirteen which best represents the standards of brotherly love and advancement on this, our campus. We have indeed the best features of each and the worst of none. We are both social and honorary, harmonic and disharmonic, crepuscular and minuscular, ridiculous and pediculous.

Far from being adenoidally apparent we lay claim to the most mystic ritual which has ever been lucubrated. Found it was, it was, I solemnly swear, in the ruins of the palace at Knossos and every mystic word is in the original Cretan. Tupu is our greeting; our grip had best remain undescribed in the presence of ladies. Although sister members are taken into the fold, to them the secrets are never revealed. In fact, effeminacy is so far discouraged that each member has the privilege when seated in solemn conclave of wielding an unprecedented number of votes. Tracing our foundation back to 3500 B. C. is it remarkable that our rites should be much more impressive and elegant than those of an effete and materialistic age? Can one blame a newly initiated Bottle for staggering with renewed vigor about his appointed tasks? And do you not see that we must be minutely careful before yielding to a petitioner the right to sip the symbolic kumiss? Each day we are forced to discard literally thousands of telegraphed applications for membership. Only yesterday we refused President C-l-i-C-o-l-d-e on the grounds that stewed prunes have no place in a non-horticultural organization. As the original founder would have said before running off on a date with Queen Ishtanerr, "Kazumplumtum fergots nerveim." Or as he sagely remarked on another occasion, "olijesem tubitzfratte."

In respect to many demands we print our Buy Loss and sequaciously the fortunate men who are chosen to represent their fraternity for the following year by the adumbrate Council of Epsilon Upsilon Epsilon.

Do you solemnly swear as a Brother Bottle to aid in adopting the best features of all the following fraternities? We do. We do. Then proceed:

EPSILON UPSILON EPSILON CONCEALS BUY LOSS!

At the earnest request of the Business Manager, he blushing for the lesser Greek organizations, Epsilon Upsilon Epsilon, has consented to keep its Buy Loss secret. (Editor's note.)

"What makes you look so worried?"
"I just lost $5,000 in a crap game."
"Five thousand!"
"Yes, and the hell of it is, $15 was cash."—*Lyre.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Epitaph for any co-ed: "To know her was to love her."—*Denver Parakeet.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Oh, dear me," said the absent-minded prof as he led his blushing bride out of the church, "I had almost forgotten. We must hurry, as I promised my wife I'd be home in time for early dinner."—*Rammer-Jammer.*

"Why was the comic editor kicked out of college?"
"He published a picture of a bathing girl."
"There's nothing indecent about a bathing girl, is there?"
"Well, this one was using soap."—*Cougar's Paw.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Bootlegger (to man fishing): "Have any luck?"
Man: "No."
Bootlegger: "Try some of this on your bait."
Man pours something from bottle over the worm on the hook and lowers it into the water.

Soon a great slashing about is heard and the line is jerked up. The worm had a stranglehold on a catfish and was punching him in the eye with his tail.—*The Harvard Crimson.*

A MAGAZINE STORY

It was out west where Ranch Romances are frequent. He galloped along the Highway, unmindful of any harm, when suddenly, there shot out a Lariat and he was jerked rudely from his horse. His brain whirled. Was it the Black Mask? He looked around and there stood his Sweetheart. They wandered off to a cliff on the plain to watch the Sunset.

"Tell me a Love Story," she whispered.

"I love you," he murmured.

"And I Confess that I love you."

Here was another name to be added to Cupid's Diary. She was the center of his Success. She was not Everybody's. She was his very own. They both liked the great Outdoors and they might even go to Asia on their honeymoon. He would send for a Red Book and look up some steamship line. They would tour the Wide World and be able to tell many Sea Stories when they returned and all of them would be True Experiences. Sea Voyages were now in Vogue, anyway.

That night, after seeing the Photoplay, they got a bite to eat at the Elite. The jazz orchestra played selections from the Etude and the leader was such a Cosmopolitan. Our hero felt Ace High for was not he the Designer of a new machine for extracting pickles from bottles? He was such a Popular and true American that he would make any sacrifice for the good of his country. He had been to a university and as his College Humor was rather subtle, he had been promised a position as joke editor on the Ladies' Home Journal. Then from this exalted place in Life, he could Judge people differently.

But why was he day-dreaming? He must finish the novel he was reading and he turned another page in the University Quiz Book.

Most august Queen, we have had another puncture.

Haste, varlet, call my tiring maids.

A GIRL WILL GO TO ANY LENGTH TO AVOID WIDTH.

Eskimo, to Esquimaux in swimming: "How's the water?"

Esquimaux: "Not so hot."

"How do you like Rex Beach?"

"Fine, I spent all last summer there."

Oji: "Joshua was a great man."

Xmu: "How was that?"

Oji: "He made the sun stand still."

Xmu: "That's nothing. Woodrow Wilson ran the sun back an hour."

ARMS AND THE MAN

Student: Why don't girls vote for the World Court?

Co-Ed: Because they don't want the nations to give up their arms.

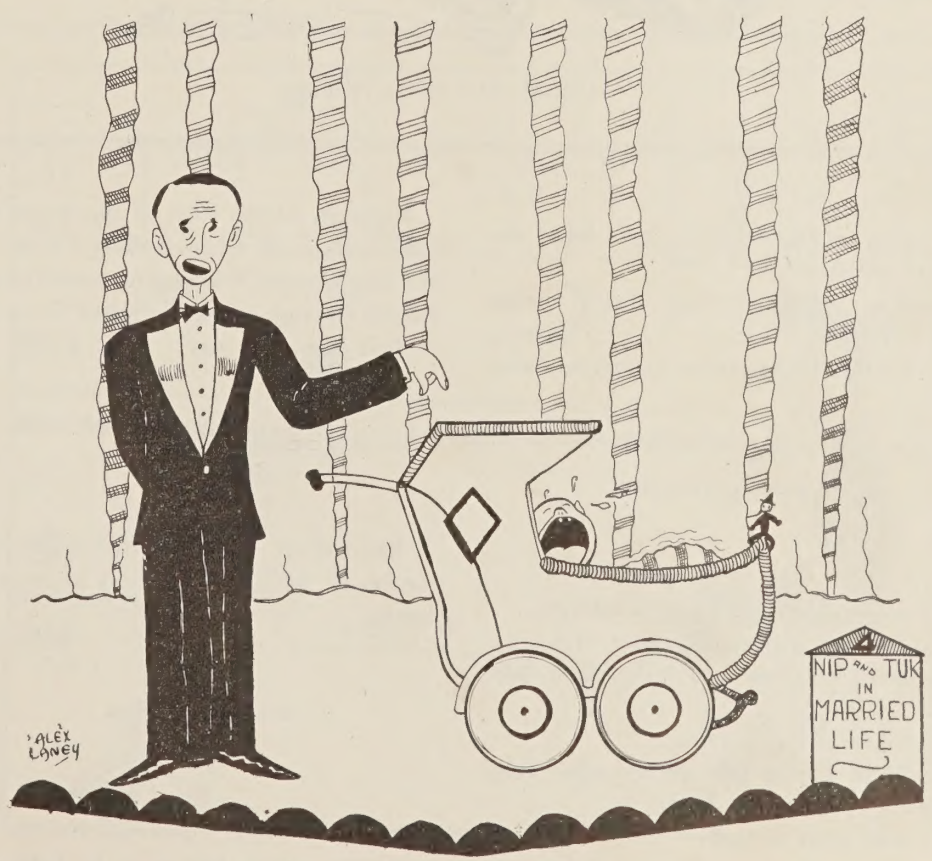
Graduation, diploma, and one clear call for me—
And may the foreigners not close the bars, ere I put out to sea.

Pahson, yo' time has come.

How so, nigger?

You called mah wife a strumpet.

Now calm down, man, I didn't do no sech—ain't you heard of dese trumpets O' de Lawd?



"Father, may I eat all the jelly I wish?"
"Yes, son, but be sure to keep out of the traffic jam."

CAROLINA BED BUGS

Boss, gimme some of them labor union matches.

How now, hireling, labor union matches?

The kind that strikes anywhere, boss.

Alexis, thou art a poor humorist.

And why, beloved captain Fizz?

Dost recall the wench that thou didst call a joke?

To be sure, captain.

Well, I saw thee thirty miles from town with her last night.

And what of that?

Truly, that was carrying a joke too far.

Big sign on the edge of the boastful little village of Chapel Hill: "This is the City George Washington would have passed through on his Southern Tour if he had come this way."

The college widow is studying hypnotism so that she may be a charming bride.

"Only the brave deserves the fare," cried the young Indian as he held up the street car conductor.

POOR TESSIE O'BRIEN

Tessie has a love for Hubert
Hot as that of Catherine Great
But 'tis only Hubert's hunger
That poor Tess can satiate.

Tess just waits behind the counter
Serving ham instead of eggs,
Watching through the swinging doors
For a glimpse of Hubert's legs.

She would like to preen and ogle,
She would like to flap and flutter,
But a mingled menu is to Hubert
The few words that she can utter.

"Piece of pie," he asks, "Please dearie."
And her wits go out for lunch
"Peach, pineapple, stew," she rambles,
"Coffee picked right off the bunch."

Hubert thinks Tess keen but dumb,
She'd do in a subway jam,—
Tess loves on in utter silence,
Serving eggs instead of ham.

LESSON 13

(P. S. The following exercise is guaranteed to remove blackheads. Copyright and patent pending.)

Assume the starting position. Those who have not yet learned this position may refer to lesson 00. We may say here that we are indebted to Mr. Bionel Strongfoot for the essential movements and sequences of this marvelous exercise. He worked day and night for many weeks; both toiling and labouring to perfect this wonderful science. Finally one night, after a fatiguing day at tiddle-de-winks, (Mr. Strongfoot attributes his strength to this national sport) he sat down, and, under the influence of a hot chocolate, wrote the above remedy for blackheads.

If the rules of this exercise are closely followed, one will find that the result will be astounding. This information is given free gratis for nothing but if any contributions are made, the money will promptly be turned over to an organization for the purpose of supplying crippled house flys with crutches.

BILL SHAKESPEAR SPEAKS
A Tragedy

Act Two

Scene Three—Garret bedroom. Contents, chair, window, bed, door and three walls. Also floor.

The cast, in the order of their appearance.

Roderigo. It is the Moor.

Othello. Well, I told you to stay away from those marshy places.

Roderigo. None of your lip.

(They both draw. Rod. has a pair and Oth. a full house. Rod. wins because he also draws a razor.)

Sailor rushes in.

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes.

Fool. Well, none of those Turkish blends for me. Let Rhodes have 'em if he wants 'em.

Hamlet gets out of bed and stumbles over monkey skull. Picks it up.

Hamlet. Alas, poor Bryan, I knew him well.

Caliban, thinking of his uncle Darwin. Thou liest, thou monkey, thou.

Enter a gentleman. (Species now extinct.)

Gent. Birnam Wood doth approach.

Fool. If he is a football man, bid him. I hold the key to the situation. I have the papers.

All. What papers?

Fool. The cigarette papers.

Exit Fool via window.

Ophelia, to Duke of Venice. Kiss me hard.

Duke kisses her with a brick.

Enter Stephano singing, a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea—

Fool. See what?

Ste. The Master, the swabber, the boatswain and I

The gunner and his mate

Loved Mal and Meg and Miriam and Margy

But none of us cared for Kate

For she had a tongue with a tang—

Fool. Neck, neck.

Ste. (Reels and sings to tune of London Bridge.) Hold me up, I'm falling down.

Prospero. Shake it off. Come on.

Alonzo. To the Follies.

Gent. What's the price?

Sebastian. A dollar.

Goneril. Don't go. I saw 'em last week.

Alonzo. Why, ain't they good?

Goneril. Not so hot.

Trinculo. O, Stephano. Hast thou any more of this? (Holds up bottle.)

Ste. No. (Passes out.)

Trin. Thou deboshed fish.

Ariel. I saw the Follies.

Alon. How were they?

Ariel. They were red-hot.

Exit Trinculo. Reason unknown.

Enter King Lear. Sees Miranda and Ferdinand playing football in corner of room.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. Shut up. I have only one foot to go to make a touch-down.

Re-enter Trinculo.

Trin. I have been in such a pickle. I had a date with a Follies girl.

Lear. I told you not to get pickled. Look, your tux is all spotted.

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra. (The room is now very crowded.)

Ant. What, ho! Behold my blushing bride.

Cleo. blushes all over. Everyone takes notice.

Cleo. Shut up, Dunhill, or I'll wrap this gondola around your neck.

Fool. Neck, neck.

Ant. to Cleo. Away, foul wretch. I love thee not.

Exit Ant. with train. (By mistake, the caboose has been omitted.)

Cleo. Turn all to serpents. Bring me an asp. I hate Anthony.

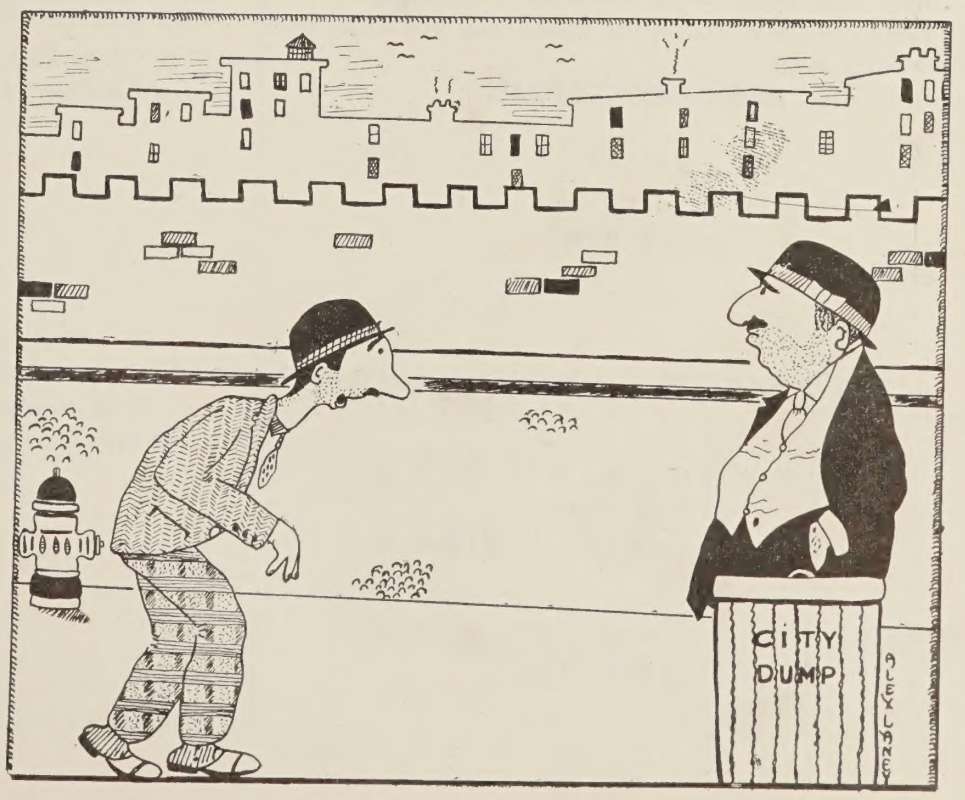
Fool, aside. Fermented fruit.

Asp bites Cleo. Asp dies.

(*Curtain*)

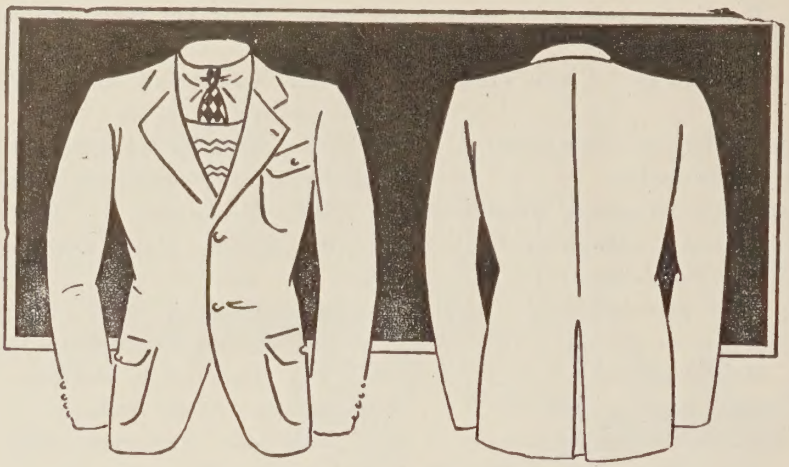
"THAT'S A DIRTY TRICK," SAID THE MAN AS HE PLAYED A SOILED ACE OF TRUMPS.

He: "Will you marry me?"
She: "No!"
And they lived happily ever after.



Cohen: "Abie, fot ish de matter? Vy you hold your hand like dot?"
Abie: "Oh nodding, Cohen, but I vish I knew who it was dot spit like a dime."

THE ODD JACKET FOR SPORTS WEAR



The vogue for coloured flannel slacks for country and sports wear has brought with it a corresponding interest in jackets to be worn with these slacks, and now that the attention of a large number of men is being focused on the wardrobe necessary to meet the requirements of a winter's holiday in the South, it is rather timely to discuss the various types of odd coats that are not only suitable, but extremely smart when worn with coloured slacks. The smartest odd jackets are made of Shetland wool, a material that lends itself admirably to sport clothes, because it is cool and the colours it comes in are unusually beautiful and softly blended. Tweeds and homespuns are next in importance, together with gabardine, a material that is rapidly gaining favor among well dressed men as a smart, serviceable fabric for clothes for sport wear. As a contrast to the plain jackets worn with lounge suits, the new sport jackets are made with pleats and belts and patch pockets, and are cut on rather generous lines so as to permit of the utmost freedom of movement.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write the "Well Dressed Man" care the BUCCANEER and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

(Copyright, 1925, by Vanity Fair, New York)

Bill: "Will you go to the dance with me tonight?"

Edith: "I would like to, but I'm nervous and shake terribly when I dance."

Bill: "Fine, I admire nerve."—*Panther.*

* * *

Tommy, back from his first football game, revamps his prayer:

God bless Pa
God bless Ma
God bless Tommy
Rah, Rah, Rah!—*Voo Doo.*

* * *

"What, late as usual."

"No, later."—*Pelican.*

"Mamma, what's that wrestler got an arrow tattooed on his chest for?"

"Sh-h! That's not tattooed. He dated a Pi Phi last night."
—*Iowa Frivol.*

* * *

Mr. Newlywed (to wife with baby in arms): I just paid the doctor another ten dollars on his bill.

Mrs. Newlywed: Oh, Goody! Two more payments and the baby is ours.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

* * *

My little Paulina
Has four little sins:
Two little eyes,
Two little shins.
—*Rice Owl.*

Where one eats is a question of individual taste. We are the largest commercial cafeteria in the entire South - - -

UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

She (panting)—Some day I'll find my ideal, a man who won't try to take advantage of me.

He—Yeah, but the tombstone will probably be too heavy for you to lift.—*Virginia Reel.*

* * *

Lady: I suppose you have been in the navy so long you are accustomed to sea legs.

Sailer: Lady, I wasn't even looking.—*Lord Jeff.*

* * *

She: "Do you know who you're with? My mother is Gilda Grey, the originator of the shimmy."

He: "Well, don't be so high-hat about it. My father started the good roads movement."—*Ski-U-Mah.*

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SUFFICIENT

"The check is doubtless all right," said the manager politely, "but have you anything about you by which you could be identified?"

The pretty young thing faltered: "I have a mole on my left knee."—*Frivol.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Staunch Captain: "Now then, my hearties, fight like heroes until your powder's gone; then run. On account of this rheumatism in my legs, I'll have to start now."—*Yale Record.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Persistent Interrupter: "Liar! Liar!"

Speaker: "If our friend will give me his name instead of his profession, I shall be delighted to make his acquaintance."—*London Humorist.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Hobb: "That guy wears Indian neckwear."
Nobb: "How come?"
Hobb: "Bow tie and Arrow collar."—*Western.*

✠ ✠ ✠

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

Place: At party.
Time: Darkness.
Condition: Lights are all out.
(Now go on with the play)
One Voice: "Is there an electrician here?"
Another Voice: "I'm an electrician."
All Voices: "Throw him out."
(Curtain)

—*Ski-U-Mah.*

✠ ✠ ✠

It seems there were two Irishmen, Pat and Mike. They met one day on the street and the following conversation took place:

"Pat, you owe me tin dollars."

"Begorra, Moike, this is the first time that two Irishmen named Pat and Mike ever met and there was no joke."—*Widow.*

UNFINISHED WORSTED, OF THE TEXTURE AND SOFTNESS REQUIRED FOR MODELING ELEGANT AND COMFORTABLE DINNER AND STAG CLOTHES, HAS BEEN EMPLOYED BY FINCHLEY IN EXECUTING A MOST DISTINGUISHED STYLE. THE JACKET IS COLLEGIATE IN CHARACTER AND HAS BROAD SHOULDERS, CLOSE-FITTING HIP LINES AND PEAKED LAPELS.

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NEW YORK

Woman (hiring plumber): "Are you a Union man?"
Plumber: "Gawd, no! I'm Harvard."—*Jester.*

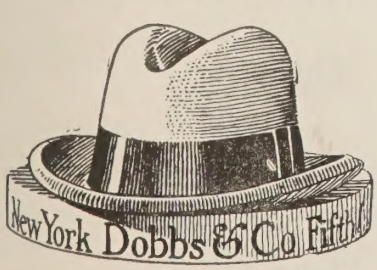
Irene: "Why does Jack love you so much?"
Cynthia: "Because I let him, I suppose."—*Virginia Reel.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Willene: "Jimmy, how's your new car running?"
Jimmy: "Not a miss in her yet."
Willene: "What!"—*Sniper.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Art Prof.: The nude is chaste when motionless.
Stude: But how can a nude be motionless when chased?—*Virginia Reel.*



DOBBS HATS

The Dobbs Twickenham in pearl color with trimming to match is a pleasing departure

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UNIVERSITY OUTFITTERS CHAPEL HILL N. C.

New Durham Auditorium Opens this Week

Playing the best road shows that make the South, the new Durham Auditorium will open this week. Plenty of C. H. D. Line busses will be ready to care for the students and townspeople who will want to attend these good shows. Busses will leave directly after the show is over.

C. H. D. Line, Inc.

Telephone 167

The country lad had just deposited a nickel in the station phone.

Operator: "Number, please?"

Country Lad: "Number, Hell, you had better give me my chewing gum."—*Mugwump.*

Club: Physically, she's a wow. Morally, she's as good as gold. Intellectually, she's in a class my herself.

Lodge: Well, what's wrong with her then. It isn't that something; that dreaded, insidious—

Club: Not at all. I can't find anything wrong with her, that's what's the matter. Guess I had better move on. I'm no tenderfoot.—*Columns.*

✠ ✠ ✠

First Co-ed: "The man I used to be engaged to has asked me to go to the Firemen's Costume Ball, but I don't know what to impersonate."

Second Co-ed: "Why not go as an old flame."—*Voo Doo.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Has anyone dared to suggest a mascot dog for flappers? We have been thinking for a long time that the Peekin' knees would do nicely.—*Dirge.*

✠ ✠ ✠

The Charleston convinces us that the terpsichorean art is becoming shaky.—*Columns.*

✠ ✠ ✠

The Freshman: "Let's go outside and watch the great yellow moon climb out of the sapphire lake."

The Widow: "I feel like necking, too."—*Octopus.*

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a sensational and glamorous novel about the youth of today by

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THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM

First Irate Passenger (in crowded car): "Do you mind taking your foot off mine?"

Second Irate Passenger: "Certainly, if you'll take your pipe out of my mouth."—*Royal Magazine* (London).

✠ ✠ ✠

"Which does the most damage: Fire or water?"

"Both."

"Howzat."

"Firewater."—*Pelican.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Father: "I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same to your son when you become a married man?"

Son: "Not with such a straight face as you can, father."—*Pup.*

HE SPEAKS FROM EXPERIENCE

She: Men like the girls who pet better than they do the others, don't they?

He: What others?—*Black and Blue Jay.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Priscilla: "I prayed for you last night."

Mike: "Next time telephone."—*Virginia Reel.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Prof: "Name a raw stuff imported from France."

Stude: "La Vie Parisienne."—*Sun Dodger.*

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"Talk about torture—"
"Yes?"
"Nothing is worse than sitting in a barber's chair with your mouth full of lather, watching the boy trying to give another customer your new Panama hat."—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

✠ ✠ ✠

THESE WOPS

"Now, children," said the teacher, "what are parakeets?"
"Twins," shouted little Giuseppi Grannuci.—*Chaparral.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"'Sblood, Polonius, but you are highbrow. You still patronize the legitimate shows and shun the movies."
"'Sgore. Gladiolus, one cannot well take a roll of film out for a midnight party."—*Froth.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Where are you going, daughter?"
"Down stairs to get some water."
"In your nightgown?"
"No, in this pitcher!"—*Parrakeet.*

C O - E D S !

© Vanity Fair

Did you go to the Junior Prom?

Or are you socially invisible behind your tortoise-shells? Is the centaurea for his lapel just a bachelor's button to him—or a sprig of asphodel? Do you wax animated at parties only when someone brings up the Malthusian theory—or can you, chameleon-like, doff the glasses, the gown, and the jargon, to assume the ways of the outside world? Can you wear, with no difference, the raiment of the deb-moron; know love from love; the Green Hat from other tea-rooms; and dance the Charleston from sunset to day-dawning with the local Olympians?

Learn About Women from Men!

Some are born with savoir faire; some achieve it; but most co-eds need Vanity Fair.

Vanity Fair will lend wings to words, lustre to ideas, and deliver dancing partners in phalanxes to the ex-wall-flower.

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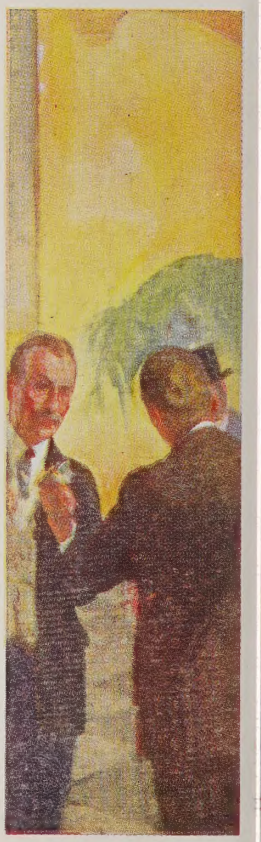
So when you leave the theatre pleased and inspired for greater things, when you see life's problems and their solutions clearer —lift the flame and taste the mellowest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

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We don't mean that the Parker Duofold will put any man on the golden throne, although it helps him to get there. But the same keen instinct that makes men successful, prompts them to pay $7 for this sure-fire classic when they could buy slacker pens for half the money.

A smooth-gliding, swift-writing 25-year guaranteed point in a balanced, free-swinging shaft with over-size ink capacity —a combination that whets a man's appetite for writing and turns out the kind of work that commands recognition.

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Prof: "Shall I prove the theory of dimensions?"

Stude: "You look honest—we'll take your word for it."—*Stone Mill.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Statistician: How many times have we kissed tonight, sweetheart?

Assistant: Twice. You remember when I had to answer the phone?—*Florida Swamp Angel.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Wheredya get the name Teddy for your car?"

"There are no doors. You simply step-in."—*Sun Dial.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"So, you're a prohibition officer? Ever been shot?"

"No, never more than half shot."—*Texas Ranger.*

✠ ✠ ✠

She: I spent the winter in Germany—I love Danzig.

He: Shall we step out on the floor, then, or is your cold too bad?—*Williams Purple Cow.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Moses (meeting Woodrow Wilson on the Golden Streets): "Well, Woody, I understand your countrymen rejected your Fourteen Points."

"Don't chide me, Mose. They're certainly playing havoc with your Ten."—*Alligator.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"What's the ideal honeymoon salad?"

"I pass."

"Lettuce alone."—*The Sniper.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Have you ever let any other man kiss you?"

"Never, Henry, never—only a few college boys."—*Pitt Panther.*

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PLENTY of deck space for invigorating games; salons for dancing and parties; rooms for smoking and cards, and for interesting talks with companionable travelers . . . those are a few of the things that go with Tourist III Cabin to France! And the cost makes that long thought of trip to France a possibility.

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Paris of dreams; of turrets and towers; of winding streets, curious shops, and fascinating cafes. Then south to the chateau country of fairy-tale grandeur . . . to Carcassone, the medieval walled city. Visit the fruitful Provence where the vines hang heavy with topaz clusters of grapes. Stop at an old inn with its cobbled doorway worn smooth by the ages and the passage of many weary travelers. Go on to Marseilles where a quaint little ferry will take you to the Chateau d'If made famous in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

A fascinating history and an untold beauty are to be found in this country that lies at the other end of "the longest gangplank in the world." Don't let another vacation time go by without enjoying it! For traveling . . . and living comfortably . . . in France costs much less than in the United States. Write for our interesting brochure on France.

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After the dance . . . a pipe and P. A.

WHEN you've kicked off the pumps and tossed the collar on the table, while the music is still singing in your brain and memories of one dancing deb in particular crowd your thoughts, fill your pipe with Prince Albert and light up. Make it a night of nights.

P. A. is so genuinely friendly. It hits your smoke-spot in deep center right off the bat. Doesn't bite your tongue or parch your throat, because the Prince Albert process said "nix on the rough stuff" at the very beginning. Just cool contentment in every perfect puff.

Don't put off till tomorrow what you can smoke today. Get a tidy red tin of P. A. now. Snap back the hinged lid and release that wonderful fragrance. Tamp a load into the bowl of your jimmy-pipe and light up. Now you've got it . . . that taste. Say—isn't that the goods now?

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

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CAROLINA'S CABBAGE INDUSTRY

Michigan may boast of its supremacy in the production of two-dollar alarm clocks and Arizona may justly be proud of its leadership in the field of flexible corset stays, but North Carolina bows to no one when it comes to cabbages. Few people realize that here within the confines of our own state an industry flourishes that is unparalleled in the economic history of contemporary America. To those on the inside, those who are cognizant of the intrinsic value of the succulent vegetable, North Carolina is regarded as a shrine. For it is the center of the cabbage world, the heart and soul of cabbagedom.

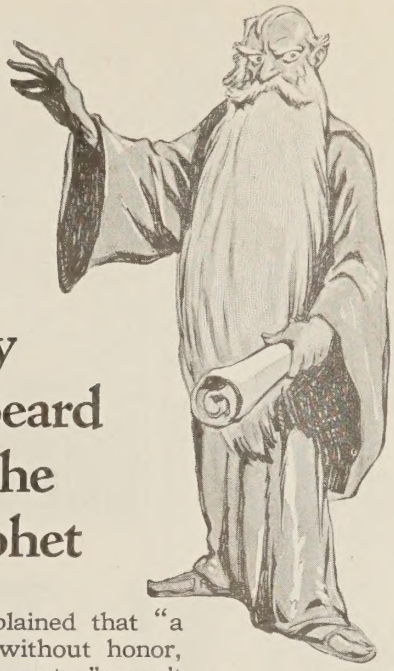
The greatest cabbage farm in existence is located in the eastern section of the state. Here acres upon acres of cabbages upon cabbages grow in rows upon rows. As soon as they thrust their heads through the soil a corps of psychological experts is sent around to put them through a brief intelligence test; those making a poor grade are torn up and destroyed and only the wise heads are kept so that the state need never be ashamed of its cabbage alumni. At the end of each row is a small concrete swimming pool in which the clever vegetables are taught to take daily baths, thus eradicating any possibility of disease germs. When they are young, attendants keep them well in hand and see that they contract no bad habits. Drinking is strictly prohibited—no pickled cabbage ever had its origin in North Carolina. No one need ever be afraid to take a native cabbage into his or her own home; they are all in the best possible taste, a credit to their state and to its greatest industry.

History Prof.: Yes, the primitive man shaved with sharp stones.

Dubious Student: And I suppose he used Soapstone for lather?

Cheer leaders are generally reported to be among the keenest observers on the campus. It is said they can gaze up into a crowd of one thousand fair damsels in a football stand and pick out the good supporters.

He: "I left my watch up stairs."
She: "Oh, let it alone and it will run down."



By the Beard of the Prophet

HE who complained that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country" wasn't working with the Mennen line.

If you have been shaving for about ten years, you may recall my first prophecy that Mennen Shaving Cream would quickly bring about a revolution in shaving method.

Several million men prove every morning that I was right.

Then, some years ago, I told you about Talcum for Men. At that time, men classed Talcum with rouge and lip sticks. But today, the custom is almost universal to rub on a velvety soothing film of Talcum for Men, which protects and doesn't show white on your face.

Last year, I pulled my third prophecy. I said that if you would try Mennen Skin Balm, you would find it the most delightful and efficient after-shaving preparation that ever touched your face. Incidentally, it's great for chapped lips or roughened skin—as wonderful for hands as for the faces. Antiseptic and astringent. Right now, today, Skin Balm has won national acceptance, and its sales are amazing.

I am a good prophet—I admit it. But that's because I've had real products back of my prophecies.

Shaving Cream, for example. The instant your razor for the first time leans against a Mennenized beard, you know something has happened to said beard that never happened before. Its proud and rebellious wiriness has gone. It comes off gently and smoothly. That is dermutation.

Mennen Shaving Cream, Talcum for Men and Skin Balm are all results of scientific studies of the skin which have extended through two generations. They should be used together. They give the "Complete Mennen Shave" than which there "ain't no better."

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

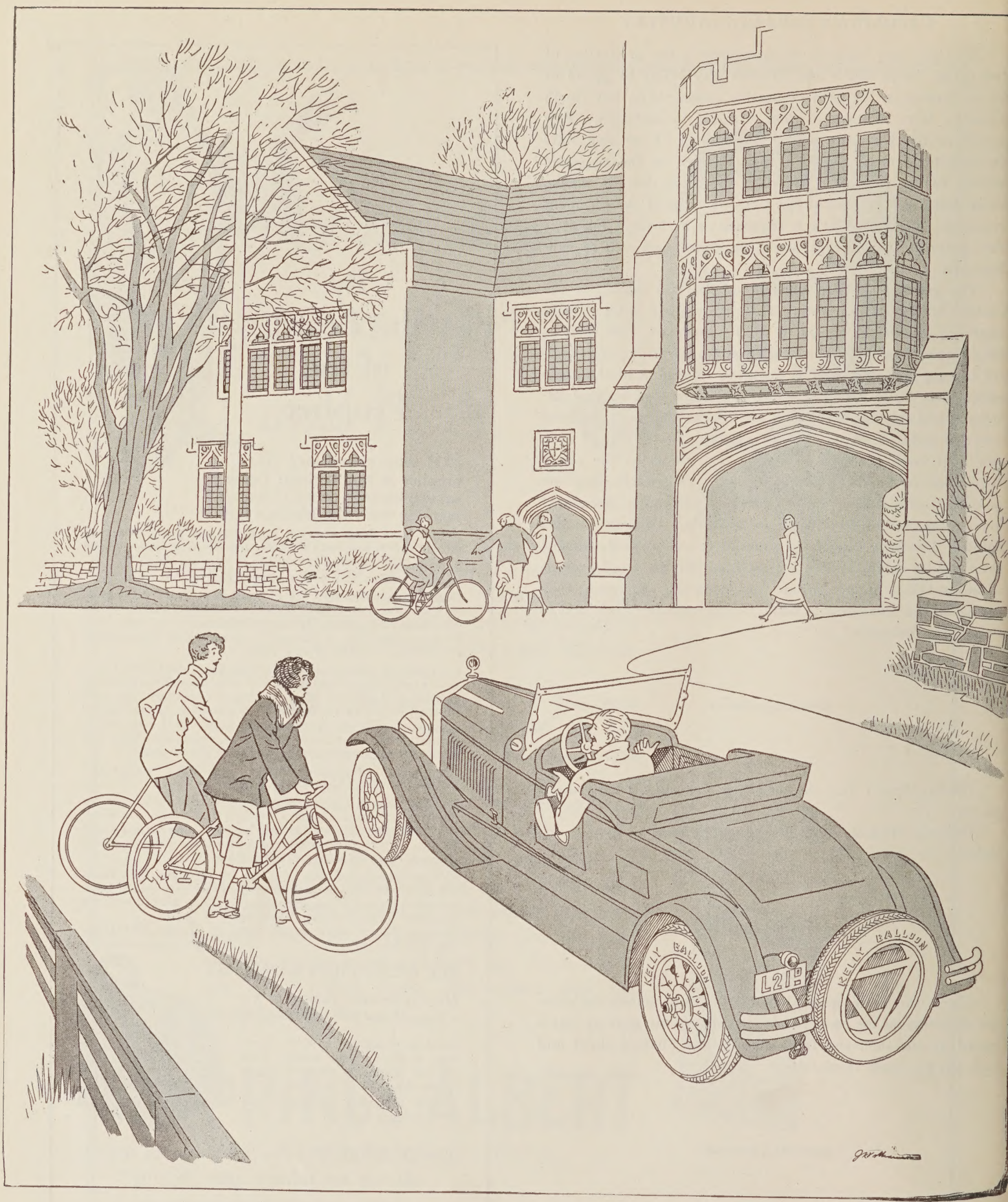
MY QUESTION CONTEST

Here is another chance to win a magnificent $50 traveling bag

Send in an answer (100 words or less) to the question below. Best answer wins the bag. Contest closes April 10. I am the judge. Watch for next contest in an early issue.

The QUESTION: *For what special reason do you use talcum after shaving?*

Mail your reply to The Mennen Company, *Jim Henry Contest*, 353 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.



VASSAR

"Where's Freddy?"
"Fixing a blowout and cursing himself for not buying the same kind of tires I did."

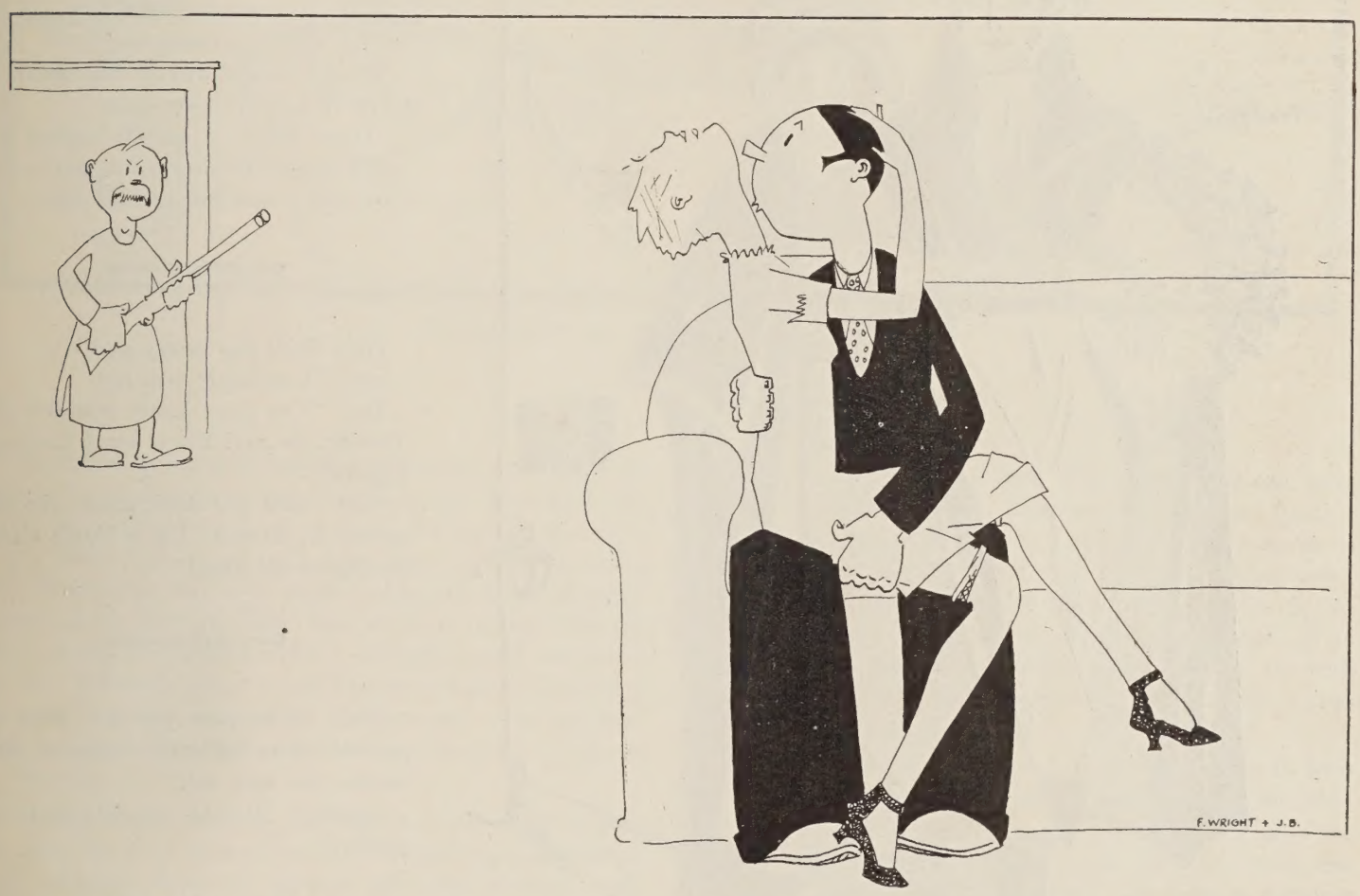
IN MEMORIAM UNTIL COMMENCEMENT.

OLD
SCOTCH
FINLEY DAVIS

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME III NUMBER 5



NECK ARTIST: BELIEVE ME, KID, YOU'RE THE HOTTEST SHOT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

"Big wreck in New York yesterday. Elevated railway ran over thousand people and subway ran under the ground."

"That's nothing. Nine lives were lost in Chapel Hill the other day when a man ran over a cat."

FARMYARD SAYINGS

Many a youth has followed the spring plowing with a disc harrow, though few of them think of it as a harrowing experience.

Voice Over Telephone: "Quick, Doctor, to the Stainers' Ball."

Voice From Other End: "As soon as possible. What's the trouble?"

First V. O. T.: "Alas, my friend, 'tis too late. Tomorrow we all must dye."

Belle: Why did Sir Walter spread his cloak in the mud for the Queen?
Beau: Dirty politics.

HOW I MADE THE BUCCANEER STAFF

By A. Freshman

I had just pledged the Phalpa Du Fraternity. All the brothers were suggesting various campus activities that I must go out for.

At this point the president walked in and exclaimed: "Yes, you must go out for those!"

"Go out-of-doors?" I wittily questioned.

So it was decided that I would go out for the Buccaneer staff.

When I went up to see the editor he asked if I could make puns.

"Upon what?" I quickly replied.

Whereupon he slumped limply to the floor, and I was duly elected editor.

He: "Will you marry me?"

She: "I certainly will not."

He: "You don't know who you are refusing, do you? I'm a South Carolina Hugenot!"

She: "And you don't know who the refuser is, do you? I'm a North Carolina lightwood knot!"

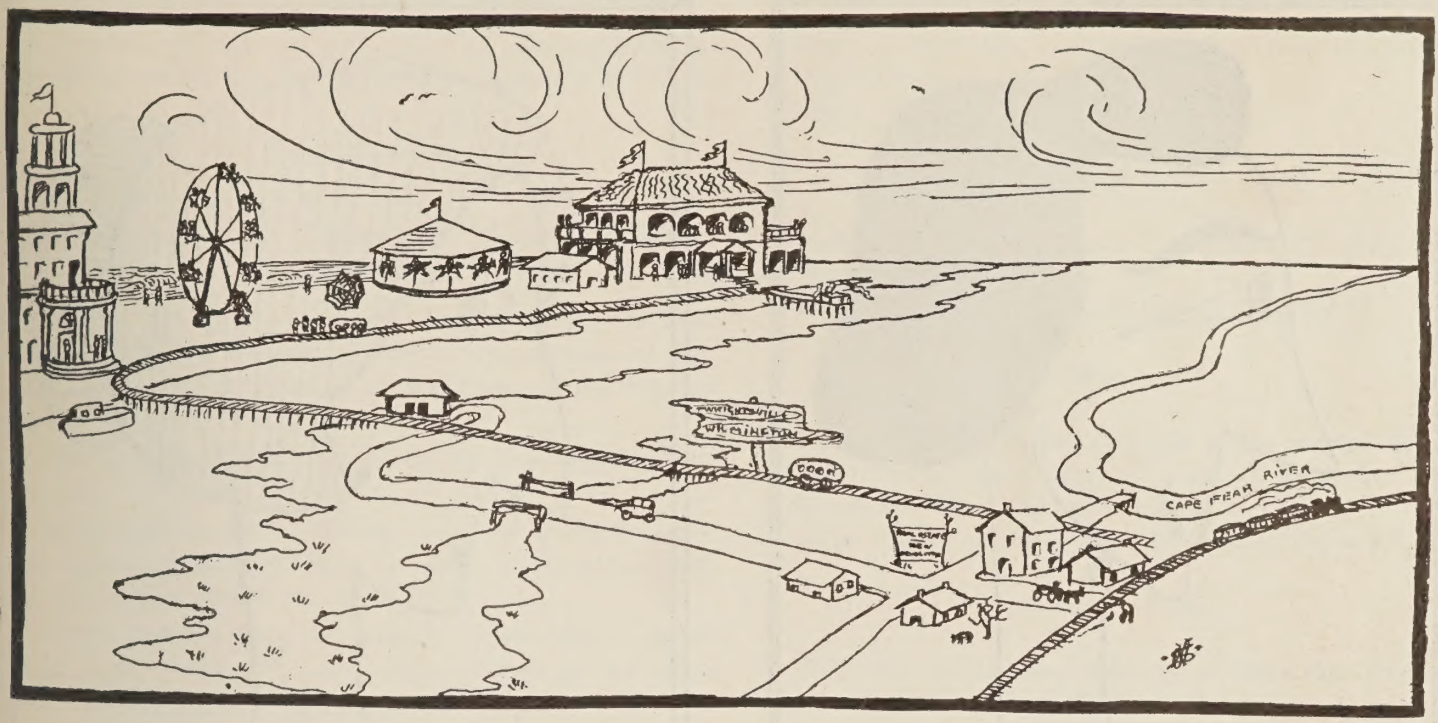
One: "I suppose you got a lot of presents from the large number of invitations you sent out."

Another: "Did I? I hardly made expenses."

Mrs. Win: "I'll bet that fellow over there is a lady's man."

Mrs. Won: "Madame, I'll have you to know that he is. He is my husband."

"Farewell to thee, thou cruel world!"
The jilted, love-sick stoker cried.
Into the flames himself he hurled,
And for a girl a goose was fried.



WILMINGTON, THE MOUNTAIN CITY

Besides being one of the oldest towns in the state Wilmington has the distinction of being a center for the socially inclined and a stronghold for S. A. E.'s. So far as we know—do *you* think Dink Stover will make Bones—no young feller from Wilmington has ever made Golden Fleece. Although situated on the dear old Cape Fear which is sweeter than the waters of Damascus, good liquor is brought in only semi-occasionally. Which brings us to our favorite anecdote of the city. *Nous nous serrons nos ventre* and proceed *a nos côtelets.* (Which is very Wilmingtonian if we have made a mistake in our French.)

The Messenger of Peace, an English vessel, put into port soon after the w. k. interpretation of the rule against foreign boats bringing drinkable alcohol into the country, and, strangely enough, was loaded down to the Plym with all varieties of drinks. The cargo was confiscated and arrangements were made to check each case as it was taken out of the hold and passed into the Customs House basement where it was to be checked again. We understand that about nine thousand cases were checked as they came off the ship and then (mirabile factu) some seven thousand cases were checked at the other end. Where did the missing cases go, you ask. Dunt esk! Dunt esk! One month later—we have heard it rumored—the stock was checked once more and five thousand cases remained. Long, long ago these five thousand cases were forgotten. Where are they now? Dunt esk! Dunt esk! But now, we hasten to say, any well bred Wilmington dora can name and identify Pape Clement, Hennessey's, Gordon's, Booth's, White Horse, and half a dozen others. Which reminds us that there is a very important spot near Wilmington. One trolleys nine miles and finds one's self at Wrightsville Beach, a miniature Coney Island, and my, oh my, what doesn't go on and off there! Chic young things from Atlanta vie with svelte little creatures from Richmond. We caught a sand perch there once.

The younger married set is almost as much fun as in New York. Several of them have been to the City for the Play and they certainly do act well. One young woman takes the *Dial* and claims that she enjoys it. On the other hand, one does not always ring the right number. As a fitting epilogue we give some statistics which you will never get from the Chamber of Commerce:

Wilmington would be larger than any other city of its size in the south if it were not equal to them.

The tide rises twice a day at Wrightsville Beach. The moon is held accountable for this phenomenon.

If all the fish used in making fertilizer around Wilmington were laid end to end they would smell like the devil in a very few days.

There is a nice new jail in Wilmington where one may spend a comfortable month if desirous of breaking the trip from Chicago to Florida.

This is the North Carolina poet who wrote the poem that started the vogue that startled New York and then startled Chicago, and then Kansas City, and then Richmond, and then North Carolina. He has never seen a rimeing dictionary and doesn't know how to use Roget's Thesaurus. He refused professorships in three North Carolina colleges and persists in eating onions. The next time he has thirty dollars he will commit suicide after wondering whether to buy a new suit or pay up his library fines. But if he had the initiative, he would buy a railroad ticket and forget to commit suicide. God bless him.

And this, gentle reader, is Gertrude Perry West, resident of Wilmington, North Carolina, America's foremost woman poet, the only poetess who has thought that anyone nominated her for the Hall of Fame. She edits Poetic Thrills, a Magazine of National Hope and International Scope; she is the only person we know of who has quoted Lord Tennyson and attributed his work to "Exchange". She is unique in that she admits in her editorials that she is downtrodden and would make a fortune for the publishers who printed her poems. God bless her.

Genteel Highwayman: "Excuse me sir, but allow me to hold you up."

Soused One: "Than's ver' mush. I wush jush looking for a lamposh."—*Black and Blue Jay.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Cal (ecstatically): . . . . . and whispered sweet nothings in her ear.

Callous: Yes, I never promise 'em a thing either.

First Frosh: You say you didn't like the Russian party?

Second Total Loss: I should say not! Some of the stories they told were positively Volga.—*Dirge.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Do you know, James, that your nose is a work of art."

"Well, you can gamble on one thing, it's not a water colour."

These Oxford bags must be a counter attack on the girls; the men evidently intend to do the girl who dresses like a man one better by dressing like two girls. We wait with breathless interest to see where they will put two pairs of hose to advantage.

FAMOUS NORTH CAROLINA "FIRSTS" AND "BESTS"

William Drummond, first governor of North Carolina, 1664 to 1667, was hanged by order of the governor of Virginia. (*The first governor to go up in the air and lose his head.*)

The first school teacher in North Carolina served a term in prison. (*Now this is what we call real Justice.*)

Chapel Hill is said to have the only real, genuine, secret, up-to-date bootleggers' union in the south. (*Savannah, Savannah, who is that lady I saw you with?*)

North Carolina has the largest overall manufacturing center in the world. We export 'em. (*Everything that wears brass buttons is not a cop.*)

It has been estimated that 987,876,934 cubic feet of tepid air was released at the last session of the North Carolina legislature. (*Heh, heh. We should worry if there is a miner's strike.*)

North Carolina leads the union in the production of towels. (*And they all come out in the wash.*)

"The governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina—." (*Please note the primacy in position of "governor of North Carolina" in this famous sentence.*)

North Carolina excels in the production of nuts. (*And this despite Henry Ford, of Detroit.*)

It has been estimated that North Carolina produced more apple sauce last year than any other state in the country. (*H. L. Mencken might be able to give statistics.*)

Governor Burrington, first royal governor of the province of Carolina, was described by his contemporaries as a rogue and thief and a man utterly unfit for his job. (*Why take a course in Pelmanism.*)

North Carolina leads the world in the production of caterpillars, tobacco worms and boll weevils. (*Japan should look to her laurels—and mulberries.*)

The first native North Carolinian to visit Europe was an American Indian who set the fashion by becoming bored with all things European. (*Which made primativism popular. Why dance.*)

Governor Eastchurch, appointed chief executive of Carolina by the Lords Proprietors, was the first of our governors to show publicly a decided taste for brunettes. He married a dusky maiden of East India. (*And just look at the Jews in New York.*)

Natural gas has been discovered in North Carolina. (*This needs no moral.*)

WE APOLOGIZE

Negro: Look at that guy's nose—what would you call it?
Nigger: Dam'f I knows.
Negro: It is not!

Soph (bumping rudely into freshman): "I never turn out for fools."
Fresh (stepping aside politely): "I always do."

Miller: "Just as Millett and the widow started up the aisle to the altar every light in the church went out."
Mumford: "What did the couple do then?"
Miller: "Kept on going. The widow knew the way."

"Why did you and your roommate separate this quarter?"
"He wanted me to call him colonel just because he brushed his hair with military brushes."

VERY LUCKY

Oh see the tobacco field; mister, what kind of tobacco do you raise here?

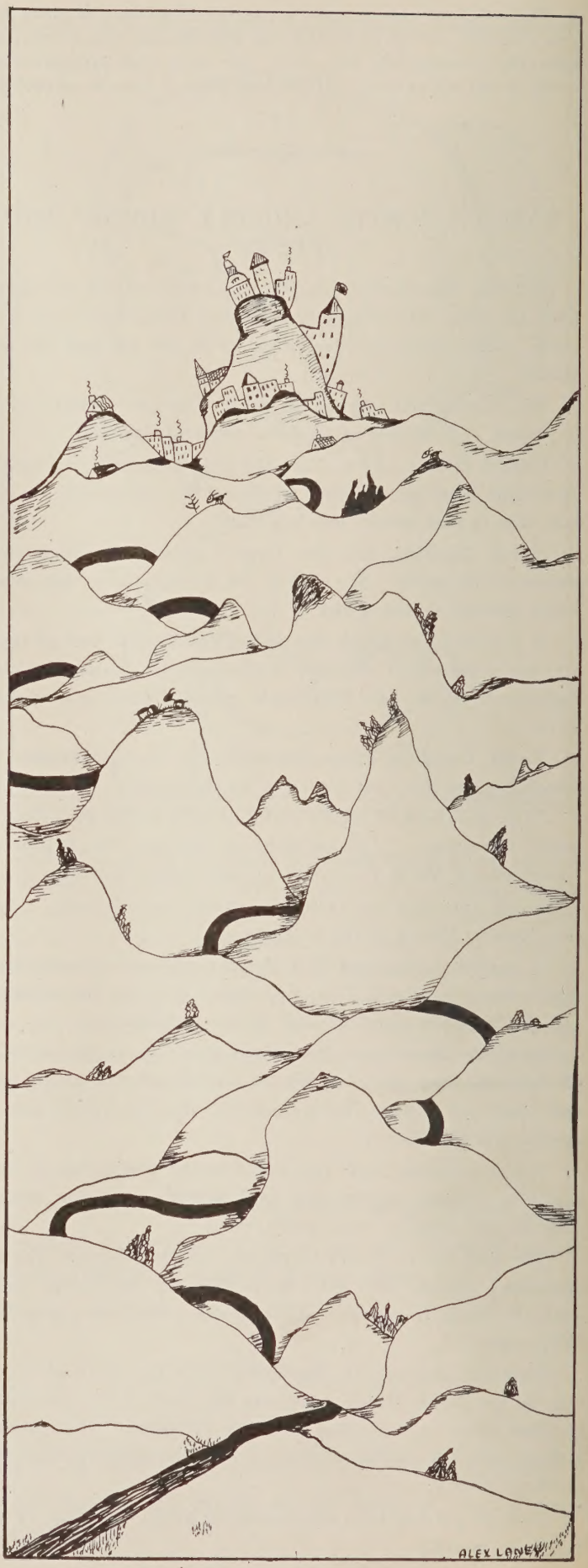
That ain't tobacco—that's jest a field.

ASHEVILLE, THE SEAPORT TOWN

Asheville was founded some two hundred years ago on the hard, cold cash of a wealthy family and the top of a mountain. Since that time several other families have found the spot and are unable to get away. Seaport activities in Asheville are confined exclusively to importing bottled goods. A ride down Asheville's main street is at once a strange and wonderful experience. Gondolas piloted by negro oarsmen drift lazily by on the smooth macadam roadway, dodging an occasional golf ball. The passengers serenade New Jersey ladies who hang out of balconies under the Italian moon and Greek restaurant signs. The Grove Park Inn, for the benefit of tourists (adv.) is not a place to park in for long. One is stung by other things than bees in Asheville.

Very near Asheville is a village called Biltmore. When all the hill-tops were occupied in town the people moved out a little way and built more houses. The idea was to make the village look as much like a Swiss cheese as possible. In Biltmore the holes are used to fill up the places where there isn't any cheese. In Asheville the holes are put around where there are no golf balls. Around Asheville four is a number to call out so that you can get people to turn around in time to smack them in the eye with a golf ball instead of hitting them in the back of the neck.

Asheville boasts two policemen who are kept on duty night and day in order to keep the streets from bumping into each other. The juvenile court is filled up for the next four years with cases against immature streets which committed petty crimes, such as parking near fire plugs. There are two kinds of fire plugs in Asheville: those from which water is obtained to put out flames and those that pull the fire engines to the scene of activity. According to certain youths about the campus fires are not the only things which are hot up in the mountains. Just now the Asheville Chamber of Commerce is interested in getting Florida capital away from Florida and Hendersonville; so if you are interested in getting more information about the city we would advise that you send to the Dead Letter Bureau of Washington. Your chances are just as good.



Manager: The applicant claims to have been to college. Can he back up his assertion?

Office Boy (returning a few minutes later): He states that at present he cannot. Some girl still has his fraternity pin.

Yes, the coffee is so weak at our boarding house that the landlady has to give it a tonic to get it to the table.

Brick: "What's the matter, you look terribly run down?"
Hod: "Work, nothing but work, twelve hours a day."
Brick: "How long have you had the job?"
Hod: "Oh, I don't begin until next month."

TWO OF THE LATEST SONG HITS

HAVE YOU HEARD THEM

Few? — — — Few knew Susie?
Needy? — — — Needypin daisies?

"What perplexes thou, Aloysius?"

"Ah, my shoes are so thin I can stand on a dime and tell heads from tails."

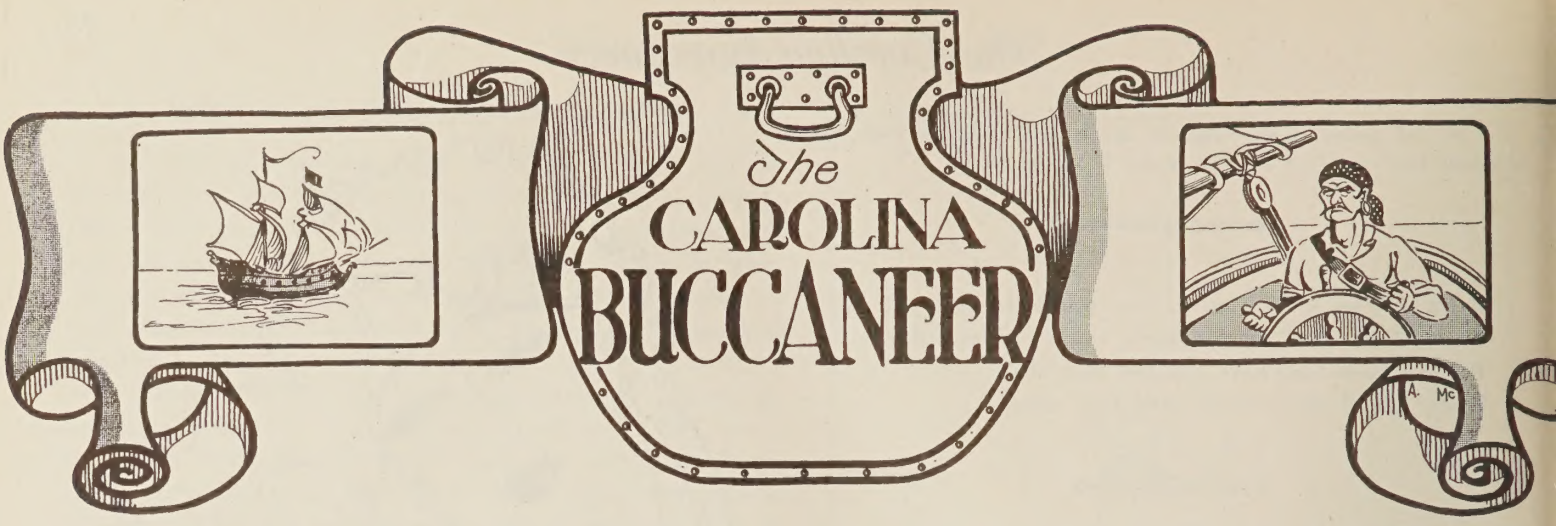
"And if it were heads, would it not be a sole kiss?"

ANNABELLE: I got cut in on more than any other girl at the dance.

JULIA: You sat out most of the time, I suppose.

AS WE SPEAK HER

Bum jour, ah me Bill, Commey telley voo?
Tray beans. Ah voo?
Just see see.
Oo allay voo?
Nowhere boocoo.
NeithermI, Going to le dawnce ah nuee?
Dunno, Voo?
Sure, Key voo draggin?
Nobody, She's puteet malad.
S'matter.
Je ne say pa.
Let's monjais kellke shows.
Oo.
Over le lunch.
Can't monjais la. They got no ally cart.
S'alright. We can guess at what we want.
Non. Just forgot. Gotta allay study.
Pum sauce.
Kell her iteel, silver plate?
Elly sank er.
It's tro showed a stand ece dans le sun. Bob soir.
A do.



VOL. III FEBRUARY 20, 1926 No. 5

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A STENCH of dirty linen being washed arises from around the Old Well. Two washerwomen squabble bitterly over the question as to who has the dirtier clothes. But, despite the washing of linen, the political machine will always be a machine although it may possibly align itself with the young woman who has seen fit to vituperate the machinations of the elder. Just what difference will be made by the three newly created offices is yet to be seen. Personally, we do not give a tinker's curse word whether or not a political party dominates the campus and feeds *Yackety Yack* statistics to unhealthy babies. The problem which makes a difference to us is one which seems doomed to the limbo of lost pins. We want to see the day when offices will be portioned out on the basis of ability and work done.

Last year's politics were an example of the perfect ease with which a well-oiled organization can place its men in practically every important position open to students. It made little or no difference that some of the men were unfitted for the offices. The men themselves were sacrificed in one or two instances to policy and fraternal need. This year it seems as if at least one gigantic fraud is to be consummated on one of the publications, although this hoax is not one recognized and approved by any standing order. We see no bugaboo in politics as politics, but stand heartily behind the idea of giving the job to the deserving contestant.

Heralding the Girls' Number

LOOK IT—GIRLS—LOOKIT

NOTHING BUT FEMININE TALENT! BETTER THAN THE Ladies' Home Journal AND MORE INTERESTING THAN Child Life.

CAN YOU DRAW? CAN YOU WRITE? DO YOU KNOW A GOOD JOKE? ARE YOU A GIRL? ANYWAY, WE TRUST THE ISSUE TO YOU.

Any girl who did not like "Pollyanna," has not read "An American Tragedy", and thinks that Montgomery Flagg is the berries is asked to contribute.

A FIVE-DOLLAR AWARD FOR THE BEST ART WORK AND ANOTHER ONE FOR THE BEST LITERARY WORK. THE GIRL WHO CONTRIBUTES THE MOST JOKES WHICH HAVE TO BE CENSORED MAKES EPSILON UPSILON EPSILON. THE SAME APPLIES TO SKETCHES.

Contributions must be in the hands of the editor by March 15, 1926. Sketches must be in ink and not larger than 8 by 10 inches. Address Editor of Buccaneer, Box 831, Chapel Hill, N. C.

TIME TO RETIRE

THE HOME GROWN N. C. BEAUTY

Hair by Wildroot
Eyes by Maybelline
Brows by Lashbrow
Lashes by Winx
Lips by Colgate
Teeth by Bleachodent
Gums by Forhans
Breath by Listerine
Tongue by Mae Murray
Cheeks by Pert
Bust by Venus de Milo
Neck by Colleen Moore
Hands by Cutex
Body by Annette Kellermann
Back by Nita Naldi
Legs by Ziegfeld
Ankles by Aileen Pringle
Feet by Tiz
Designed: Coles Phillips

Man (at church confessing his sins): "Father, forgive me, for I kissed a pretty girl."

Priest: "How many times did you commit this terrible sin?"

Man: "Father, I came here to confess and not to brag."

CONTRIBUTION FROM OUR MOST PROLIFIC HEELER

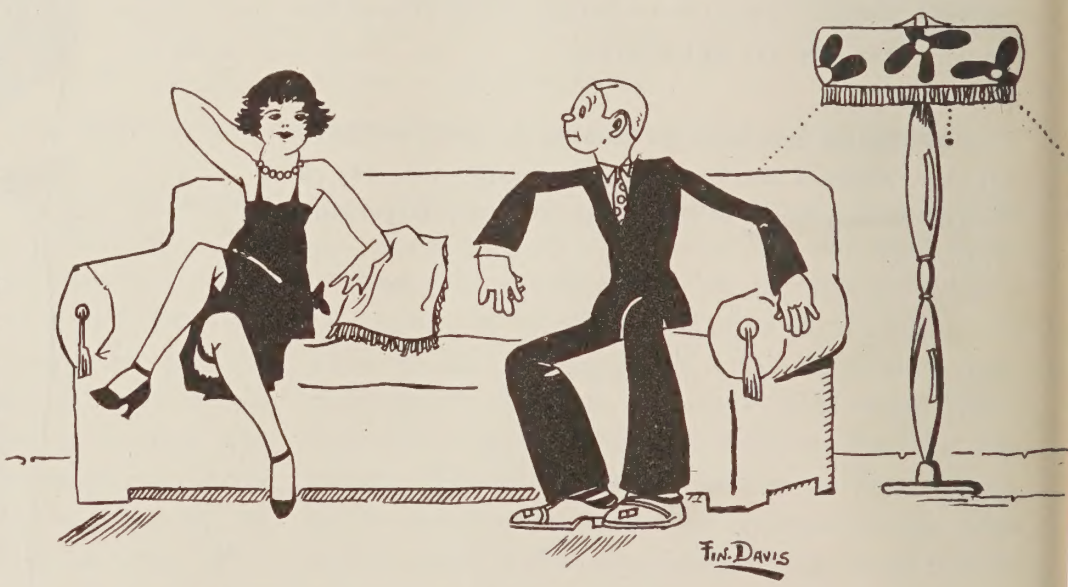
Stud: "Why is beef steak like a pretty co-ed?"

Stewed: "Oh, don't you want to by a chicken!"

Deare Editor:

I am so very sorry, but this is all that I have for our dear organ this time.

Yours,
A. B. S. VIK.



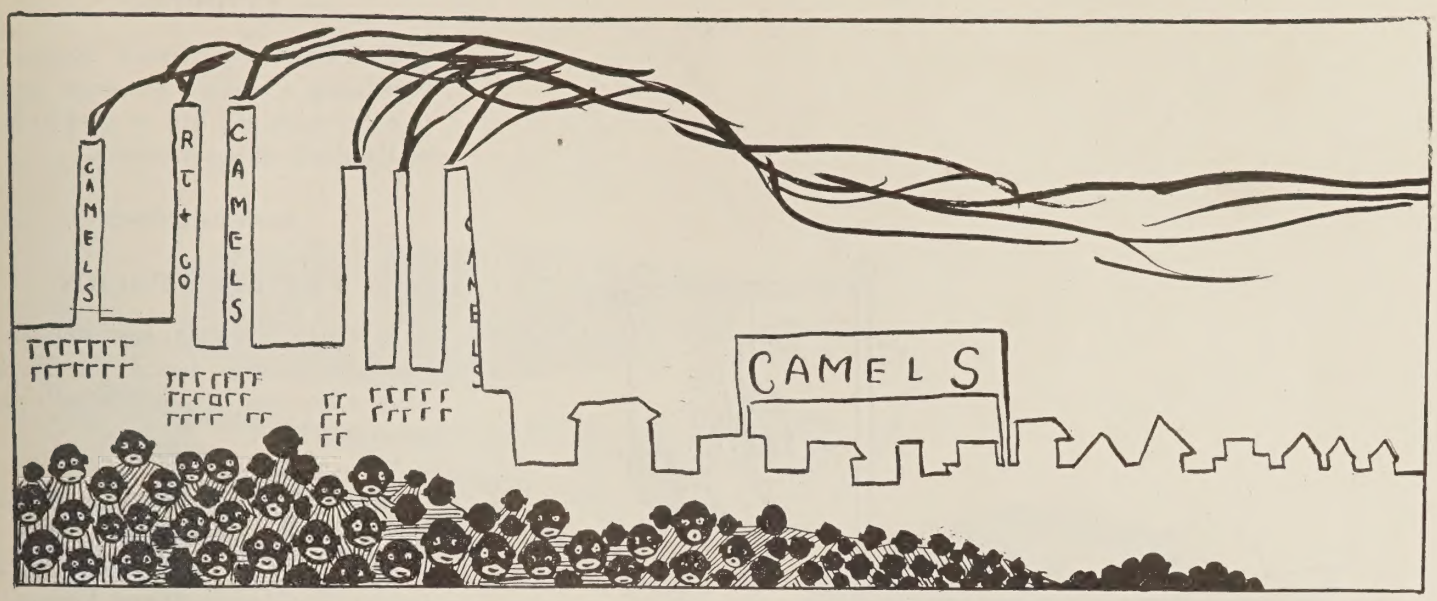
Latin Professor: "Give me a sentence to illustrate the word *veni.*"

Ikey: "Der gustomer zed dot vod he vanted vas a dope und a veni."

Lad: My room-mate sure is good at languages.

Lassie: Indeed?

Lad: Well, he went out with a French girl the other night and became familiar with a foreign tongue in ten minutes.



WINSTON-SALEM

Winston-Salem, the Town that Tobacco Built, is founded on a large bluff and so are many of its prominent citizens. These people fancy themselves as the true High Hat and strive without success to make their Brows correspondingly elevated. Having gone to Europe several times and having been duly impressed by the Tomb of Napoleon and the Sausage of Vienna, they no longer care for their native heath. Hence they migrate to Pinehurst, where, as one knows, one always finds things so different. The only drawback to this exodus is the fact that loyal Winstonians are frequently mistaken for residents of Pittsburg by some morons who are unable to distinguish between Tobacco Factory Smoke and Steel Mill Smoke.

The majority of people who remain in Winston-Salem are not bothered by the smoke problem—they are Smokes already. Though the local Chamber of Commerce may talk boastingly of a bright future the present prospect is very dark, grading from a Suitcase Tan to a Licorice Black. Numerically speaking, the town is under African domination and to prove this a story might well be inserted. The official population of Winston-Salem is 50,638. One night signs were put up to the effect that a Konklave of the Ku Klux Klan would be held the following day and by morning only 5,121 people were within the city limits.

A peculiarly distressing case was brought up in the city courts just the week after the Konklave. According to the horrid rumours which got out a respectable citizen stopped a big putter and brassie man from Pinehurst and asked him for a cigarette. The Pinehurst gentleman blushed and replied in all innocence, "I'm sorry, I have nothing but Camels on me." Why put a permanent blot on the poor fellow's character by sending him to the hoosegow? Perhaps, like Dora, he didn't know any better. But then, too, Winstonians may look at it differently. They tell me that all the really popular churches in town open their services with the well known hymn "Camel ye faithful" etcetera. The nemesis of all the college comics in the country is fear of removal of the income tax and the subsequent loss of "Camel" advertising.

"Where did you get that big nose?"

"Oh, it runs in the family."

He: "Are you a good Charlestoner?"

She: "Oh, no, I live in North Carolina."

God made the world and rested.

God made man and rested.

God made woman and neither the world nor man has rested since.

"I bought a gallon when I was home the last week-end and stayed drunk the whole time."

"And what are you going to do with the other three quarts?"

Half Shot: Howdy, Mister. Watcha gonna do with thosh guns?

Two Gun: Business is bad, buddy. I don't usually pick on men in your condition, but I guess I'll have to hold you up.

Half Shot: Don't put yourself no trouble. Thish lamp-post ish doin' very nishly.

CLIPPING

The University *Alumni Review* is conducting a regular necrology section in every issue and will be glad to hear of the death of any alumnus.

THE BEST POLICY

A North Carolina cop stopped a northern motorist bound for Florida after a speeding chase. "What's your name?"

"Brown Smith."

"Don't try that on me. Give me your correct name and address."

"Well, if you must have it, it's George Washington, Mount Vernon."

"Thank you for the information."

"Don't mention it. Only too glad to give it to you."

First Stude: "Did you see Douglas Fairbanks last night in 'The Mark of Zorro?' "

Second Stude: "Yes, and today I saw my prof. give me the mark of zero."

Street Cleaner: "Say, bo, I got a new job."

Bo: "What's you doing?"

S. C.: "Oh, I'm a street cleaner in Chapel Hill."

Bo: "Yeh, one of these little one-horse towns."

S. C.: "Bo, you wouldn't believe it if you had my job."

Four Freshmen (kidding Irishman): "Hey, Mike, did you know the devil is dead?"

Mike (reaching in pocket and handing out each frosh a dollar): "Take this, me lads."

F. F.: "What is this for?"

Mike: "Oh, I'm always glad to help orphans."

Knox: Why do the geese fly South?

Hat: They go to Tia Juana and Bimini, dear.

ANOTHER LEGEND SET ARIGHT!

For some time it has been thought that old man Davie hitched his horse to the famous poplar, spat on his hands, and founded this institution of higher learning forthwith. Iconoclasts that we are, we are publishing here a true account of how three engineers picked Chapel Hill as a passing fair place to pass out and so began the University. The story follows:

i

An engineer rode up a hill
  All on a dappled charger;
And two men sped to do his will,
  One small, the other larger.
Now Snodgrass was the good man's name
  And Jonathan his first,
The matter which engaged his mind
  Was his consuming thirst.
Far from the Senate's vicious cries
  He pricked his careless way;
And joined right soon the other guys
  In a cheerful roundelay.
Sing tur-a-lai-oo
Sing tur-a-lai-a
Sing tur-a-lai-ur-a-lai-atty
  Our bottles are empty
  Our canteens quite dry
And if we are all of us thirsty as I,
I'm sure that we're all going batty.

ii

"And now I want," he cursed right well,
  "A jug to wet my nose in,
A withered prune and a little gell,
  Who doesn't turn her toes in.
I want the girl (he made a vow
  Both loud and dreadful dark)
Beneath an overhanging bow,
  And not in Central Park."
Full soon he saw a gladsome sight
  (Ten minutes by the clock)
A copper can that glistened bright,
  And lots of other stock.

Sing tur-a-lai-oo
Sing tur-a-lai-a
Sing tur-a-lai-ur-a-lai-atty
  Now these are the ruins
  Of water-work doin's
Of Injuns, who killed my granddaddy.

iii

The engineer next spied a sight,
  'Twas Fleur, by gum, no other!
He took her straightway on his knee.
  (Why did she think of mother?)
"I hereby found upon this spot
  (John's legs could scarce endure him)
A state-supported school for sots,
  And churches for to cure 'em. . . .
A nice little college for girls or boys
  (Chalking the plans on a poplar's bark)
That'll amply support these waterworks joys."
  And a college grew up round the mark.

l'envoi

So the engineers rode blithely off
  Singing the song of Fleur
The girl who had no dignity
  Save what they gave to her.
Sing tur-a-lai-oo
Sing tur-a-lai-a
Sing tur-a-lai-ur-a-lai-atty
Now if you have followed us in the song,
I'm sure that you're all going batty.

Easter is Coming!

A Complete Assortment of HOLLINGSWORTH'S
Unusual Candies Always on Hand

Buy your next Pipe or Fountain Pen from us and have your name engraved free of charge

SUTTON & ALDERMAN, *Druggists*
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

One: Why doesn't the devil skate?
The Other: How in hell can he?—*Puppet.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Bounder: Why is Sleighton's wife suing him for divorce?
Rounder: He and his stenographer had tonsilitis at the same time last month.—*Ranger.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"My girl's lips quiver when she kisses."
"Boy, don't they!"
"What!"
"I say, do they? Do they?"—*Rice Owl.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"He sure has a large vocabulary."
"Yes, and such massive hands."—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

What is in a name depends a great deal on the article.

Old Hampshire Stationery

means first, last and always quality.

Old Hampshire is not sold on its reputation but on its maintained quality, strength and appearance.

Sold by SUTTON & ALDERMAN

FINE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

When it's the night of the season's most festive dance—and Mimi, herself, has consented to go—when in a last moment before starting you thank your good fortune
—have a Camel!

WHEN the night of the famous prom has come—and in that last fond moment alone you contemplate your luck and your greatness—*have a Camel!*

For Camel adds the glamour of its own romance to every memorable event. Camels never tire the taste no matter how liberally you smoke them. The choicest tobaccos in all the world are rolled into Camels—that's why they never leave a cigaretty after-taste. The instant you lift a match to a Camel, you may be doubly sure you have lighted the world's most mellow cigarette.

So this night, as you fare boldly forth to society's smartest and gayest affair—as you pause in the revelry for a hurried chat with the envious fellows—taste then the mild and fragrant smoke. Until you've tried Camels, you'll never know how really fine and friendly a cigarette can be.

Have a Camel!

Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blending. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

© 1926

LEGISLATOR DOES NORTH CAROLINA PROUD

Arose in the House of Representatives the Hon. Charles Laban Abernethy of the third North Carolina district, took a long breath and let 'em have it:

Hon. C. A. Webb, of Asheville, N. C., in making a speech recently on North Carolina, had this to say.

"If all the chewing tobacco manufactured in North Carolina in one year were made into one big, succulent plug, and a man standing on the top of Mount Mitchell bit a chew from its thick corner, his voracious chin would drop so far that it would break the back of the somnolent shark at the profoundest bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, while his anticipative moustache, standing out like the quills of a fretful porcupine, would make the silk-clad ankles of the flappers on New Jersey's northernmost veranda shrinklingly suspect the sting and bite of a new and unconquerable mosquito."

Wham!

Another long breath and then—

"If all the towels made in one year in North Carolina were fastened together, fringe to fringe, into one great towel, the man who dries his feet with the end of it on the rocky coast of the Straits of Magellan would, with an agitated elbow, overturn a pearl fisher's sampan in the calm, warm waters of the Indian Ocean, and find himself wiping his surprised and distant face with the other end of it on top of the highest peak of Greenland's frosty, famous and far-flung mountains."

Wham! Bang!

A final call on the last ounce of nature's resources and once more into the fray—

"If all the cigarettes manufactured in North Caroina in one year were rolled into one, great, long cigarette, a young sport leaning nonchalantly against the South Pole would light it with the everlasting fire in the tail of Halley's swift and restless comet, use the starry dipper as an ash tray, blow the smoke rings which, unbroken by all the hurricanes that lash the seven seas, would hide the circles around Saturn for a thousand years, and with the immeasurable inferno of its stub blot out and usurp the glowing fame and place of the hitherto quenchless morning star."

Wham! Bang! Yuppee-ee-ee!

If the Hon. C. L. Abernathy and the Hon. C. A. Webb have not now got 'em told, even as in the case of the immortal fat lady, then by the living blood of the Tar Heel patriots God save the nation!

(Quoted from the *Greensboro Daily News.*)

WHEN hoop skirts and the Virginia Reel were in vogue, and loving hands at home fashioned Grandfather's homespuns for the prom .... even in those days, Anheuser-Busch was nationally known to good fellows.

And today .... when feminine heads are bobbed and shingled, and we dance the Charleston in expensively tailored clothes to the stirring strains of a jazz orchestra ....

BUSCH
(A-B)
PALE DRY
Ginger Ale

is the favored drink of college men because, like the college man, Busch Pale Dry is a good mixer everywhere and every time.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS
THOMAS & HOWARD CO.
Distributors Durham, N. C.

Shoes for Southern Wear

©VANITY FAIR

The shoes that the well dressed man takes with him on his winter's holiday in the south are the same type of shoes that he ordinarily wears at any summer resort, and it is a mistake to imagine that one pair of "sport" or country shoes can be made to serve all the occasions when country or sport clothes are worn. The heavy soled brogue is the one shoe which is the standby for country wear all the year round. But for golf, there is a special shoe which has become extremely popular and is known as the Norwegian golf shoe. This shoe is as water-tight as it is possible to make any shoe, and its construction is such as to give the utmost comfort. For ordinary wear with white flannels or any appropriate light clothes, a particularly smart shoe is the full brogued oxford in brown and white, although plain white shoes may be worn for such a turnout. For yachting, a plain white buckskin shoe with rubber soles and heel is the only shoe that is really appropriate for this sport. One of the novelties in footwear which has become a permanent part of the well dressed man's shoe wardrobe is the woven leather sandal pictured above, for it is in the class of lounge shoes for country wear and like the brown and white shoe is worn with white flannels and other light-weight summer clothes.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write the "Well Dressed Man Dept." care the BUCCANEER and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

(Copyright, 1926, by Vanity Fair, New York)

"He's a fraternity man."

"How do you know?"

"He answered to four names in class this morning."—*Ski-U-Mah.*

✠ ✠ ✠

She: Do you hunt bear, too?

He: No, I find it safer to wear a hunting outfit.—*Georgia Cracker.*

✠ ✠ ✠

The eminent statesman looked through his pocketbook for a new dollar bill. "I suppose, Jerry," he said to the cabman, "that like a lot of other people nowadays, you would rather have clean money?"

"That's all right, Senator," Jerry replied. "I don't care how you made your money."—*Pelican.*

Whenever the Lumber Must be Dependable

Contractors and builders have learned that Cary lumber is selected with such great care and manufactured so uniformly correct that it is the lumber to demand whenever the best is needed. Our lumber, both in the forest and manufacturing plant, is handled by trained lumbermen. Yours is the advantage.

CARY LUMBER COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1894

Dial F-161 Durham, N. C.

WHAT'S THE USE

First Prof: "Fraternities are monkey wrenches in the wheels of study."

Second Prof: "They are places of laziness and debauchery."

Third Prof: "They promote wickedness and vice."

Fourth Prof: "Let's abolish them. We'll begin with Beta Theta Pi."

First Prof: "Over my dead body. I'm a Beta. Begin with Phi Gamma Delta."

Second Prof: "Never, sir. I'm a Fiji and proud of it. Make it Delta Phi."

Third Prof: "Delta Phi, me eye. The A. D's if anything."

Fourth Prof: "Not on your life. That's my fraternity."

First Prof: "Let us then resolve that fraternities are storehouses for wisdom and peacefulness."

Second Prof: "That's it."

Third Prof: "Clap, clap, clap."

Fourth Prof: "Bravo."—*Black and Blue Jay.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Say, is your dog clever?

Clever! I should say so. When I say, "Are you coming or aren't you?" he comes or he doesn't.—*Lampoon.*

This Space Reserved for

Stetson
BALTIMORE

For Lots in

Davie Woods

SEE

CHAPEL HILL REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE CO.

Brunswick
Panatrope

A musical instrument that is absolutely new in principle, totally divorced from the old mechanical methods of sound reproduction.
We cannot fairly describe the BRUNSWICK PANATROPE, *so we ask you to hear it. Just call upon us for a demonstration which we will gladly furnish without obligation to you.*

CHRISTIAN & HARWARD
106 W. Main St. Durham, N. C.

NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT

Joe Gish learns about women from

BEVERLY
the sweet Southern Girl

Every fall our Sanitariums are filled with wrecked aunts who have been chaperoning vacation parties of "sweet Southern girls." They are the original clinging vines, and Beverly was one of them. She was always losing something. Or her shoe hurt. Or something was in her eye. She was sure there were snakes in that grass. Was that a spider? Her greatest mental exertion was to call for a coca-cola.

I took her to the opera, when she came to New York. I whispered: "There's Jeritza!"

She: I d'clare! Which, the man or the girl?

I: The girl, of course.

She: What show is this?

I: Tosca. It's an opera.

She: I d'clare! My foot sure does hurt.

I: Sh! They're going to sing *Strange Harmonies.*

She: Uh-huh. Do you suppose it would matter if I took my shoe off?

I: Er . . I don't know. . That's Bodansky conducting.

She: I wish he had a few saxaphones.

At supper I tried new conversational stances. Paul Manship . . Marie Laurencin . . Mah Jong . . The theatre . . Books . . Sports. She topped every ball. The knockout was when she asked if the waiter had an aspirin tablet.

That very night I filled out a Vanity Fair subscription coupon for Beverly. It was from Vanity Fair that I had obtained my own start as a man of the world . . It will change her, too . . I shall come back in a few months . . She will no longer be a dumb Dora . . I might propose. Only a few months.

But, six weeks later, I read of her engagement to Basil van Siclen, the most eligible bachelor in New York, patron of the modern arts, whose million dollar mansion had long awaited a mistress whose social graces were equal to his own.

Why don't you subscribe for some sweet Southern girl?

Joe Gish

10 issues for $2

VANITY FAIR

TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN FILL IT IN

Vanity Fair, Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Vanity Fair:

I am glad to learn the secret of Beverly van Siclen's success. But I happen to know that Basil himself isn't really such a bright bird. For six years *he* has taken Vanity Fair. Which reminds me, enclosed find TWO DOLLARS to cover the cost of TEN ISSUES.

Name, etc. .....

.....

.....

Illustration copyright by Vanity Fair

PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS PIN TWO BUCKS DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW DO IT NOW

A New Era in Home Food Cooking Has Been Inaugurated at Carolina by

BOWDEN'S

The daily increasing number of our patrons shows the student body's appreciation of this new inauguration which has been desired for a long time by those who love

HOME COOKING

BOWDEN'S CAFETERIA

The Food Club With an Unlimited Membership. Give Us a Trial

Man (in sport-goods store): Do you sell Ben Turpin blankets here?

Clerk: What are they?

Man: Khaki.—*Bison.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Policeman: "Hey, you, where yuh going with nine buckets of water?"

"Hush. I'm going to drown a cat."

✠ ✠ ✠

Customer: Gimme a piece of that huckleberry pie.

Waiter: That ain't huckleberry pie—Shoo! Shoo!—*Cannon Bawl.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Kate: A shoulder strap sure is an important little article, isn't it?

Placate: Yes, it's the only thing that keeps an attraction from becoming a sensation.—*Sniper.*

✠ ✠ ✠

He (passionately): "My love for you is as the rising sun!"

She (looking at the ring): "It looks like a bum setting."—*Flamingo.*

Our stock is mainly composed of

Books and Office Supplies

But we also have a soft drink and sandwich fountain for the Carolina boys' convenience.

So, if it is a desk, or a book, or a sandwich that you want, drop in and be received with a smile at the

DURHAM BOOK & STATIONERY COMPANY

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

"The Proof Sheet"

The Art Preservative

Architecture is not produced by a bricklayer; typography is not produced by a typesetter but is the direct result of a careful study of art and harmonious treatment of type faces. We have a complete staff of craftsmen who work with head, heart and hand in the execution of

"Craftbuilt Printing"

for those who want superior *typographic service.*

The world is full of substitutes for everything but satisfaction—
WE SATISFY

CHRISTIAN & KING PRINTING COMPANY

"Craftbuilt Printing"

212 NORTH CORCORAN STREET
DURHAM · NORTH CAROLINA

Buy a Book of Bus Tickets and Save

You can save the price of two trips if you will buy a book of tickets at a time. Ten tickets for $4.00 effects a substantial saving. Get them at the bus station.

C. H. D. Line, Inc.
Telephone 167

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring
Not even a souse.

The stockings were hung
By the window with care—
They'd been worn for six weeks,
And they needed the air.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

FANCY ICES BLOCK CREAM

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for
Frat or Sorority banquets

Phones 58 and 59 Main at Duke

PUNCHES SHERBETS

RIGHT OFF THE ICE

With a drink so good 'tis folly to be thirsty

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS — 7 MILLION A DAY

45 minutes' toasting develops its aristocratic flavor — the enormous production makes possible its democratic price

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

V. 3, no. 6

BUCCANEER

TRAVEL NO.

PRICE 25¢

When it's a rainy night—and with three crafty bridge players your luck is running wild
—have a Camel!

Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. Into this one brand is concentrated all of the knowledge, all of the skill of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men.

WHEN the dark skies are pouring rain outside. And you join up for a game of bridge. When fickle fate deals you hands that you play with consummate skill —*have a Camel!*

For Camel is the silent partner that helps every deserving player win his game. By the royal quality of its own sheer goodness, Camel adds brilliance to every enjoyable event. Camels never hurt or tire the taste, never leave a trace of cigaretty after-taste. Regardless of the gold you spend, you'll never get choicer tobaccos than those rolled into Camels.

So this evening as courageously you take another hand in life's inscrutable game. As you ply your most unerring skill, evoke the mellowest fragrance that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

© 1926

The Book X

MEANS

Service to the Student

Whatever you may need
we have it

Attention: All candidates for degrees are notified to place their orders for caps and gowns at once

The Book Exchange

"The Student Suppliers"

"She took him on a motor trip to Canada."
"I see, driving him to drink." —*Exchange.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Frosh: "Mama, can I go out and play?"
Mama: "What, with those holes in your trousers?"
Frosh: "No, with the kids across the street." —*Lyre.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Say, Breezie, did you hear that my brother's dog was playin' round the railroad track and had his tail cut off?"
"That's too bad. He was such a pretty dog. That'll spoil his 'carriage.'"
"Carriage, hell! It's ruined his 'waggin.'" —*Bison.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"It's not the school," said the little boy, "it's the principal of the thing." —*Lyre.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"A saucy fellow, God wot!"
"What meanest by that?"
"God, what a saucy fellow." —*Lampoon.*

Leather face
or baby face

Spreading the gospel of the Mennen Shave naturally makes me notice faces a whole lot.

I've been handed the keys of the city by men with faces as tender-skinned as a baby's and others with faces that looked like a Sunday roast-of-beef on Wednesday.

And they all swear by Mennen Shaving Cream.

Take Mennen Shaving Cream first. Never mind the adjectives. Here's a lather that can reduce *anybody's* whiskers—I don't care how horny and wiry they are—to absolute and complete limpness. It's a process—Dermutation—that Mennen discovered and no competitor has ever got the hang of.

If you're one of those 3-brush-dabs and 7-second-razor artists, it gives you a *shave*—a close shave—better than you've ever had before. A shave that stays all day.

And if you've got a tender, shave-every-other-day skin, your razor goes through literally without any pull or scrapy feeling. A clean, smooth de-bearding *every* day.

Next, there isn't any sort of a face that isn't better off for a little squeeze of Mennen Skin Balm rubbed over the shaved area. It comes in tubes and gives a wholly delightful, cooling sensation—tingling, refreshing. It tones up the tissue—soothes any possible irritation. It's greaseless—absorbed in half a minute—and as sensible as putting on a clean collar to go and see your best girl.

Same way with Mennen Talcum-for-Men. Made so it won't show on your face. Drys the skin thoroughly. Antiseptic. Leaves a gorgeous silk-like film that protects against wind, rain, sun or a scraggly collar.

In other words, the Mennen Complete Shave is great stuff for he-men who have discovered that there's a lot of virtue in being comfortable—to say nothing of being really well-groomed.

Step into your corner drug store today and get the makings. It's a good habit to get habituated to.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

The question is sometimes asked: Where do young men get when they enter a large industrial organization? Have they opportunity to exercise creative talents, or are they forced into narrow grooves?

This series of advertisements throws light on these questions. Each advertisement takes up the record of a college man who came with the Westinghouse Company after graduation and within the past ten years.

Engineer! Arrest that Bolt

JOSEPH SLEPIAN

THE Sales Department was talking in emphatic and easily understood language. It was saying, "We want action."

At Westinghouse, action in many cases is another word for research. And research works toward selected goals. In this case the goal was for new apparatus to make unchained lightning more respectful of power plants, lines and equipment.

Today, as a consequence, the electrical industry is the beneficiary of the "Autovalve Lightning Arrester", perfected to a degree of efficiency, long service and universal utility never dreamed of before. Behind that picture you find Joseph Slepian. With two degrees from Harvard, he started training in our East Pittsburgh Shops in 1916. A year later he entered the Research Department.

This was the lightning arrester situation which Slepian took into the research camp: There were two different types of apparatus. One, called the multi-gap, was used chiefly on poles of distribution circuits. When lightning struck, it frequently caused transformer troubles and damaged equipment. For high-voltage application there was the cumbersome electrolytic arrester. Its performance was good enough. But it required constant attention; was costly of upkeep; and could not be used on poles.

When Slepian perfected the Autovalve Arrester, the demand was so great that orders could not be filled. It was entirely new. One type of apparatus solved the whole problem—no more costly care. It stands up indefinitely, whether used on poles or on the ground—sufficient reasons for yearly sales exceeding $2,000,000.

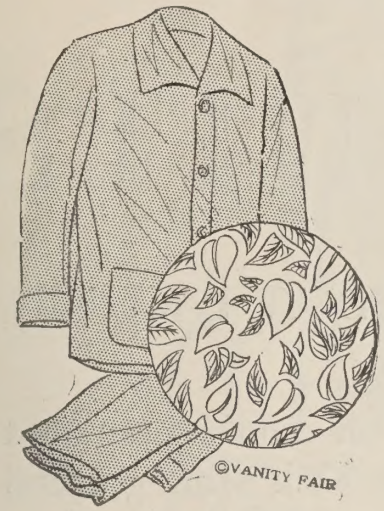
Such results may depend as much on a phase of an engineer's past training as on his immediate research. Take the radio horn which gives the natural tone to Radiola sets. It was Slepian's mastery of mathematics, in which he specialized at Harvard, which contributed toward that big advance in the early days of loud-speaker popularity.

The man with "hidden reserves" is constantly finding them called upon to "climb peaks and cross mountains" in institutions like Westinghouse.

Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Smart Pajamas



It is difficult at times to believe that anything as practical as a pair of pajamas could be smarter than any other pair, but it is in such items as pajamas and dressing-gowns that a man's individual ideas may be carried out without fear of criticism, since they are worn only in the privacy of one's room or apartment. As few changes in cut are possible in pajamas, the more radical changes in them are more or less restricted to the kinds of materials from which they are made and the colours and patterns. There has been a growing tendency of late to break away from the plain coloured collarless pajamas, and now all the smart pajamas are finished with collars, and while most of them are of the coat variety, quite a few are of the slip-on style. But the plain coloured, conservative pattern has given way to the bright coloured gaily patterned fabric, and it can truly be said that never before have pajamas represented such a riot of colour. No design is too large or flamboyant or elaborate for pajamas, and these popular patterns are not confined to the more expensive fabrics, but are to be found in moderately priced pajamas as well.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write the "Well Dressed Man," care the BUCCANEER and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

(Copyright, 1926, by Vanity Fair, New York)

Down the Gangplank

To Havre, the Port of Paris

The International Terminal Made Famous by the Rulers of France

A SILVER spray splashes against the Liner as she skins onward to France. Behind her lies a phosphorescent path . . . a dancing symbol of the laughter and lightness that made the days pass so quickly.

All too soon the immense docks at Havre, the port of Paris . . . where the aristocratic French Liners find a berth . . . loom up! Four centuries ago, this important terminal was a little fishing village . . . Havre de Grâce. Tiny sailing vessels were despatched to the whale and cod fisheries in Newfoundland and Spitzbergen.

In 1516, Frances I started the construction of a harbor. The work was later continued by Richelieu. Napoleon I finally made it a war harbor. They are just three out of many famous names that have made this harbor famous!

And so Havre has grown . . . with a history as interesting as that of the provincial towns of Normandy, Brittany, the Basque country. But its chief importance lies in its nearness to Paris. Down the gangplank of the French Liner. No transferring to tenders. A special boat train waiting. Three hours . . . and Paris.

It's all at the other end of "the longest gangplank in the world" . . . a perfect vacation, new interests, and traveling through France at much less expense than in the United States. The de Luxe Liners go first to Plymouth, England . . . then Havre. The One-Class Cabin Liners go direct to Havre.

Information from any French Line Agent or recognized Tourist Office

French Line

19 State Street, New York City

Offices and Agencies in principal Cities of U.S, Europe and Canada

Always Noticed---Never Noticeable

SUITS

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

Broad shoulders, straight line back with graceful lines. Tailored from the finest and most attractive patterns of both imported and domestic quality and many exclusively our own.

$40.00

AND MORE

Manhattan Shirts

Schoble-Stetson Hats

Get Your Easter Suit Now

MARKHAM-ROGERS COMPANY

JOLLY OLD ENGLAND

Simple: "That fellow going there is Adolph Snitz, the big. . ."

Blasé: "He may be a big butter and egg man to you, but to me he is just a big cheese."

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME III — NUMBER 6

MANY A GIRL HAS A PURE SOUL BECAUSE OF A MUDDY COMPLEXION.

Abdul: "What is the difference between a Mohammedan and a Jew?"

Hamid: "The Mohammedan worships Mohammed, the prophet."

Abdul: "Yes."

Hamid: "And the Jew, merely the profit."

First Collegian: "Gotta match?"

Second Ditto: "Sure."

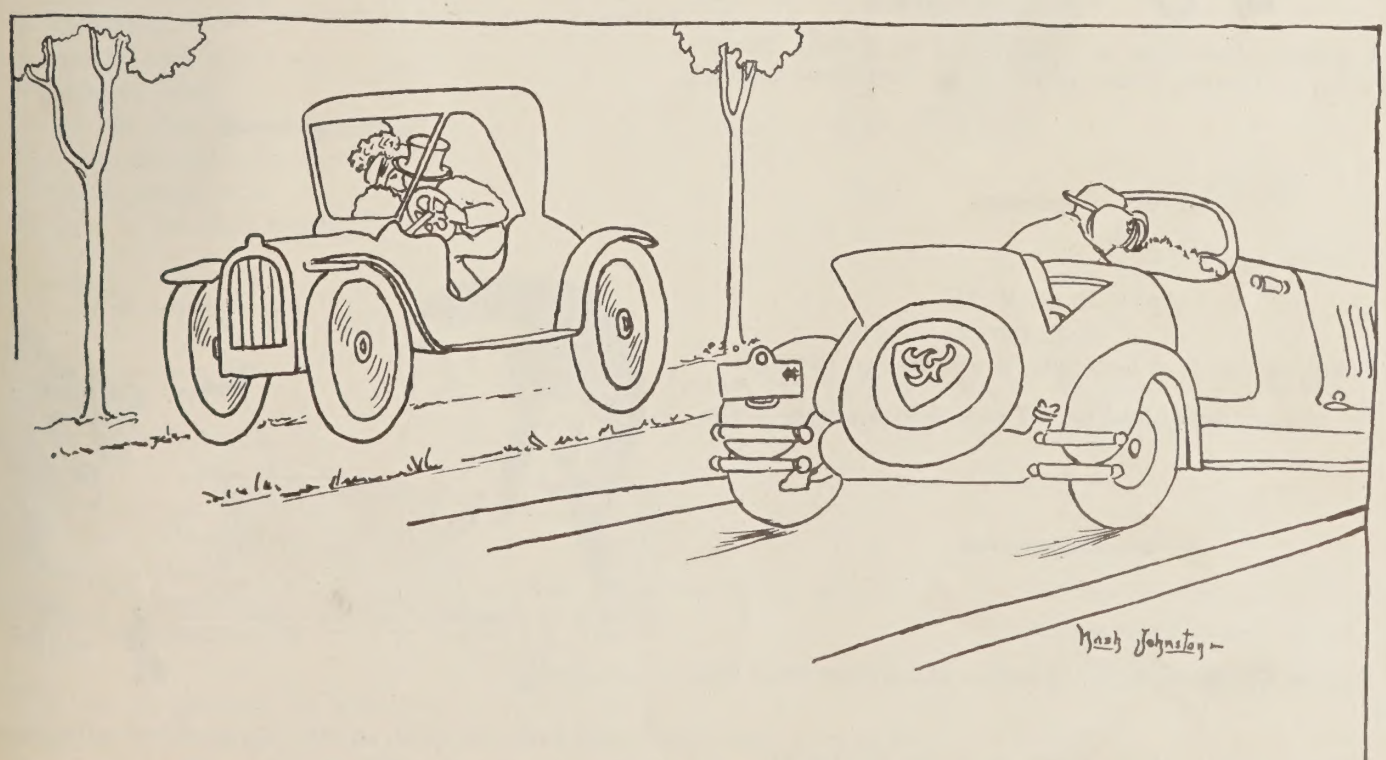
First Collegian: "Gimme a cigarette."

Second Collegian: "Want me to light it for ya?"

First Ditto: "If ya don't mind."

Second Ditto: "How ya fixed fer spittin'?"

Cleopatra was not very religious but she had a divine form.



Travel was all right in 1900, but modern traffic makes it dangerous to be broad-minded.

A graphic illustration of what going to Waikiki, Siena, Barcelona, or Possum Hollow means to the Peripatetic Sophomore.

Ap. t. E. St. V. M.

I burn my candle at both ends; it will not last the night
But ah, my friends, and ho, my foes; I have electric light.

Epsilon Upsilon Epsilon: "Lawyers and writers are a bad sort."

Sigma Upsilon: "Don't berate my chosen profession."

E. U. E.: "Are you going to be a lawyer?"

TRAVEL ANECDOTE

One day an English duke was riding about Venice with a surly gondolier.

"Do you know how to read?" he asked the boatman.

"It is none of your business," replied the man, "but I do not."

"Then one-third of your life is gone," the Duke told him.

Again he put him a question. "Do you know how to write?"

"I do not," answered the gondolier.

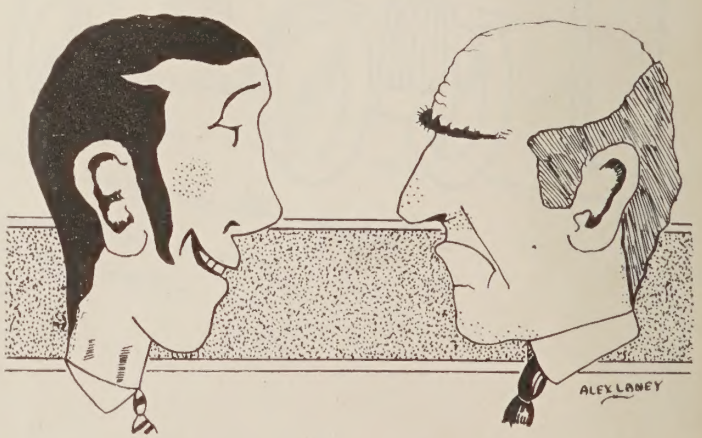
"Then two-thirds of your life are gone," warned the duke.

About that time the gondola sprung an immense leak and sunk from under them.

"If you don't know how to swim all of your life is gone," shouted the oarsman as he touched the water.

Fortunately the duke was an excellent swimmer and made his way to a landing without any difficulty. On the other hand, the surly gondolier was run down by a passing liner and lost his life.

"What a fetid odor," remarked the minister at an old fashioned colored Baptist foot washing.



By'r Lady, me child, an' why is a good baseballer innocent in the ways of the world?

Because, Captain Bull Fiddle, he ain't been out much.

SHIPBOARD CONVERSATION

Young Man: Your first trip abroad?
Young Lady: Oh, no!
Y. M.: What boat is this?
Y. L.: I don't know, really.
Y. M.: Where do we land?
Y. L.: I don't remember.
Y. M.: Where are you going?
Y. L.: Just here and there. Are you over often?
Y. M.: Just now and then. There's a quiet nook up toward. . .
THESE YOUNG PEOPLE ARE SO OBSERVANT.

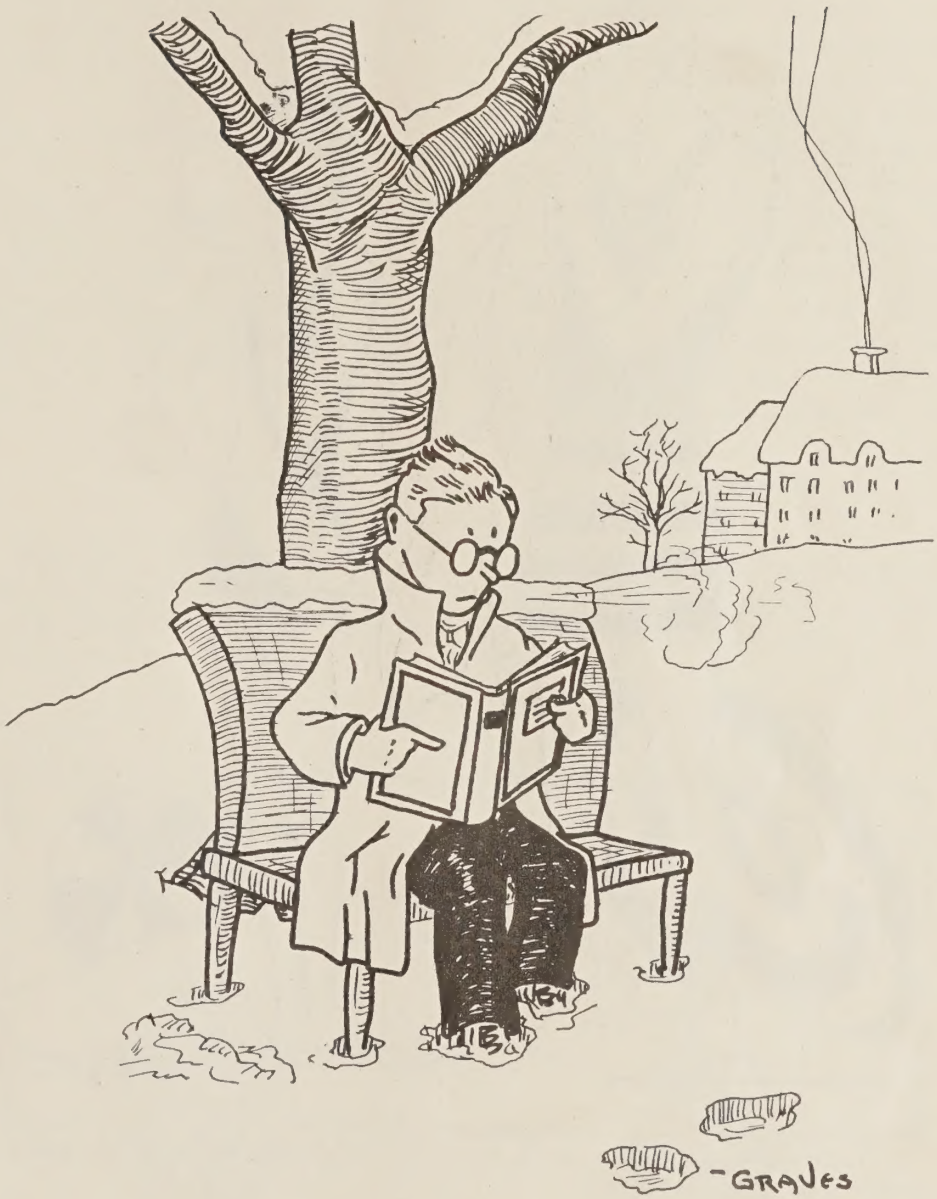
I will now sing a little song entitled, "I started paying her attention and now I'm paying her alimony."

Fish: "My brother is an agnostic."
Bone: "Really? I didn't know they had a chapter here."

Behold the noble savage
In Patagonia;
He lies beneath a bo tree
And bougainvillea
Covers him from flies.
Far from the mart of wicked men
The noble savage lies.
Oh, yes, he lies most fluently.

Far be it from us to
Cry down
The comic epitaphs
So popular just now
But really
We couldn't call them
Joking matters.

"The doctor promised to have me walking in three weeks. And sure enough he did. Yesterday I had to sell my car."



FIELD EXPERIENCE

We here see Freshman Green, of the University of Alaska, being conscientious about his outside reading for English I.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To Battle, Vance and Pettigrew."

"Gee, but I didn't know we were having another war."

Old lady to young boy of four years: "I want a bright young boy who wants to mail this letter for me for a penny."

Young Boy: "Lady, what you want is a dumb bell."

"Lady Gresham dropped an egg on the floor last night at dinner and asked the waiter what to do about it."

"And what did he say?"

"He said, 'Cackle'!"

Bolsheviki, to traveler: "You can't stay in this country."

Traveler: "Then I'll get out."

Bolsheviki: "Have you a permit to leave the country?"

Traveler: "No."

Bolsheviki: "Then you can't leave. You have twenty-four hours to decide, after that, you'll be shot."

The Most Popular Cigarettes For—

Married people—Reyno.

Cross country men—Camels.

Royalty—Sovereign.

Dancing girls—Fatimas.

Baseball players—Home Runs.

Prospectors—Lucky Strike.

Sportsmen—Blue Boars.

So called college men—Chesterfield.

CAROLINA'S GLEE CLUB'S BACK HERE

Famous Local Boys' Organization Followed Playmakers' Example and Took Long Trek into Foreign Lands in Search of Elusive *Fame* and the Wily *Lucre.*

THEY SING SONGS

The Boys Carry a Full Line of Musical and Vocal Selections Which They Sometimes Render to Please Their Audiences.

JOHN PAUL JONES

Club Made Visit to Shrine of Famous Colonial Water Boy—Saw Al Smith—

SEE

T

H

E

FOLLIES

And Other Wonderful Sights—Impressed Very Much With High Buildings—

RIDE ON OMNIBUS

EAT "CHOP SUEY"

DRINK ONLY WATER

DO "A USEFUL THING EVERY DAY"

WHILE THEY ARE AWAY

The Boys Really Had a Wonderful Trip and It Is Reported that Trip Only Cost the Sponsors a few Thousand Dollars. Boys Very Thankful to University for Journey.

By X. Y. ZEE

The University of North Carolina's world famous Glee Club has recently returned from a visit up North where they met with social successes and conducted themselves with credit to their Alma Mater.

[THE END]

"Why does Mary call you maple syrup?"

"Because I am such a refined sap."

"How do you know your daughter trusts in God?"

"By the company she keeps."

PLAYMAKERS BACK FROM "UP NORTH"

All Survive Trip Into Frozen Wilds of New England.

PROFESSOR FRED. KOCH

Playmakers Enjoyed Vacation in the Immigration Center of America—Shook Hands With Cal.

MISTER GEORGE DENNY

Had High Old Time—Playmakers Present Coolidge With Book of Their Plays.

PRESIDENT VERY AFFABLE SAYS "INTERESTING"

ALMOST CRACKED SMILE SHAKES HANDS

Actor Tells Tar Heel Reporter It Is All Bunk About the President Having Been Weaned on a Sour Pickle.

PLAYERS SEE SIGHTS

Fashion in Dresses Growing Shorter—Ladies Bring Back Many Pretty New Dresses From Trip—Several Gentlemen In the Cast Buy Smoked Glasses in Philadelphia Account of the Immense Smoke.

KOCH AND DENNY

Plays Were Given In High School Building.

By X. Y. ZEE

The Carolina Playmakers returned recently from a glorious trip up north where they rode on the subway, presented two rotten jokes, and shook hands with the President. It is reported that the Playmakers arrived home sober but dizzy.

[THE END]

Judge: "The policeman says that you were traveling at a speed of 60 miles an hour."

Prisoner: "It was necessary, Your Honor, I had stolen the car."

Judge: "Oh, that's different. Case dismissed."

Prince of Wales: "How much charge for a horse by the hour?"

Hostler: "Five shillings."

P. of W.: "That is counting up to the time that the horse returns, is it not? I shall probably return sometime later."

Stranger: "Pardon, but which road do I take to get to the University?"

Student: "Damfino. I've only been here two years. Jim, you've been here six years, you should know."

Jim: "I? Oh, I've forgotten long ago."

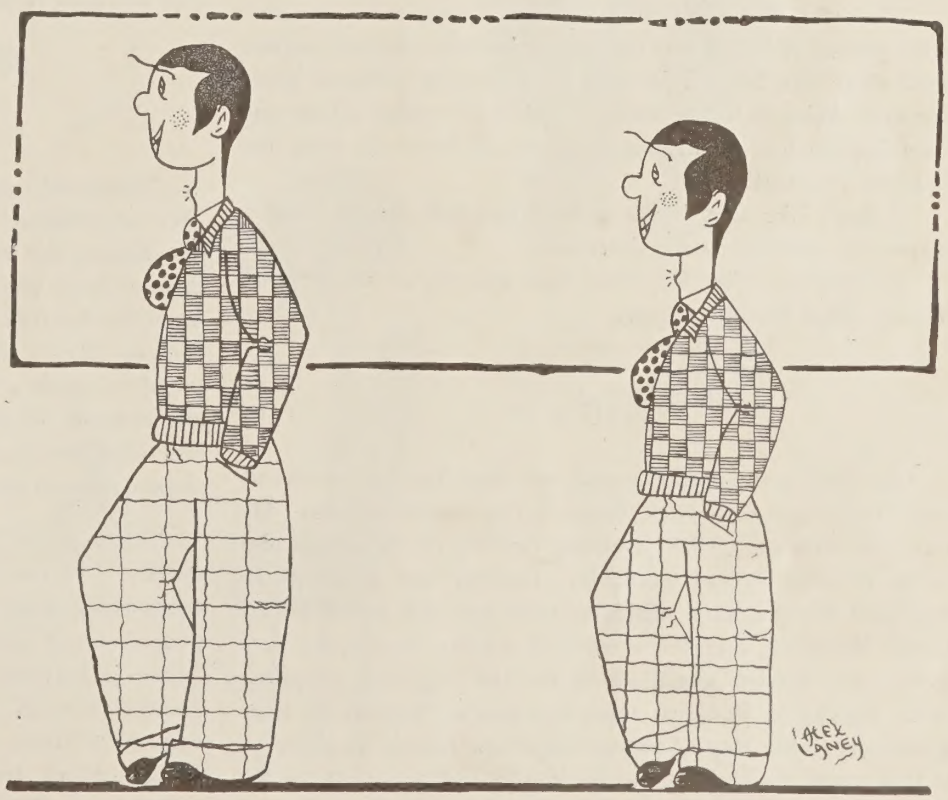
Manager: "Why don't you include the Charleston in your dancing act?"

The Shimmy Artist: "Sir, how dare you?"

TRAVEL ANECDOTE

Once a young English instructor went to Oxford for a year and came back a full-fledged professor. The strangest thing about the peculiar career of this unusual man, was that he rarely mentioned the suspicious beauty of the English universities, the English towns, the English girls, and the superior quality of British liquor. He never said cheerio, righto, toodle-oo, pip-pip, old bean, and refused to explain the pronunciation of Cholmondeley. This is not a true anecdote, but will serve to show what measure of trust one may place in the genus.

"If your hand itches it's a sign you're going to get something. If your head itches, it's a sign you already have something."



"I dare you to tell me why Fifth Avenue is like the Red Sea."

"I am all trepidation. Proceed, Cyriack."

"Well then, Fulke, it is because the traffic cop holds up his hand and all the Israelites go across."

THE TOOTSIE-WOOTSIE MYSTERY

By Twenty Popular Authors.

I

"Are you my little tootsie-wootsie?" asked the tall, dark, saturnine, bearded gentleman sternly as he faced little Farina with a sordid grin and his hands in his pockets.

"Yes suh, Ah's y'u baby, sho's y'u bo'n," smiled Farina carelessly and moved away, for it was moving day at his house and the first of the month. The villian twisted his moustache and strode off. For hours he roamed Hollywood questioning nursemaids, bellhops, silent policemen, anything.

II

Albert Albertson sat talking to Anna Mae Andrews, his best girl except when the lights were out. "The plans," he murmured, "are sure to be in the iron bound bucket shop in Sozara, the most mysterious city in Siam. We must get away before Eldred Eggson finds his toosie wootsie and pursues us."

"Are you my tootsie wootsie?" a strange voice broke in.

"No!" exclaimed Albert and Anna Mae with one accord.

"Then that for you," replied Nick Neese, for it was he, as he pushed Albert down the elevator shaft. Before anyone could stop him, he had jumped on a passing political question and ridden it to the docks. Then he boarded a liner for Siam disguised as a traveling salesman of Mennen's Soap for Prurient Pragmatists.

"I don't like that bird's looks," laughed Albert, "but I suppose he can't do us any harm now."

"No indeed," chortled Anna Mae gravely as she ordered chicken salad for her dinner.

III

Our hero and heroine would not have been so confident could they have seen Nick Neese a few moments later. He was even then engaged in avoiding capture by the gendarmes in the thriving city of Grenoble. Dashing into a saloon, he disguised himself as a cigarette butt and did a nonchalant Camel Walk out into the streets of Algiers, under the very nose of the fatuous guardians of the law. Quickly skipping from Algiers to Benares, from Benares to Kronstadt, from Kronstadt to the Bay of Biscay and from Biscay he gathered to Graustark, his nefarious confederates and prepared for the long journey into the heart of Siam. Could they push back into the dim hinterland and secure the plans? With diverse diabolical signs, his confederates swore that they could and would by pluck and luck. They bought some dozens of Rolls Royces and other trinkets to foist upon those ignorant natives who were given to such gewgaws and were on their way.

IV

With a sigh, Anna Mae relinquished the last bit of her plate to the waiter, slipped the spoons into her pockets, and averred that she was ready for the trip. Within the hour the great expedition was pushing through the dreadful Siamese undergrowth, cutting down *nyambas,* hacking off the limbs of pungent *anacondas,* shooting the fierce *asawasas* by the hundred, and always advancing into the terrible, tropical forests. Then Albert looked at his watch.

"Sixteen minutes to go!" he cried bitterly. "If we don't make it we are foiled. Can we do it?" The only answer was in the feverish energy of the workers. They labored for hours without pausing; the water gave out; for days Anna Mae did not touch a drop. Suddenly prohibition was repealed and with a loud whoop she fell upon a case of White Horse and gulped it down. Six more days and they had come to Sozara, the goal of their journey.

The next week was spent in searching the ruins of the Temple of Xinquistix, the Siamese god of fertility. Anna Mae thought that the plans were hidden about the head of the god, others thought that they were buried beneath the sacrificial Altar; Albert, in his humorous way, pretended to think that Anna Mae was concealing them in her stocking. Each man searched in the place he thought likeliest.

V

"Heavens!" exclaimed Albert, rising from the ground. "We are undone!" There under his very nose was the telltale hair of the tootsie wootsie, one tip scarlet with the vivid stain of fresh blood. The members of the expedition gathered about the horrible sign and stood like men in trances while a clammy silence fell upon them. Even as one of them prepared to speak a cold voice sternly appeared in the doorway and ordered the group to throw up their hands and anything else that they had handy. Next an unwavering automatic showed up and close behind it the figure of Nick Neese.

"I think that I can explain a few things here," he said shortly. "I am Sherlock Holmes, alias Father Brown, neé Gilda Gray, alias Elbert Eggson, alias Nick Neese. Consider yourselves my prisoners. And you," he continued, turning to Albert Albertson, "You are Pugs Pugnacious, the terror of seven continents, the grandmother of Elbert Eggson, and the nephew of Henry Ford. You Anna Mae, are none other than Electra Shock, the movie comedy star and famous female impersonator. The rest of you are relatively innocent. That imitation tootsie wootsie hair threw you off the trail, did it not? Ha! Ha! There *isn't* any tootsie wootsie. And remember that anything you say will be used against you."

[THE END]

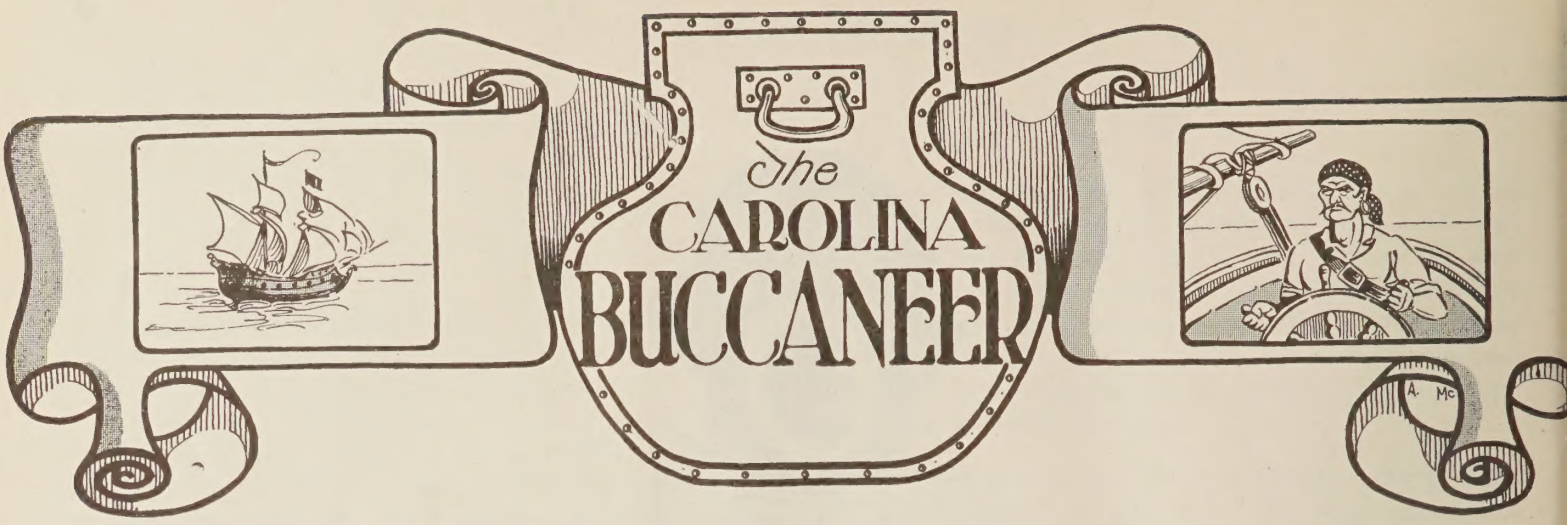
Jefferson sees the world while on tour with a minstrel show. His mouth should prove that travel is broadening.

This answer to a maiden's prayer is standing before the Café de la Paix, waiting hopefully to see Uncle Bim ride by.

Uncle George sincerely wishes that he had never come on this trip. What's the use of anything? Nuttin!

Miss Arabella Smith has a complex. Did the Egyptian gentleman across the room smile? If so, how can she be naughty and yet be nice?

MAC



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ONLY one thing is lacking to make the University of North Carolina and all of its partisans completely happy. That one thing is a brilliant backfield coach. We have won the Southern Basketball Championship once more: indeed, the good people of Atlanta are threatening to discontinue the affair if Carolina is allowed to enter next year: President Chase has returned to the fold after we thought of him as one of the departed. We have everything, that is, everything but the aforementioned coach.

Fortunately, an expedient has occurred to us by means of which the situation may be remedied. Any intelligent man, we believe, can coach football. A good football coach draws a good salary. The state seems willing to pay that salary. Secretary of State Everett is reported to have said, "The only thing for the president of the University to do now is to secure us the best football coach available." Taking these cheering words as a starter we have evolved a scheme by which the president will never again be lured into newer pastures by promises of the adequate salary which the N. C. legislature cannot give. The idea, in a word, is this: Let Chase go to a summer coaching school and come back next year in the combined offices of president and coach! There it is, so simple that one would hardly ever think of it. The salary would be munificent, of course. Chase would occupy a unique position and get his picture in the

newspapers. He might even be given a nickname by some enterprising sports editor. We feel sure that he would be a successful coach, and it is really essential that Secretary Everett be satisfied. If he could not give sufficient time to his executive duties it would be a comparatively easy matter to hire a graduate student to help around the office while Chase cavorted about Emerson Field in an endeavor to give the campus and the state the thing that they desire beyond rubies. We appeal to the student body to support us in our little plan for better football and bigger salaries for the coaches.

THE Flapper was sitting on the typewriter with her knees conventionally bared to the public gaze when old Epsilon Upsilon himself peeked into the office.

"Is the editor out?" he inquired vituperatively. "If he is, as appearances indicate, I shall come in. There is a faint doubt in my mind about a question of teleological importance."

"What do you think about the library situation?" interrupted the pert young thing with a symbolic glance at the church steeple framed in the north window.

"Nothing!" retorted Epsilon Upsilon. "But does not a nebulous uncertainty possess you when you examine the facets of the arguments against ontology?"

"It does not," retorted the Flapper, suspecting an imposition on her innocence. "What interests me is that there is not a single volume of the Girl Scouts in the library. Nor is there one of Tom Swift, or the Rover Boys, or the Motorcycle Lads, or the Wizard of Oz, or Peck's Bad Boy, or the Bobbsy Twins, or any of the classics. How will the innocent little children of the faculty recognize important literary illusions when they grow up? It gets me; yes, it gets my goat."

Whereupon she burst into a flood of sympathetic tears. Epsilon Upsilon himself was constrained to wipe an optic. Then, like a bolt from the blue, the true significance of the matter struck him.

"The freshmen! The freshmen!" he moaned. "Little do their families dream that we have no Rover Boys, no Tom Swift."

Long, long into the night they pondered o'er the question. Then Epsilon Upsilon said bravely, "Perhaps the Lord will help."

Oswald says he turned down an offer as partner in an architect's office. Why did he do it?

It would have been very embarrassing. You see, an architect is a man who draws.

Yes?

And a man who draws is a drawer isn't he?

Well?

A partnership is a pair isn't it?

A MEAN PARTY

"I mean that sure was a wild party we threw last night. Didn't get a wink of sleep—out with some of the girls in the Dixieland Dottle Revue. We had a whole pint of corn too. Hot! I'll say!"

He beamed evilly at us. A quiet game of bridge was, or rather, had been going on. We had endured this Jones and his wild parties' for months. He sat telling loudly every detail, blowing his smoke, from a particularly nasty brand of turkish cigarette he affected, over us, and desecrating our evening services to the great god Hoyle.

"Some day," gently predicted Arthur, a quiet man of some strength who took his bridge very seriously, "Some day something is going to happen to Jones, and I shan't be greatly annoyed when it does."

This was after Jones had regaled us with a most boring account of a mean party he had thrown.

"We sure threw a mean party last night," he said, blowing smoke in Arthur's face. "Lord, I didn't get a wink of—Migod! What do you mean—playing your ace like that—any fool could see that the king would have done!"

Last night Arthur came in a bit late.

"Wonder where Jones is?" I asked, dealing. "He hasn't been here for two nights now."

Arthur smiled. "I sure threw a mean party tonight." His tone made us stare inquiringly.

"Jones," he murmured, picking up his cards, and very cheerfully arranging them. "Over a cliff. Two spades."

"Now I understand why the traffic signals are made so high in New York."
"And why is that?"
"So that they will be on street level during these spring snows.'

TRAVEL ANECDOTE

The lure of the unknown drew the young Marco Polo into the vast rich land that was called Cathy. The Great Khan heard of the adventure and had him brought to his palace. Now the Khan needed a lieutenant and a son-in-law and in his stables was an untamed stallion which he kept to test all suitors. Whosoever could ride the horse, to him would he give his round bosomed daughter and half his kingdom. Messer Marco Polo liked the girl well; so one fine morning he threw his supple body into the saddle and fought for his reward. Sure enough he was thrown for a row of sardine factories, the poor fish.

THINGS WE EXPECT TO SEE SOON

Dancers covered only by their accident insurance policies.

Bathing beauties wearing only smiles.

Co-Eds wrapped up only in their studies.

Har: Why is it that only the unwise fish get caught?

Poon: Because the wise ones cannot get hooked as long as they keep their mouths shut.

WE MUST SAY A WORD ABOUT THE GIRL'S NUMBER

IT APPEARS ABOUT APRIL 20

WITH THE TROPICAL WEATHER

A FABLE

Once upon a time a Wrinkled Old Monkey and a Beautiful Young White Swan set out upon a long journey to Paris. They had been married about six months. They were going to get a divorce. Week after week the Old Monkey had prayed to his beautiful wife not to leave him. But she would not listen.

"You told me before we married that you had more dough than the goat," she wailed, "and to think that you only have a paltry half million. Why, you must think that I married you for love. No. Just look what I have sacrificed for the Lucre I thought you had. Think what it will mean to my children who will be thrown back 3,000 years in the process of Evolution. Oh! Oh! Quack! Quack!"

So at last the Old Monkey had agreed that as nothing else would satisfy his wife, they should get a divorce, with the result that they were now on their way across the big blue ocean to the land of easy separation.

Every day the White Swan went swimming in the ship's pool in company with a boisterous crowd of awkward young Apes and funny little Donkeys that brayed loudly at everything said and never showed any breeding.

In the meantime, the Old Monkey stayed on deck and played poker with a fat old Pig who had made billions of dollars in America. This old Rooter had won and wed a lovely little Black Swan who sometimes joined in the Poker games. Somehow the Pig did not often come out winner in these games. He did not seem to worry, however. And would frequently fall asleep, leaving the Monkey and the Black Swan to finish the game by themselves. Soon there developed a sweet intimacy between these two as they played and whispered beside the sleeping Pig. They took frequent strolls around the deck and often managed to steal off together to some quiet nook for a necking party. One day they agreed that the Black Swan, too, should get a divorce in Paris and marry the Monkey.

Now when the White Swan heard that the Pig had oodles and oodles of Kale she decided to alienate his affections. This was not hard to do as the Black Swan was not giving her spouse much loving those days. So it happened that these four changed mates.

On the return journey it seemed that the Pig and the White Swan did not at first wish to notice their less wealthy formers, but hearing the latter had actually been for a day the guests of a real French Nobleman their late mates soon became very friendly. Many a game of draw poker was played on the sunny deck. The female portion of the party walked arm in arm and peace was restored. But the tale is not yet ended.

As the passengers were leaving the boat at New York a slender, mousy creature with sunken cheeks and a long curly moustache walked up to our friend, the Pig, and, disclosing at the same time a bright badge on the under side of his coat lapel and a Colt's automatic in his right hand, said thusly:

"Don't make a move, Sulky the Skunk, or I'll shoot. There is a cool thousand on your head for that little murder and bootleg business."

With that he seemed to skin the Pig alive. But, sure enough, the pig skin was only a disguise, and the others instantly recognized the Skunk who had killed a famous statesman about a year before in a quarrel over the price of a quart of bootleg liquor.

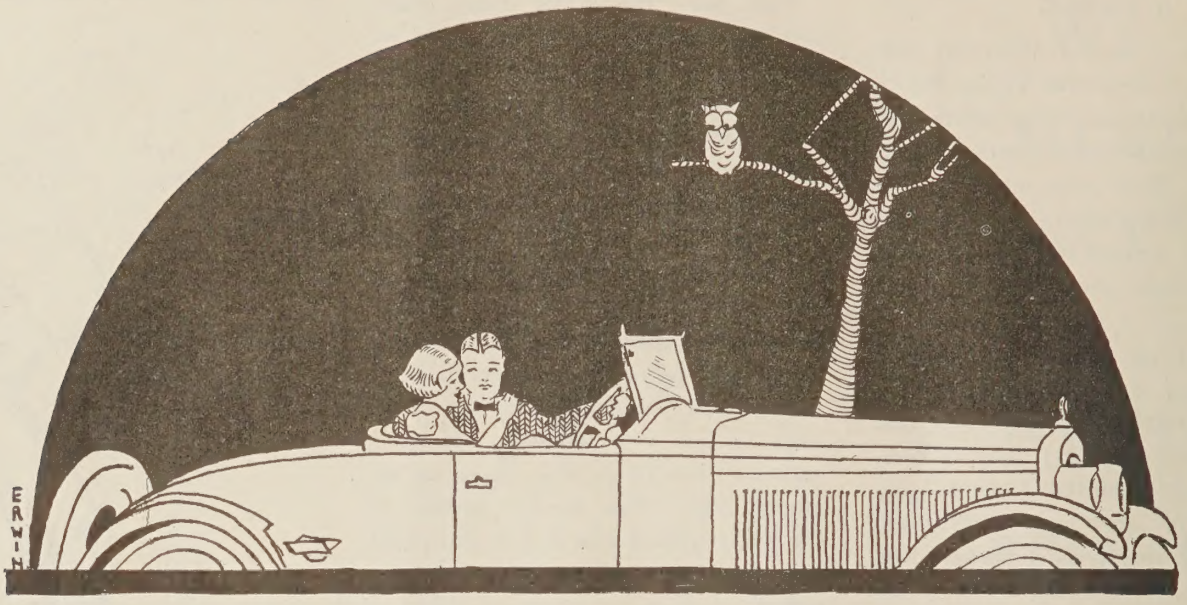
"I guess you have enough money laid up so your wife won't have to work for a living while you're at Sing-Sing," said the one with the badge.

"No, no, I have not," cried the unhappy Skunk, pointing to the Old Monkey, "he won it all at poker."

"Let's go inside, dear Wooly Pappa; the air out here is awful," said the lovely little Black Swan as she buried her delicate nose in the fur of her homely spouse's manly shoulder.

Moral: DON'T FOOL WITH CARDS OR WOMEN UNLESS YOU'RE LUCKY.

"Let's go inside, dear Wooly Pappa; the air out here is awful," said the lovely little Black Swan.



She: "Those who ride and walk back home live to ride again."
He: "True in a way, but they don't ride often."

ESKIMO PIE

The young missionary was warming up to his subject. His eyes flashed fire as he translated his eloquent thoughts into that strange pagan language. His audience squatted on the floor of the rude hut and listened open-mouthed to this strange foreigner's account of a new world.

"As sure as you remain bloodthirsty savages, you must eventually reach this hell of fire and brimstone that I have just described," he shouted. "All who are not saved must suffer its scorching heat. There is no escape except through salvation. And, My Friends, there will be no cool ice water there. It will all be flames. There are many sins which will send your soul to this fiery world. The greatest of these is murder."

"Wait minute," interrupted a guttural voice. "All we got do go hell kill man?"

"As I was saying," continued the divine, "no one who has killed a man can escape the fires of hell."

Alas, the poor fellow never finished. His body now lies frozen in the cold northern ground, and it bears the marks of seventy-five Eskimo daggers.

Kindly Old Man: "You don't make a practice of smoking, I hope?"

Co-ed: Hell no, sweet papa, I'm outa that stage!

Dear Editor:

I would rite a poem telling how I would go to Samarkand and Bagdad and Tibet and Wales and Greenland only what's the use when I can see them in a movie travelog a damn sight easier except that the same poem has been written for every college comic in the country. I am sorry this is all for this time,

Yours,

A. B. S. VIK.

Horatius (at bridge): "Quick, bring me another axe; this one bears not the union label."

'29: What dances we pulled back in B. T.!
Old Grad: What do you mean B. T.?
'29 (didactically): Before Thanksgiving.

Judge: I've seen cases come and I've seen cases go.
Sheriff: Yes, I captured 'em and you drank 'em.

A COLLITCH CONVERSATION HEARD AT ARKHANGELISK UNIVERSITY FOR THE BULLSHEVIKI.

Hi, Petrovitch, howa today?

Lo, Ivanovo, kinda down, kinda down.

Why wadza madder?

Jus' flunkta bomb throwin' exam.

Hooya hava course under?

Professor Yaroslof.

Yaknow wherey lives?

Yeh.

Gottany kids?

Yeh, six.

Good, tellya whatwe do.

Wadzat?

Leava bomb underis doorstep.

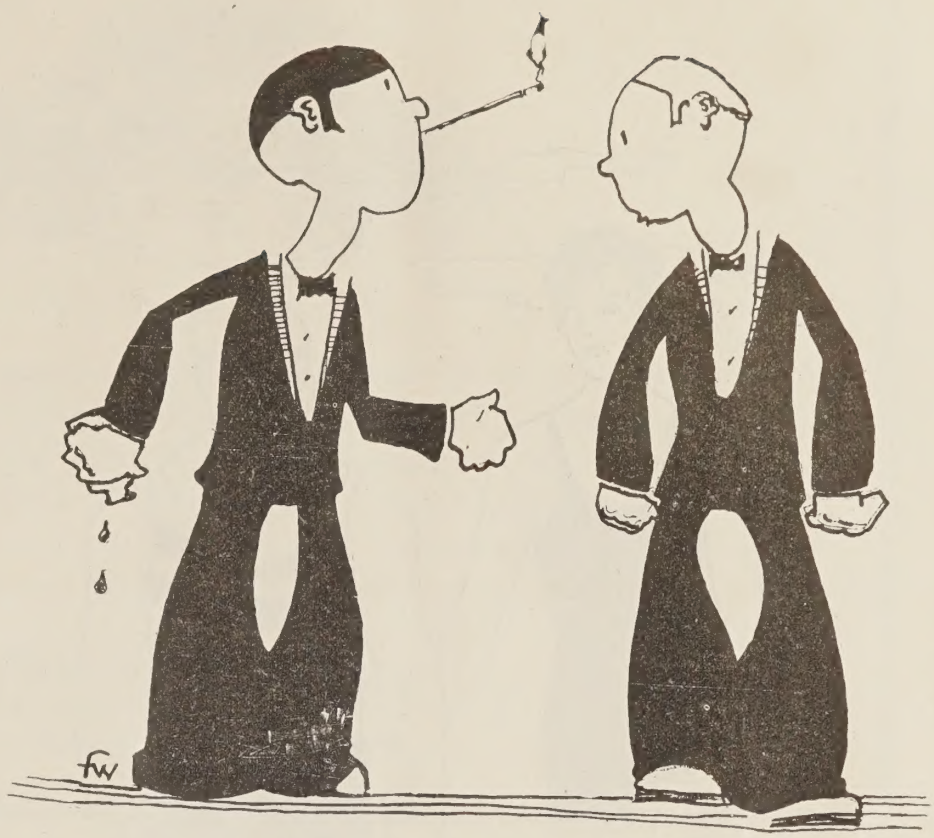
Fine, yagottany bombs?

Yeh, lotuvem.

Where'll I meetcha?

Dead Cat Alley, nina clock.

Fine, Ivanovo, seeya then. Sure gladda metcha.

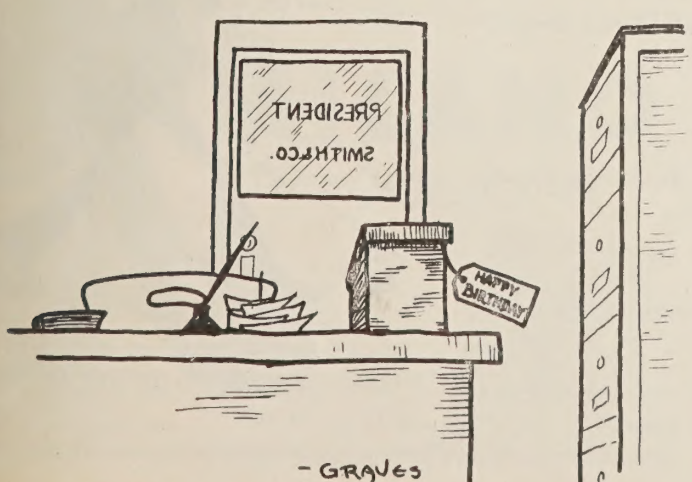


One: My wife was missed by a hairsbreadth this morning.

One-half: Yes, these foreign car owners are careless as the devil.

Did your stenographer give up her job?

No, she's still running true to type.



"FROM OFFICE BOY TO PRESIDENT!"

TRAVEL ANECDOTE

Odysseus was passing by an ill-famed island where a mean old Siren hung out. To keep her from beguiling his crew he stuffed their ears with cotton-wool and lashed them to the rigging. But two or three of them got loose and swam ashore, unable to withstand the insidious harmony of the Siren's music. Odysseus told the home folks that the sailors had been changed into swine by the potent thaumaturgy of the seductive lady, but the real truth is that his swine gag was just sour grapes because the Siren really gave the boys one hell of a big time.

Breathes there a man with a heart so dead,
Who always to himself hath said;
I or these bugs shall leave this bed.

"I just saw that egg who played full back for Boodler staring at you, darling."
"Please don't hurt him, father."
"I wasn't going to, darling."

Who has not heard that if one waits long enough sitting at a table in front of a certain Parisian cafe that everyone of importance in the world will be seen? From experience we can match that saying by affirming that one may sit in the balcony of the State Senate and wait forever, and no one of importance will be seen.

1: "Why does a financially embarrassed man resemble a dog?"

2: "Dunno."

1: "Because he never has any money in his pants."

2: "Yeh, but the man might wear pants with checks in them."

"Do dentists beat their wives?"
"No, they crown them."

"I can't eat tomato soup."
"Why is that?"
"It doesn't match my vest."

She (to successful vampire): "Please tell me the easiest way to get a ring."

S. V.: "Make yourself known as the village belle."

"I've decided not to marry Harry."
"My sweetie has gone broke, too."

Gent: "Waiter, there are two flies in my coffee. Can you explain that?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir. You see, they are twins and they just won't be separated."

Don't you just love an open fire?
Sure—wait till the fire bell rings and we'll go to one.

A D V A N C E

THE ADVANCE DISPLAY OF SPRING FABRICS IS REMARKABLE BY REASON OF THE EXTRAORDINARY RANGE OF TEXTURES, TONES AND PATTERNS. SELECTIONS WERE MADE BY FINCHLEY WITH A FULL AND ADMIRABLE REGARD FOR THEIR USAGE IN TAILORING THE ENGLISH TYPE OF BROAD-SHOULDERED GARMENTS.

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NEW YORK

"The sweetest pipe in the world"

"It's a W D C"
W D C
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The Milano is made in 37 smart shapes in smooth finish, from $3.50 up; rustic finish, $4.00 up—all "*insured*" for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"

This snappy style is No. 1780

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THE BEST COMEDY IN AMERICA
Wallace Irwin · Viola Brothers Shore · John V.A. Weaver
Donald Ogden Stewart · Ralph Barton · Lois Seyster Montross

On Sale April 1

KATHARINE BRUSH writes of jaunty gentlemen and of women with the warm breath of love on their lips. "Never Keep a Diary" is the kind of story she enjoys writing and you will enjoy reading. The illustrations for it are gay and delightful ones, by Arthur William Brown.

He (ululating): I have been on the voige that I mentioned.
She: What was that?
He (again reboating): The voige of a nervous breakdown.

Nigger, why is you ridin' in de express car?

Fool, I'se takin' one of dem courses in self expression.

Bold thug, pray tell me why wouldst not rob a house wherein a newly wed couple reside?

Beshrew me, officer, the occupants of the house are always up in arms.

Chauncey, my boy, death is now our only recourse. Shalt order the hemlock to be prepared?

Nay, Philemon, whilst we are about it, let's make it a barrel of rum and die happy.

IT COMES IN JARS

Willie: "Mother, may I eat all the jelly I wish?"

Mother: "Yes, son, but be sure to keep out of the traffic jam."

"How do women 'have it' on men?"

"Search me."

"The wisest man is foolish about women, but the most foolish woman is wise about men."

"I saw a dumb man today who had an impediment in his speech."

"That can't be true."

"Yes, he had two fingers missing."

Where to with the andirons, old friend?
To my golf lesson, young one.

Mother's Day---May 9

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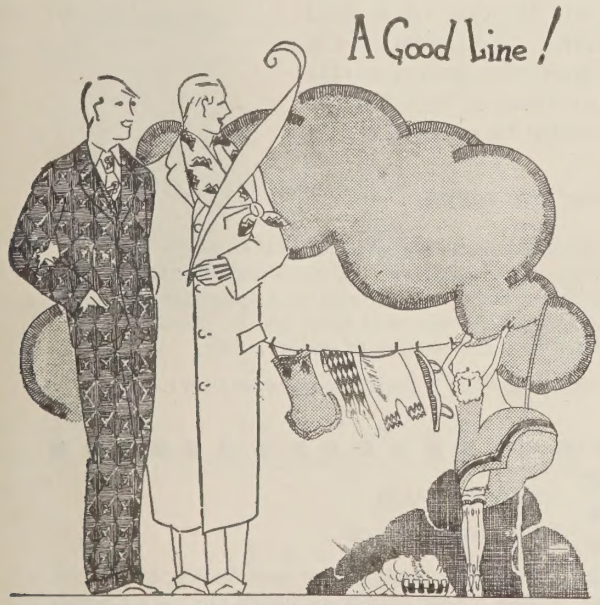
Unusual Candies for the Occasion

AGENT FOR

Spaulding Athletic Goods

SUTTON & ALDERMAN, *Druggists*
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA



Braeburn
SMART STYLED CLOTHES FOR COLLEGE MEN

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY MARKHAM-ROGERS CO.

Our stock is mainly composed of

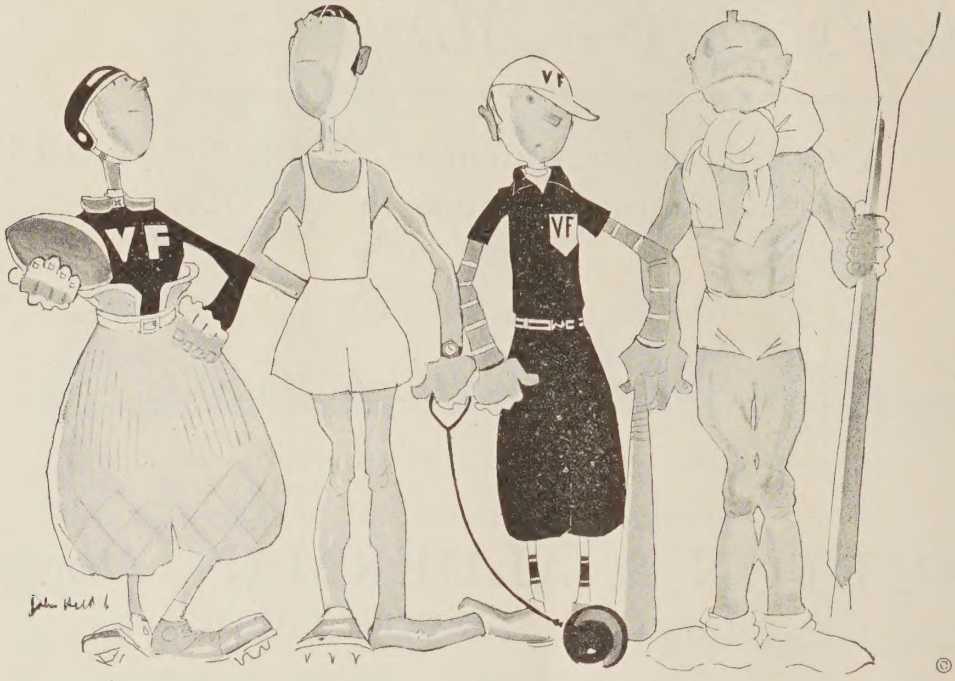
Books and Office Supplies

But we also have a soft drink and sandwich fountain for the Carolina boys' convenience.

So, if it is a desk, or a book, or a sandwich that you want, drop in and be received with a smile at the

DURHAM BOOK & STATIONERY COMPANY
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

A T H L E T E S !



© Vanity Fair.

Do you sometimes put on pants?

Do you sometimes go out into civilized society? Are you included—even by mistake—at luncheons, dinners, teas? Then, what do you know about the other fellow's game? You can't discuss the discus throw with dowagers. You can't sock debutantes in the jaw. Intelligent men and women talk of art, the theatre, dancing, the latest world idea . . . and not even an arrowy dive into the green turtle soup can save you from the consequences of not knowing what it's all about. Bores aren't asked a second time!

Don't be muscle-bound above the ears!

The world can't bother with people who never let more than one idea dawn above their horizon—one sport, one art, one line of repartee.

It won't recognize you unless you can hold up your end when the talk veers to the charming, sophisticated interests of modern life.

And yet the secret of social success is so easy—so simple—so inexpensive. All you need to do is tear off that coupon and spend two dollars for the one magazine that will keep you in touch with every new movement of modern life.

Get a running start! Sign the coupon now!

Special Offer!

10

issues of

VANITY FAIR

for

$2.00

VANITY FAIR,
Greenwich, Conn.

Enclosed find $2 for ten issues of Vanity Fair. Just watch me crash the velvet ropes in nothing flat.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

What is in a name depends a great deal on the article.

Old Hampshire Stationery

means first, last and always quality.

Old Hampshire is not sold on its reputation but on its maintained quality, strength and appearance.

[Sold by SUTTON & ALDERMAN]

FINE STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

NAT LUXENBERG & BRO.
CLOTHES

The Luxenberg Tuxedo is ample proof of the correctness in clothes — smart cut and excellent quality — that's something every man desires.

NEXT SHOWING AT
Carolina Smoke Shop
Mon.- Tues., Apr. 19th-20th

Nat LUXENBERG & Bro.
37 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
Between 16th & 17th Sts.

12.

I: "Learn any new songs this summer, Bill?"
Bill: "Yes, I learned a hotel song."
I: "Hotel song. How does it go?"
Bill: "Something like this: 'Hotel me pretty maiden'."—*Orange Owl.*

✠ ✠ ✠

THE SILVER LINING

Police Sergeant: Is the man dangerously wounded?
Patrolman: Two of the wounds are fatal, but the other one isn't so bad.—*Police Magazine.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Captain of Liner: "Hail!" (Long pause).
Gym Instructor (unable to stand the suspense any longer): "Exhale!"

—*Tiger.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"How was Vera dressed at the party last night?"
"I forget, but I do remember that her dress was checked."
"Say, what kind of a dance was that?"—*Burr.*

✠ ✠ ✠

War cry of the Molecules: "Up and atom, up and atom!"

—*Pointer.*

Decorate yourself with the degree of P. A.

THAT means "Pipa Amoroso" in the Latin, or "pipe-lover" in plain campus English. P. A. has certainly endeared a pipe to more men than any other letters in the smoke-alphabet. Because Prince Albert lets a fellow smoke all he wants to—and makes him *want* to!

Cool as the stare of a marble Venus. Sweet as the approach of vacation. Fragrant as spring blossoms. Think up your *own* similes, Fellows. You *will* when you pick P. A. and a jimmy-pipe for permanent roommates. Prince Albert is great tobacco, and that's not blah.

Get yourself a tidy red tin of Prince Albert today. Fill the bowl of that old jimmy-pipe to the brim and borrow a match. Then you're set for some great smoke-sessions, as sure as you're a foot high.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1926, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

For Lots in

Davie Woods

SEE

CHAPEL HILL REAL ESTATE
AND INSURANCE CO.

This Space
Reserved
for

Stetson
BALTIMORE

Professor: "You missed class yesterday, didn't you?"
Student: "Not at all old boy, not at all." —*Sour Owl.*

* * *

Mrs. Isaacs: "Jacob vants something oxiting to read—hairbredth esgapes, marvelous resgues, and all dot!"
Mr. Isaacs: "So! I will cut him out a lot of batent medecines advertisements at vunce." —*Judge.*

* * *

Tramp: "Help a poor fellow who worked for 20 years for prohibition."
Kind Lady: "How did you do that?"
Tramp: "I was the horrible example."
—*Cougar's Paw.*

* * *

The Girl Debater: "The crying need of this country is children."
The eldest Rover: "Let's be patriots." —*Beanpot.*

Haircuts---Shaves
Shampoos---Massages

Chapel Hill Barber Shop

FANCY ICES BLOCK CREAM

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for
Frat or Sorority banquets

Phones 58 and 59 Main at Duke

PUNCHES SHERBETS

Back in those good old days when the daring undergrads rode their bikes around town with their feet on the handle bars, and a race between two-wheelers was a gala event—even in those good old days Anheuser-Busch was nationally known among good fellows.

And now, with bicycles as rare as free lunch and pretzels,

BUSCH
(A-B)
PALE DRY

is the favored drink of college men because, like the college man, Busch Pale Dry is a good mixer everywhere and every time.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS
THOMAS & HOWARD CO.
Distributors Durham, N. C.

Pretty Thing (lost in the big city): "Oh, sir—won't you —won't you take me home?"

Young man: "Madam, I'd love to—but I can't. I live at the Y. M. C. A." —*Kitty-Kat.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"I simply haven't time any more to read the books I ought to."

"No?"

"I hardly have time to read the books I oughtn't to." —*Gargoyle.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Abie, can you throw de quoit?"

"You don't throw de quoits, Poppa, you drink them." —*Caveman.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"You certainly do eat in a hurry, Gaston."

"Yeh, this is a fast day, Maria." —*Sun Dial.*

✠ ✠ ✠

He: "Wanta go swimmin'?"
She: "I don't swim."
He: "Wanta go bathin'?"
She: " I don't—aw, shut up!" —*Pointer.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Let me kiss those tears away," he begged tenderly.

She fell in his arms, and though he was busy for the next few minutes, the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly.

"No," she murmured. "It's hay fever; but go on with the treatment." —*Drexerd.*

✠ ✠ ✠

She: "Tell me you love me."
He: "I love you."
She: "Say it as though you meant it."
He: "I love you."
She: "Say it with more feeling."
He: "What the hell is this, a dramatic rehearsal?" —*Widow.*

DR. DANIEL T. CARR
Dentist

Tankersly Building

Phone 64

"Take it easy, Charlie! Remember the blowout you got last time we went to a show."
"I prythee, Fairfax, do not alarm thyself. Hast forgot that I borrowed from thee the wherewithal for a set of Kelly-Springfields?"

45 minutes' toasting develops its aristocratic flavor — the enormous production makes possible its democratic price

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

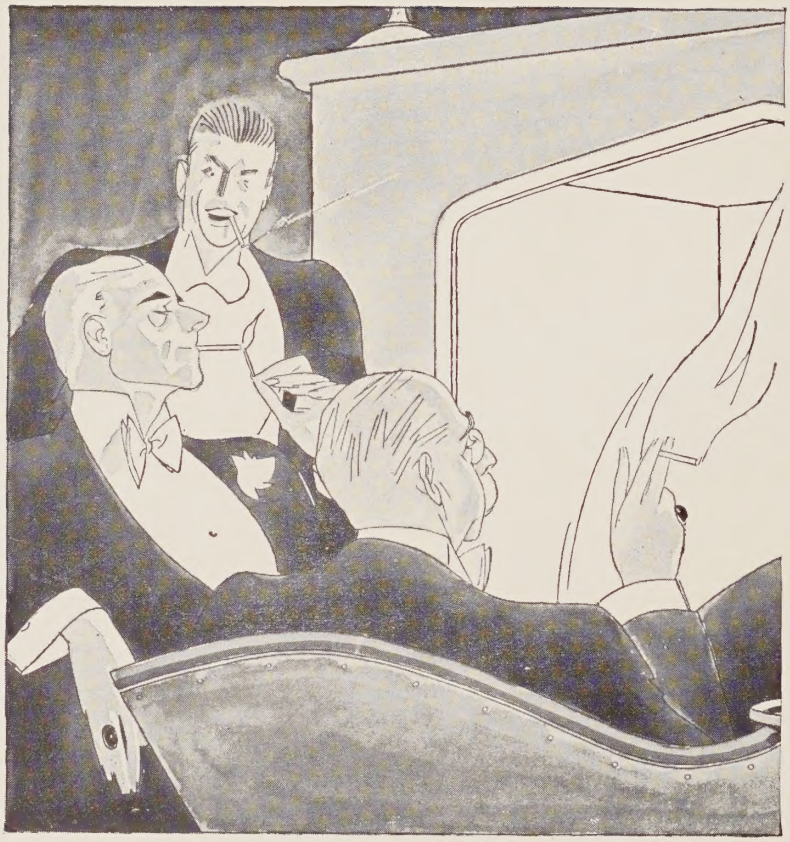
v. 3, no. 7

BUCCANEER

GIRLS' NUMBER

1926

When old grads drop in—and around the fire experiences of then are fondly retold —have a Camel!



WHEN famed men return. And by dancing firelight they relate their stories of old. When suddenly illumined you see your own future, high among the successful—*have a Camel!*

For Camel helps all men who rise proudly to rise higher and more jauntily. Camels never harm or tire your taste, no matter how plentifully you smoke them, never leave a cigaretty aftertaste. Search where you may, you'll never find more mellow fragrance, more friendly flavor, than you get in Camels.

So this night when those from long ago return to think of the roads that join. As you see in their past your future unfold, then zestfully taste the smoke that's prized by the world's experienced.

Have a Camel!

Into the making of this one cigarette goes all of the ability of the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men. Nothing is too good for Camels. The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The most skilful blending. The most scientific package. No other cigarette made is like Camels. No better cigarette can be made. Camels are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

© 1926

A Long Lumber History

The Cary Lumber Company has a long history in the lumber business. Durham was a small town even when Cary started selling lumber to build more homes, and it has been pleasing to us to know that we have sold a good quality of lumber to home-builders and contractors as we continue to grow with growing Durham.

Cary Lumber Company

Established 1894

Durham, N. C.

Old Lady: "You can't be so poor, my good man, if you wear spats."

Tramp: "Ma'm, dese is suede shoes wid de bottoms worn off."—*The Purple Cow.*

* * *

Camel: "What's the difference between that coed and a traffic crossing sign?"

Chesterfield: "Well, I'll bite."

Camel: "The crossing sign says, 'Stop.'"—*Columns.*

* * *

Moral of the Corkscrew: It pays to keep straight, look how I lost out.—*Virginia Reel.*

* * *

Q: I've got a splinter in my lip.

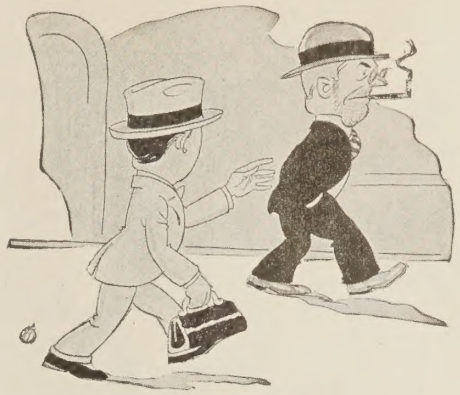
Katrina: How come?

Q: Kissing Ed.

Katrina: Well?

Q: He'd been drinking wood alcohol.—*Pelican.*

Tough Customers



—I like 'em!

I like 'em hard to sell. Any grip-toter who has criss-crossed this U. S. A. and points Mex. for as many years as I have, comes to the bat with unholy joy when he meets a tough customer.

As for me, I'm selling Mennen "Shaving Service," and I know I've got something.

Now you take Mennen Shaving Cream—there's a product that has won over more tough customers than any he-man product I know of.

You see this Dermutation—beard-softening process—is really scientific. It gets results right away. A tiny little cream builds a magnificent, firm, creamy lather that makes each stiff and horny hair wholly soft and pliable.

The razor goes through without a tweak and when you wipe off your face, you've got a shave that's a *shave.*

Also Mennen Skin Balm. That's newer, but let a man once try it and he's sold. It's a balm, you know—comes in tubes—not a liquid. A tiny bit on your finger tips, rubbed gently on after a shave—and *boy!* First there's a little astringent *bite,* then a spicy, cool freshness spreading all over your cheeks and down towards your Adam's apple. In half a minute, it's all absorbed—and you've got a sparkling, toned-up feeling that's unique in your experience.

Then there's Mennen Talcum for Men. That's service. Made to match the color of man's skin so that it doesn't show. A dash of it absorbs all moisture the towel doesn't reach, soothes the skin and protects it against wind, rain, hail or sun with an invisible, antiseptic film.

All three together make the Complete Mennen Shave. And my advice is to start for the nearest drugstore and get all three. It's good, common-sense luxury.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Good and Bad Taste in Men's Jewelry

In the matter of jewelry a man wears, he can display bad taste in dress more glaringly than in ever the brightest tie or handkerchief, or outrageously patterned and colored materials, which he may choose for his suits and overcoats. Frankly, jewelry is a give-away in the matter of bad taste, and to illustrate this statement, there are two groups of jewelry which clearly define two types of men familiar to us all. The plain gold or platinum seal ring, and the simply initialed cuff links and cigarette case as well as the square watch with unostentatious finely linked chain, are all in the best taste though they may be extremely valuable from the point of view of their cost. A watch with a jeweled rim, a ring with sapphires and diamonds, a jeweled scarf pin, and a much decorated cigarette case, are in themselves in good taste for certain very dressy occasions, but they cannot be worn in the casual manner of everyday jewelry, for they are too showy for even the man who is faultlessly and luxuriously turned out. The watch with pearl chain belongs to evening wear only, and an elaborate cigarette case, jeweled cuff links, etc., should be worn only on certain occasions, when a man is unusually carefully dressed, as he would be at an opera or some very formal evening function. On other occasions, despite the good taste of each individual article, they cannot be considered to show good taste on the part of the wearer.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write the "Well Dressed Man," care the BUCCANEER, and your letters will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.

(Copyright, 1926, by Vanity Fair)

NAT LUXENBERG & BRO. CLOTHES

The Four Piece sport sack is an accepted part of every man's wardrobe . . . and as tailored by us it has the established approval of well-dressed men.

Next Showing at Carolina Smoke Shop
Monday and Tuesday, May 17th and 18th

Nat LUXENBERG & Bro.
37 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK
Between 16th & 17th Sts.

11

Co-ed Lament: I used to love you, but it's all over—all over the campus!—*Orange Peel.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Little Girl—"Have you any teeth, Grandpa?"
Grandpa—"No, child."
Little Girl—"All right, then you can hold these nuts for me."
—*Royal Gaboon.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Early to bed
And early to rise
Makes a cat wish
He didn't have nine lives.

✠ ✠ ✠

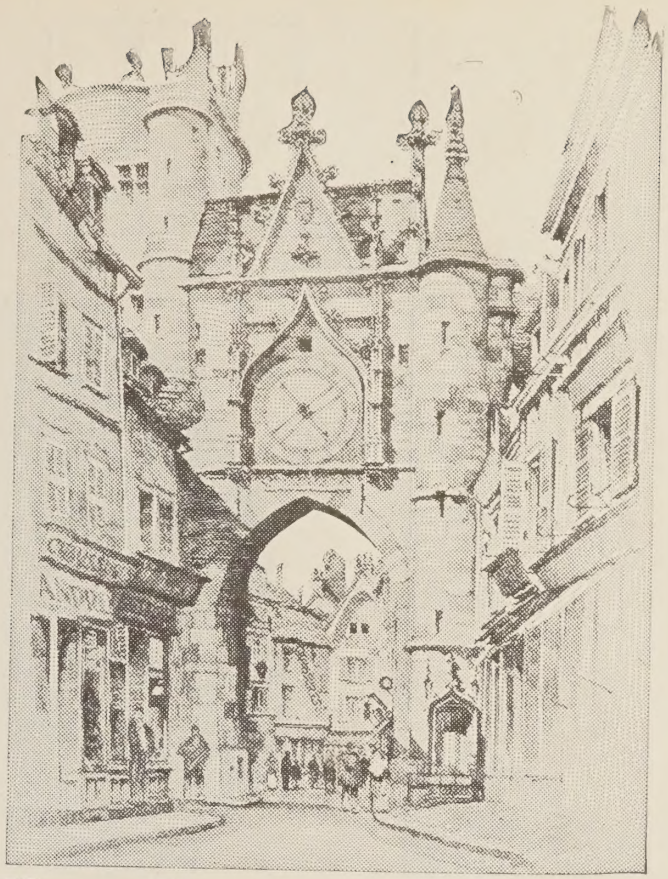
You say something, Isadore. I want to warm my hands.—*Stylus.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Bernice: "Did you and Trevelyan get out on the back porch last night?"
Valerie: "No, we got sofa and—er—no farther."—*Voo Doo.*

✠ ✠ ✠

He: "What a run!"
She (blushing): "Does it really show?"—*Stanford Chaparral.*



Your Vacation in France

at no greater expense than the ordinary summer at the mountains or shore

FRANCE has always welcomed visitors... catered to them... and shared all her treasures. So that "going abroad" has always meant going to France, to Paris—Paris... teeming with life; streets lined with book stalls, tables overflowing from crowded cafes, provincials in quaint dress, cosmopolites in the latest fashion!

This vivid spirit of Paris sails the sea... in a French Liner. Dances and deck games have a verve that carries the ship over the Atlantic all too soon. The cuisine and service are as French as one expects and finds in France. And the joy of docking at Havre! No transferring to tenders . . . a special boat train waiting... Paris in three hours. And all France within easy distance.

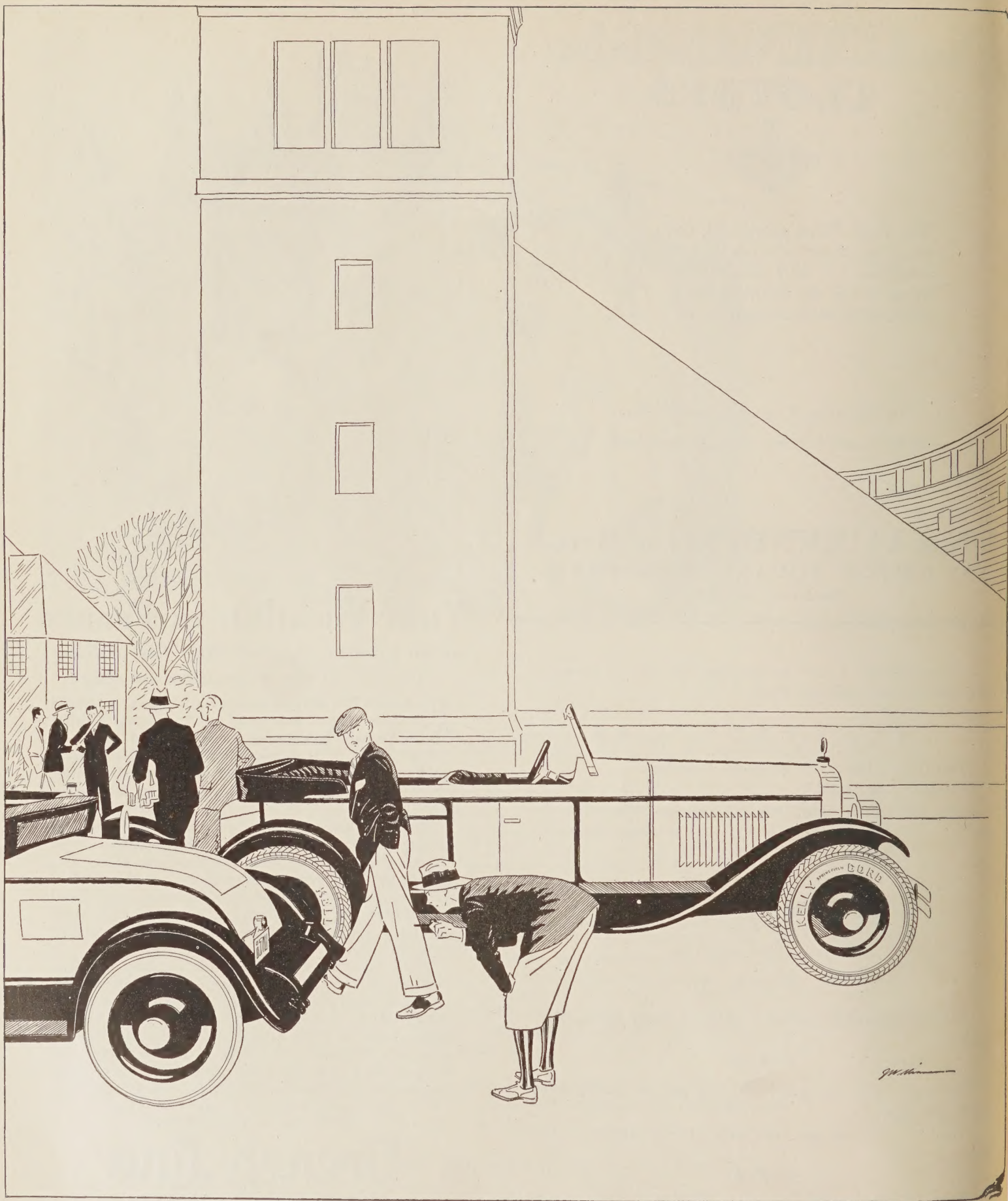
Why not motor through this country of quiet streams and towering mountains? Take your own car, uncrated, with you. Touring in France... and living comfortably . . . costs much less than in the United States. The de Luxe Liners, the Paris and France, go first to Plymouth, England... then to Havre, the Port of Paris. The one-class cabin liners, De Grasse, Rochambeau, La Savoie and Suffren go direct to Havre.

Information from any French Line Agent or recognized Tourist Office

French Line

19 State Street, New York City

Offices and Agencies in principal Cities of U. S. Europe and Canada



HARVARD

"Aw, come on. What are you looking at?"

"I was just wondering why a man of your scholastic attainments and supposedly high intelligence, didn't have Kelly-Springfields on his car."

COLD, COLD

You drive me to the dull inconsequence of thought
And Psych. runs dripping through my mind—
I've figured you a dozen times and yet
You say you're not that kind.
I think of all the orchids I have bought
Of how I've peeled my bill roll to the rind—
Compensation is a sacred debt,
But you are not that kind.

TO THE LADIES

A translation from the Hottentot without apologies to our esteemed contemporary, the *Carolina Magazine*.

The crescent dying minuscules
Lay weltering in piddled gore:
The herald-painted flaming gules
Across a sky so mangled, sore,
And rococo in aristocracy,
Yet prolix standing in knee tears——
For dead timocracy
They flowed like honey to their biers.

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME III NUMBER 7

VERSE AND VERSE

There is a hotsy in our school
Who carries on outrageous.
She flirts and pets and necks and, well,
She sits in nooks umbrageous
And calls boys sweetheart, honey, love,
And other names Andante.
She wants the men to realize
That she's a young bacchante.

Ancient: What's an appropriate gift for a telephone operator?

Egg: Why not give her some ear-rings?

"What do you know about the actress across the street?"

"Boy, she has so much dramatic feeling that she hangs asbestos curtains over her bedroom windows."

Silly: "We have formed a club to preserve the virility of American poetry. What would you suggest for our motto?"

Cynic: "Save the Service and you Save All."

Chauncey: "How do Jews manage to be so polite?"

Cholmondely: "Because, toppy, they're to the manna born."

Jack comes to see me once a week
And brings a box of candy.
I eat it all with Ralph next night—
Now isn't that just dandy?

Collitch: "One drink of Scotch is all I ever need."

Joe: "The reason being—?"

Collitch: "The power of suggestion makes me tight."

Our only criticism of Mr. Mencken is that he should be careful to print only decent material, as does Mr. McFadden, his distinguished fellow editor.

"How did that urp, Lester Least, get the editorship?"

"Oh, he wears a flowing bow tie, and then the coeds, the coeds.. ."

Now Albert talks of magazines
And Hugh raves on of sports
But I like Ed; he necks me down
And gives me bad reports.

"I hear that Zach Faster got twenty six votes for president of the student body."

"Really? I didn't know that his fraternity had that large a membership."

The political cigar is banished to the limbo. The modern method of getting votes is to whisper in the ear of the assembled urps that they are voting against a MAMMOTH MACHINE.

Johnny, don't spit on the floor like that!
Hell, ma, that's the only way I know to spit!

Saying of the campus cynic: "The girls need knees for the boys to knead."

High: "Van Google certainly is Ritzy."
Hat: "Ritzy? Why he has a pair of scales that weighs things out in monograms."

BOOZUM COMPANIONS

"Spring has come! Spring is here!" The cheering words ring throughout the house. Now is banished dull drear care. No longer does the heavy wintry silence hang over the house. Now there will be dancing, music, laughter. The new spring for the graphophone has come!

FROM MY DIARY

When I Was Just Two Years Old.

Today opened new horizons to me. Today, it might be said, a strange psychological change came about in me, an awakening, a movement toward bigger and better things. Just after my golf lesson mother came to me and invited me to join her in an early cock-tail. I started to tell her of the birdie I got on number four but refrained when my girlish intuition told me that something momentous was afoot.

"Dear little daughter," said mother, whom I suspect of reading sentimental novels, "Dear little daughter, your father and I have great plans for you. We want you to begin Kindergarten tomorrow and prepare yourself for Vassar."

I went out into the garden and broke my golf clubs to smithereens. Then I burnt my copy of *Ulysses* and my *Kraft-Ebing*. I knew that I must put these silly mementos of childhood from my thoughts and prepare myself for woman-hood. I went down town and bought some blocks and paper cut-outs. Tomorrow . . . . . .

We praise the powers that be that this is a moral university and that our politicians don't have to go around kissing babies in order to get votes.

"The restaurant politicians certainly did smother a certain party in the newspaper elections."
"What made them do it?"
"Even urps object to having too much of their grease stolen."

"Do you know the 'Song of the Vagabonds'?"
"Sure—'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching'."

Tar Heel reporter: "I'd like to get some information on the political situation."
Campus Coolidge: "Drink a little paregoric—it'll give you the inside dope."

1st Golfer: "Old Jones is a diamond in the rough."
2nd Maniac: "Yes, but he is a dub on the fairway."

POESIE

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou
Just what the devil is a shippes prow?
Boom, boom, a boom-boom
For where we aren't Hurray
Ta-ra-a-ra Boom-de-ay

Mother may I go out to play
While Mrs. Porter and her daughter
Wash their feet in Soda water?

THE ECHO (*tauntingly*)
Flamin' mamie, sure fire bound
Good-bye my lover, good-bye
I read it in the lost and found
Good-bye my lover, good-bye

A maiden most divinely tall
And most divinely fair,
They launched a thousand ships or more
Because she had red hair,
The swords they glittered balefully,
The armor shone right bright
The General drank a quart and said:
"I shan't be home tonight."

THE ECHO (*Fiercely*)
In the evening by the moonlight
Not a streetcar was in sight
Budha sat in meditation
Underneath a tree
I love my baby and I think,
My baby loves me.

HAVE YOU HEARD THESE LATEST SONG HITS?

Garter? You for garter remember.
Waiter? Show me the waiter go home.

Alas and alack, the president of the Listerine factory is dead.

How sudden. What caused it?

Halitosis.

SLIGHTLY WARMER

Sometimes you feel that inner, hidden urge
That sets alight a virgin's smouldering fires;
Your true self has a brief but fervent fling,
Repents, retreats and hastily retires.
Some girls are cold as any block of ice—
At least such is their sad, protective story—
But you, my dear, are warmer, slightly warmer,
A radiator in a dormitory.

Samson is a football man
I like to hear him laugh
But Samson hardly ever bubbles
And never takes a bath.

She: "Can anything be hereditary?"

He: "No, the government gets it all."

MAME: "I just can't let my knees get chapped before Junior-Senior."
SADIE: "Why, afraid they'll get rough?"

Prof: Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin.

Soak: So that's what the damn stuff's made of.

Jim: That big bully, Swivet, is learning to play a banjo.

James: Reformed by music, eh?

Jim: Hell no—just likes to pick on something smaller than him.

Phi: Do you ever practice psychology on your girl?

Bete: Say—we're not even engaged yet.

Eater: Bring me some vegetable soup.

Waiter: Sorry, but the dish-washers' union has called a strike.

ON A LABOR SAVING DEVICE

"This is clever," the sender thought,
As she checked the "X"
"Tis better to give than to receive,"
Dear John cried sorely vexed.

Apparent was the irony
In his curt reply:
"If labor it is to write to me
May correspondence die."

"I spend my time in thoughts of you,"
The little card had said;
"Yours lovingly without a doubt,"
The end had sweetly read.

The opening words were very douce
"Dear Angel" was the term,
Why had he been so cross with her?
She was no angle-worm.

But as the dawn, it broke on her,
In sooth it was right funny;
Instead of "I need loving" checked,
She'd underscored "some money!"

"Why is Peggy Joyce Hopkins called the goddess of liberty?"

"Because of the number of times she has been divorced."

Fresh.: "I went home last week-end to see father and mother."

Soph.: "And how did you find them?"

Fresh.: "Oh, I knew where they lived."

"So you traveled in Europe last summer to quench your thirst for knowledge?"

"No. Only my thirst."

Rene: What would you do if a man tried to kiss you?
Gene: Stamp furiously upon his toes.
Rene: And if you weren't standing?
Gene: I'd sit on him.

LOVABLE GIRL WINS HONOR

Miss Maybelle Hackensag was recently elected the prettiest girl in school after a hard battle. "It was too funny," she told the *Buccaneer* heeler, "but no one else would run against me. I don't know why, but they just wouldn't."

Maybelle is a lovable little girl of approximately twenty-eight with an abundance of auburn hair. She recently won the school beer drinking contest and heavy weight scratching event on the same night. Some record!

"My favorite screen hero is Al Smith", she admitted, "and my favorite author is Adela Rodgers St. John. I think that her name is just lovely."

Miss Hackensag spent several years at the South Carolina School for Girl Psychopaths, and was a prime favorite with all of her teachers. While there she went in for indoor sports and won her letter in all the major activities. Although Maybelle is not a goody-goody girl, she declares that she has never made a boy walk home and that all of the men at Tuscaloosa are her staunch supporters. Next year she is planning to continue her education in the North at the Christian College, Now Yiddish.

Fresh: "Give me a one finger cravat."
Clerk: "Whatthahell?"
Fresh: "Four-in-hand."

Moon: Don't you have an awful time hiding money at home?
Shine: Naw, I put it under the cake of soap.

Dump: "When a man dies he joins the Ku Klux Klan."
Dora: "Applesauce."
Dumb: "Ain'tcha ever heard about the sheeted dead?"

News: Why is it that more prolific journalists are produced by jails than by penitentiaries?
Paper: Because it takes the penitentiary birds too long to complete a sentence.

"I have a new beaux, Billy Bones."
"Say, you won't get anything out of that sort of a guy."

A Love Game on the Court: Or the Idiosyncrasies of a Dinosaur

Helen Wills and Suzanne Lenglen galloped on the court at Cannes, which metropolis is still in existence in spite of the annual output of tin Elizabeths in America. Bringing up the rear because they weren't in front, were to be discerned two inebriates pursuing the even tenor of their ways. They were just mere males, therefore minus quantities, and were absolutely unknown to us; so we disposed of them by dubbing them — X and — Y.

Well, the game was on. Racquets were spun and Helen called it. "Rough!" bellowed the Yankee heifer. Her brother was; so she served premier. It was just a light luncheon, howsomever, as salted herring had lost its savor during the Crimean tussle. Balls whizzed back and forth. Finally someone in a white suit, that makes him second cousin to Queen Elizabeth because her hair was red, shrieked out as a soul in mortal anguish, "Deuce!" Since this is a Gurl's number and we wouldn't think of shocking them with profanity, we'll play like he said "Zounds". Now we'll have to start all over again. Someone in a white suit, that makes him second cousin to Queen Elizabeth because her hair was red, shrieked out as a soul in mortal anguish, "Zounds!" The cherries on Grandmother's bonnet remained unjarred, however, at this colossal truth; so the game proceeded. (Author's note: Ha! Ho! Grandmother wasn't even there.)

— X, who was acting shadow for Helen, felt the need of the tempus and dashed up to play net, and fell in it. Isn't that just like a man?

"Fish!" ejaculated Suzanne, attempting to conceal her admiration for his feet.

These remarks were concerning neither cabbages nor kings, the two approved topics of conversation; I had to save the situation. "'Oh, but you're fast aussi, Miss Wills."

She gave me a telling glance. "I attended an American Institution for Females," was all that she vouchsafed, but then I pride myself on my woman's intuition and the Mexican situation.

Helen seized her racket, moved backward a few steps and waited for — X to move. Since there is no twenty-seventh chapter of Luke, there was no mention made in it of the fact that — X had Scotch blood in his veins. He did, however, and he therefore budged not.

"One, two, three—Fore," shouted Helen and served a swift ball into the center of — X's back. (Author's note: The back of — X was turned towards Miss Wills.)

"Aft!" returned — X exultingly. Now he had one on her. She had committed the deed behind his back. He hadn't been looking, at his Ingersoll, however, and he could not tell whether it was done underhandedly or overhandedly. But the pig jumped over the fence and the old lady got home that night.

A ball and yet another whizzed through the air, as balls have a way of doing when given the necessary impetus. Off from the distant slopes of Parnassus came the sweet refrains of a Jew's harp.

— X was enthralled. He stepped backward but soon realized that, like the seeds of the Parable, his foot had not landed on level soil, but seemingly in a corn-field.

"Pleez, would you get off of my foot? What do you think this is,—a Grail Dance?" interrogated Miss Wills, the urban farmerette, who knows nothing at all about the problem of how many oysterettes can feed the Near East soaked in milk.

Moral: When playing tennis in fur coats try to place the balls in a line with your left auricle so that no one will mistake them for alley-felines. Besides even Aunt Emma could tell you that over the fence is out.

(END)

First Going-to have-a-hang-over: Whatcha doing?

Second Drunk (staring at clock): Ish counting de ticks.

Onlooker (also drunk): Shay, that aint no dog.

1st He: What is false doctrine?

2nd He: When you tell the doctor your toe hurts and he gives you a dose of salts.

CO-ED NEWS

A girl in our dormitory determined to be a howling social success. She went to the city and got: 1. A bob. 2. A manicure. 3. Some clothes. 4. Some lip-stick. 5. A new joke.

She came back and got: 1. A Kappa Alpha. 2. A Zeta Psi. 3. A Phi Delt. 4. An S. A. E. 5. A Beta!

SUCCESS.

He: My girl's got her hair cut wooden fashion.

Him: You mean shingle?

He: Naw—sticks out in every direction.

Wise: What magazine contains the most sea stories?

Crack: The *Atlantic Monthly*, you egg.

Little Red R. H.—Huccum you-all stand bowing there?
The musical wolf (humbly)—Weuns thought we smelled vittles in yon basket, ma'am.

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THE Pirate is glad that the Girls' Number is out of the office. The contributions were entirely too rough for him. (Addresses and box numbers will be sold during regular office hours for fifty cents and up.) We have delegated to the investigation committee the delightful task of tracing down the actual personalities behind The Ladies Tuesday Reading Circle and Mona Lisa.

Speaking in a more general way, the entire staff wishes to extend its felicitations to ladies hither and yon for their excellent work, both artistic and literary. We thank you, one and all.

And now, coming to the definite dope, as Morris Gest would say, we take pride in announcing that the art award goes to Miss Arline Kazanjian, of New York City, and that the best literary work is alleged by the judges to have been done by the coy young jane who prefers to be known to the public as "A Co-ed." Selah!

ALTHOUGH this magazine is not subjected to faculty supervision and censorship, our natural good taste and cultivated restraint prevents us from telling the world exactly what we think of the low-life who purloined two full page sketches from the office one lowering afternoon. The theft has not entirely wrecked the issue, but the Flapper admits that a delicious tremor courses down her spine when she thinks of the narrow margin of escape.

Old Epsilon Upsilon Epsilon shakes his head darkly and announces that it is his belief that polit-

ical enemies were at the bottom of the burglary. Since the devastating rise of the hoi polloi in the late elections we are ready to accept almost anything as an explanation. The one thing lacking now is a torch light peerade down Franklin Avenue and back up Rosemary Lane to celebrate the success of the morons, as they are commonly called.

The time is ripe for a Yellow Journal.

WE know of only one office which escaped the cloud of political dirt which settled over the campus not long since. That office is (do we hear mild applause?) the editorship of the BUCCANEER. Ted Smith, official nominee for the position, ran a hard race against himself and won by a unanimous vote. We extend our sympathy and congratulations to the fortunate fellow. With them go the conventional wishes for a bigger and better publication next year and a sincere confidence that he is fully capable of handling the job. When the next issue has passed into the dust heap we leave the BUCCANEER to him, for better or worse, for richer or for poorer . . . .

Miss H. M., of Randolph Macon College, Lynchburg, Virginia, has been passed into the Epsilon Upsilon Epsilon Fraternity and will be a full-fledged bottled-in-the-bond immediately upon receipt of five dollars for her certificate and badge.

Man (to wife who has had twins): "Will you never get over the habit of exaggerating?" —*Chanticleer.*

Master: "I never knew a person could get so much noise out of one piano."

Tyro: "Aw, that's nothin'. Just beginner's luck!" —*Lampoon.*

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Flo Schloss, Baltimore.
Hope Marston, Randolph Macon.
Margaret Shannon, Coker College.
Margaret Scott.

ABROAD

So you've been to Europe, and what did you see there?
"I saw Bess Ellingsby, who married Tom Farr;
They have a villa in the southern part of Italy,
And keep a butler and a Rolls-Royce car."

You have been to Europe, I have never been there;
What should I see, if I ever get to go?
"Oh, you must look up the Appersons in Paris—
They've a wonderful place near Fontainebleau."

You've been to Europe—Florence and Orleans—
Even the names sound mysterious and rare.
"But don't go to Orleans, you really wouldn't like it;
Why, we were the only Americans there!"

—*S. K., in Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Child (at theatre): "Papa, why does that detective make such a funny face?"

Father: "Hush, dear, he has probably just smelled a rat." —*Purple Cow.*

"Why did you grow a moustache?"
"So mother could tell us apart, Darling."

A CO-ED'S TRIP TO HELL

Annabelle (of course I am really writing about myself) is a pretty, sweet, attractive, vivacious, sparkling, intriguing, daring, sensible girl and was remarkably popular in her class at one of our better finishing schools.

Then came the lure of higher education. Little knowing what lay before her, Annabelle, with her innocent tea-rose face entered the University. That one step made her what she is today, a co-ed! But the road to hell is easy and lined with primroses. For nine months of the college year little Annabelle was the pride and joy of the University and the Pi Pi Pi Sorority. In the ninth month came her downfall. Came the sudden ending of the primrose way. Came the judgment, came dawn, came Hell. The night of the finale was starry, perfect. The faint fragrance of southern wild flowers mingled with the delicious odor of whatever it is the boys gargle their throats with. Beautiful girls were down for the dances from Canada; beautiful girls were up for something from the Argentine.

Suddenly something happened. Annabelle, the pride of the Pi Pi Pi Sorority, stepped upon the floor, clothed in the best that the girls could afford. Did she make her usual Grand Hit? She did not. THAT was HELL.

BALLAD

In which is told how Isabella, of Castille, and Ferdinand, the Christian, came to drive out the pagans from sweet Spain.

Isabella, long ago, was sovereign of Spain.
(God blessed the people all the years that came within her reign).

Isabella was a Christian, blessings on her head—
She told her beads and said her "paters" when she went to bed.

And all the night (by God's great might) she joined the Heavenly angels,
And in the sky sang lullabye to cherubs and evangels.

Now Ferdinand, her husband, was a pious worthy king,
But all his nights were passed in Spain; his angels ne'er did sing.

Isabella called him in and told him when to listen,
But when they sang and played for him 'twas but a lost rendition.

One night the angels told the queen to rise against the Moors.
(The pagans still were in the land—their goods were Christian lures).

Now in the morning Isabella rose to tell her dreams,
She told her priest, the solemn man: "These are God's words it seems."

The queen did sing and carolling she went to tell her spouse,
Now, reader, know that long ago a war renowned a house.

And further, in the olden days, 'twas seldom one was slain
(A captive was a fortune if a señor of old Spain).

The king was in his bathroom a-shaving of his face.
"Oh, husband dear, gird thou for war, the Moors are ours, by Grace."

The lather crept into his nose, the king was quite astounded,
"Knowest thou, my fool, Granada is with ten-foot walls surrounded,

"And that the heathen number quite an hundred thousand souls,
And it's so saintly here, you know, we pray and mete out doles:

"For shame to mar God's peace on earth and all our fêtes suspend;
And my armor is so heavy, dear, and on pagans one can't depend."

Isabelle right angry grew and as a Christian queen
She swore an oath to Mary there the like had ne'er been seen.

She vowed that till Granada's fall her underclothing she
Would never doff, nor change, nor cleanse, for the glory of God 'twould be.

Days went by and weeks and months and years rolled o'er each other,
The Queen she kept her sacred vow, and King came near to smother.

Poor Ferdinand was but a man, he could not suffer more
And so he tired, and his queen so fired assailed the Moorish door.

And this is why long, long ago, in smiling sunny Spain,
The king and queen saved Christendom from the terror of the Païen.

HOT

Sahara desert, palms and cactus bushes—
Such are the things your nature brings to mind.
A red-hot number, pungent as tabasco,
A Flaming Mamie of the warmest kind.
And yet at times one finds a bit oppressive
The flagrant heat you pour so freely forth—
The kind of heat that makes Floridian people
Pack up in June and motor further north.

"Lilith has a beautiful complexion, hasn't she?"
"She aught to have. It's been worn smooth."

He: I see that Carolina is taking the lead again.
She: What do you mean?
He: In other schools they write blank verse.
She: Well?
He: At Carolina they write blankety-blank verse.

Newlywed: "Why did your literary friend send me two of his short stories for a wedding present?"

Family friend: "I suppose that he wanted to insure the success of your first issue."

Tourist (in small Southern town): "Say, old man, where can I buy a pair of knickers?"

Rural Antique (just a little deaf): "I'm sorry, suh, but the South was unfortunately forced to leave off selling slaves back in '65."

TO THE COLLEGE MAN

Here's College man, a toast to you,
A toast to everything you do;
Your baggy pants that flap like skirts,
Important to the female flirts.
Your falling socks of loudest check
With tie to match around your neck.
Your English felt of pearly hue,
Oh! but I'd sell my soul to you.
Your flashing eyes that win us all—
Is it a wonder that we fall?
Oh college man; we thee adore,
Each day I love you more and more;
And here's a toast to your technique,
T'would make the strongest damsel weak.
We praise your style and yes—your line
It's overworked—but Lord, it's fine!
Oh! Hero of the football fan
All hail! We name thee "King of Man."

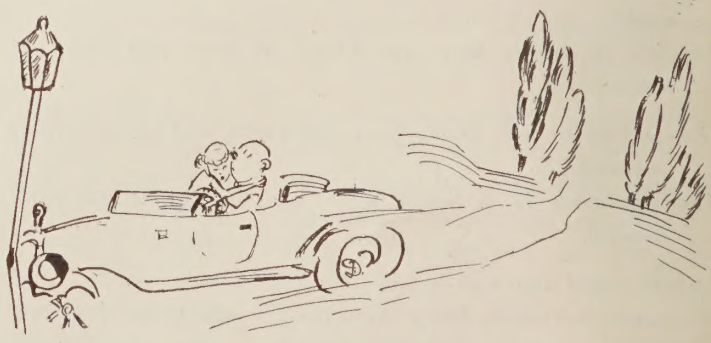
JOHN IS DEAD

John is dead. Embalmed. Buried. He has ceased to exist. He no longer lives. The spirit has flown from his body. He has gone to the home of his fathers. The gods have taken him up on Olympus. He has achieved Nirvana in his seventeen hundredth incarnation. He is no longer among the quick. The gray reaper has lopped him off in his prime. He cashed in his checks. Kicked out. You ask the reason?

Well, *he died.*

Her red, red, lips were tilted up, forming a perfect O——.

"Miss Guggenheimer," remarked the instructor, "your pronounciation of *cheveux* is correct."



A nut at the wheel,
A peach at his side;
Sharp curve ahead,
Goodnight—Fruit Salad!

THE BOY SCOUTS IN MEMORIAM, OR A SUBMARINE CHASE THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

"Well fellows, here we are all together once more," said sturdy Malcolm Young of the Hair-lipped Canary Patrol of the Boy Scouts of America. "Safe again after our wild experiences along the Zulu frontier as related in the preceding volume entitled THE BOY SCOUTS IN AGONY, or on Horseback with the Prince of Wales."

"So we are," exclaimed seven other manly voices as they carefully counted themselves and found that the words of the first speaker were indeed veracious. So they all tied a sheepshank knot in their haversacks and brushed the dust from the canteens which were sewed on their sleeves and took a hearty drink from their merit badges. "Now," said sturdy little Moses Light, "we are ready for anything as soon as I patch up this hole in my pants."

"You must do that by all means," said sturdy little Bill Couch, "for a true scout's motto is always 'Be Repaired.'"

Whereupon they all hiked merrily around to the co-ed dormitory for the oyster supper served so efficiently by sturdy little Paul Foster.

"Can you wig-wag?" asked sturdy little Bill Couch, winking at pretty little Daisy Whooper as she sat with her knees crossed—for purity, Iris.

"I'm not supposed to," said pretty little Daisy with a girlish smile, "But I might."

And that was as far as that party went.

Dear one, my heart is filled with gladness
The night just seems bewitched with madness
'Cause you're with me.
The very things I want to say I cannot,
Even tho' I may. 'Cause you're with me.
The moon seems twice as fair and bright.
Why even the check is double tonight—
'Cause you're with me!

Ah! he is so adorable,
I loved him from the start;
Whenever he is near me
I almost lose my heart.
He makes me feel so—you know,
He's just the grandest thing,
He loves me like a brother,
Oh death where is thy sting!

LINES
OF
LEAST
RESISTANCE

(Apologies to *Judge*.)

Mountaineer: "Alight, sir?"
Modernist: "To hell with your light."

"Is that girl game?"

"Oh boy! She'll play strip poker with a bathing suit on."

Virgin: That idiot Cholly wears a wing collar on his bathing suit.

Virginia: Yes, poor dear; he's trying to get into the social swim.

Old Lady: Young man, have you ever been in a state of beastly intoxication?

Young Man: No, maam, I've never traveled in Virginia.

This boy tries hard to make me feel
As Plebeian as he
He reads me Guest instead of Pope—
He knows me, don't you see.

This week's funeral wreath is awarded to the young aviator who took his girl out for a ride and tried to park his plane on a cloud.

Bright Lad: The adolescent child is a myth nowadays.

Dude: Howszat?

B. L.: When they take away a baby's bottle they give him a flask.

Prof: "I was sorry to see you come out of that saloon yesterday."

Stewd: "Couldn't help it, Sir. I had a recitation."—*Rice Owl.*

Prof. lecturing on Sociology: "How does one account for black eyes?"

Stude: "It is a result of not guarding one's face."

"Did Mary make a good impression on you?"

"Just look at my coat."

Both Jack and Bill
Were striving to win
The hand of Margery
Who was the Belle.
Jack took her to see
An expensive Show.
Bill took her on
A Petting Party.
Needless to say
Billy won
By a Neck.
—*Stevens Stone Mill.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Physician: Take a deep breath and say four.

Eyekey: Three ninety-eight.—*Yellow Jacket.*

Speaking of Books

About the most powerful book we meet in business life is the bank book. Between its two covers a little ink can say a lot; go a long way toward financial independence. If you haven't a savings account put a small part of your expense money that you don't need in the bank and let it work for you. Probably you would never miss it.

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Wellesley: Do you care for horses?
Harvard: No, I wait on table.—*Lord Jeff.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Professor (in auditorium): "This examination will be conducted on the Honor System. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows."—*Rammer-Jammer.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Mame: I seen you taking a tramp along the river yesterday.

Gert: That wasn't no tramp, that was my husband.—*Caveman.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Considerably pickled individual fondly hugging a flashing traffic light with his left arm while rubbing the green lens vigorously with his right hand—"Do your stuff (hic) doggonit, I'm Aladdin and I want my (hic) Djinn."—*Stone Mill.*

✠ ✠ ✠

1. Does he still go around with that old bag?
2. Who's that?
3. Santa Claus!—*Beanpot.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Hospitable Host: Won't you have some more duck, Miss Stunner?

Bashful Guest: No, thank you.

H. H.: Oh, do. Here's a nice little leg, just your size.—*Pitt Panther.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Hi: "I sent a dollar to a firm for a cure for my horse that slobbers."

Si: "What did you get?"

Hi: "A slip of paper on which was written: 'Teach Him to Spit'."—*Blue Baboon.*

He put his arm around her waist,
  She did not draw away in haste,
She did not scream, she did not shout,
  Nor did she even seem put out.

She did not struggle or grow red,
  As one would naturally opine.
Right here I think it might be said
  Her waist was hanging on the line—*Phoenix.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Hey, Diogenes! What's your hurry?"
"Still looking for a double-meaning joke with both meanings decent."—*Rice Owl.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Ever been to Greenland?"
"No, only Lapland."—*Sniper.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Man calling a bluff: "Here, Cliff. Here, Cliff."—*Whirlwind.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Left: "I'm afraid that Lowbush Rufe, the big wrestler at our house is getting to be a regular sissy."
Right: "What gives you that idea?"
"Well, for one thing, he's gone out and got his chest marcelled."
—*Awgwan.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Little Boy: "Father, are you still growing?"
Daddy: "Why, son?"
L. B.: "Well, what makes your head stick out above your hair?"
—*Witt.*

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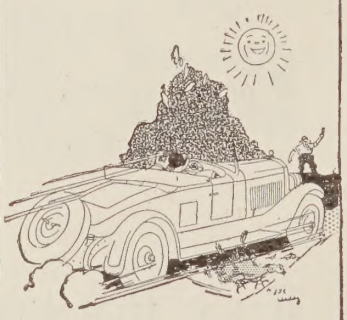

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And day by day you grow to me more dear.
So on this day, from others set apart,
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FROM MY HEART.

Don't forget your mother on Mother's Day. Send her a box of Hollingsworth's (every box has an appropriate verse to mother) to show that you are thinking of her.

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Farmer Si: "Dot's fine, Bill, but has she any udder accomplishments?" —*Cougar's Paw.*

✠ ✠ ✠

The Boy stood on the burning deck,
But did not feel it burn;
For he had been with Elinor Glyn
Three weeks at Lake Lucerne.
—*Whirlwind.*

✠ ✠ ✠

A girl to be popular today must powder her face and neck.
—*Chanticleer*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Is your wife old?"

"Old? When they brought in her birthday cake last time six guests fainted with the heat."
—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon.*

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BEFORE you even *look* for the jack or tire-tools, tuck a neat wad of Prince Albert into the muzzle of your jimmy-pipe. Light up . . . and get yourself in the frame of mind where a flat tire is "all in the day's work." Talk about a gloom-chaser!

P. A. simply knocks troubles for a row of planished-steel mudguards. Its cool, soothing smoke percolates into your system, the sun crashes through the clouds, and everything is hotsy-totsy. Yes indeed, Fellows, Prince Albert is great tobacco.

And paste this in the fly-leaf of your thesaurus: P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat, no matter how hard you hit it up. The Prince Albert process flunked Bite and Parch on their first examination. Get a tidy red tin of P. A. now and *see*.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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Have you heard the

Brunswick
PANATROPE?

the greatest achievement
in the musical age

Come in for a demonstration

Christian & Harward

106 W. Main St. Durham, N. C.

On Sale May 1

CYRIL HUME has written a very sincere love story about a character who dwelt on mean streets, but who had his moments of happiness. Beginning in the June issue this novel, "The Golden Dancer," will be presented complete in three very generous installments.

MONKEY BUSINESS

Lady: "Why have they let all the monkeys out of their cages?"

Zoo Attendant: "Holiday, mum. This is Darwin's birthday."

—*Stanford Chaparral.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Driver of the car (unfamiliar with the road): "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Muffled voice from the back seat: "Like hell you do!"

—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

Good Food Attractively Served

Is Just One of the Many Delightful Features That Is Found at the

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Where Things To Eat Are Different

DURHAM, N. C.

We Give Especial Attention to Fraternity Banquet Orders

This Space
Reserved
for

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LET US PREPARE THE *EATS*
FOR YOUR FRATERNITY
BANQUETS IN THE
FUTURE
WE CAN FIX ANY KIND
OF BANQUET YOU WANT,
AT ANY PRICES YOU DESIRE

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Specially Ordered for Mother's Day

Carolina Confectionery
Company

SUITS CLEANED AND PRESSED

5 Club Tickets $1.50
Satisfaction Guaranteed

CHAPEL HILL PRESSING CLUB

Always call for

Waverly
ICE CREAM
MADE ITS WAY BY THE WAY ITS MADE

Collegiate: "Central, give me the Delta Delta Delta House."

Central: "I heard you the first time."

—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Castor: "What have you been doing for the last two weeks?"

Castoria: "Squeezing lemons in front of a synagogue so that I could watch the juice run out."

—*Jack-o-lantern.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Why did you make a date with Madge?"
"Because I wanted to!"
"Wanted to what?" —*Owl.*

✠ ✠ ✠

APPLESAUCE

"Why are you crying, young man?"
"I drank some cider—now I can't find my way home."
"Well, you mustn't take it so hard." —*Black Cat.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Agnes: "Last night at the Hop Toad Inn I was Charlestoning and half my clothes came off."

Al: "How much did the manager give you?"—*Medley.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Lady, could you-all give me a bite?"
"Go way, niggah, you're too dirty to bite." —*Judge.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Stunning combination she had on."
"John, have you been in the ladies' room again?"

—*Medley.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Queen: "Do you think that long skirts will ever go out?"
He: "Not with me."

✠ ✠ ✠

"Ah! You have a lovely mouth."
"You've been all over that once before."

—*Cornell Widow.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Mary's Beau (waiting for her to come downstairs): "Is Mary your oldest sister?"

Kid Brother: "Yep."

Mary's Beau: "And who comes after her?"

Kid Brother: "You and two other guys." —*Bison.*

PROM-TROTTERS

© Vanity Fair

What is his Power over Women?

Even his best friends can't tell. Yet out of five only one girl escapes. It's not his face . . . nor his wealth . . . nor his schoolboy complexion. Always a partner and never a stag. What is the secret of his fatal charm?

The answer is: Vanity Fair

You just know he reads it; because he knows every recent thing that's bright and amusing. You never run against the blank wall of a stony stare when you talk to him. He gets all your best *mots* instantly, which is such a help.

He has the one line that's always refreshing. All other lines get pretty tiresome. If they were worn about the neck they'd be changed oftener.

On trips to town he doesn't waste his time going a lot of places that are second-rate. Vanity Fair tells him where to go and what to see, whether it's high comedy or just musical.

At the best shops, he chooses just the right thing. It's not an unerring instinct. He sees the right thing first in Vanity Fair.

Don't envy him. Cut in on him! Just sign the coupon below.

Special Offer!

10

issues of

VANITY FAIR

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$2.00

VANITY FAIR,
Greenwich, Conn.

I'm tired of being a wall-flower. Enclosed find two dollars for the next ten issues of Vanity Fair.

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Address.....

City.....

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ME FOR YOU AND YOU FOR ME

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS — 7 MILLION A DAY

BUCCANEER

Choose the Pen that Fits Your Hand

—*Don't cramp your hand to fit a pen*

Parker Duofold's Over-size Grip also provides an Over-size Ink Capacity

—the pen you can lend without a tremor, for its 25-year Point yields to any style of writing yet retains its original shape

FIND "Parker Duofold" on a Pen and you have a point hand-made and hand-picked. For here in the Parker plant pen-points are made by hand, inspection is severest, and only exceptional standards are acceptable.

Hence only the gifted—the man of rare skill—can win a place as a Parker Duofold pen-maker.

This point is guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years. Extra smooth and extra swift because of its polished Iridium tip hand-fused forever to the gold.

—Extra strong gold because it is extra thick, and carefully tempered to yield to any style hand yet retain its original shape.

Some makers of pens promise life-long endurance. More flexible pens claim only writing excellence. But Parker Duofold gives you both. That is why it's the costliest of points to make.

It's the reason 8 men out of 10, blind-folded in a writing test, picked Parker Duofold from 11 new pens of different makes.

You, too, can tell the difference with your eyes shut. Step to the nearest pen counter and try it. And note the full-handed feel and easy swing of this balanced Hand-size Grip.

Flashing Black and Gold, a pen of rare elegance—or Black-tipped Lacquer-red, handsome to own, hard to mislay.

Parker Duofold Pencils to match the pens: Lady Duofold, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4

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Parker Duofold

OVER-SIZE $7

With Lucky Curve Feed and 25-Year Point

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Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

In the Coolest Spot in Town

A refrigerator holds for you all varieties of fresh sandwiches, made before your eyes.

Candies homemade and Block's, fresh fruits and drinks are to be had at

Carolina Confectionery

(The House of Sweets)

Laurene Toilet Articles for Ladies

He: "I'm a little stiff from polo."

She: "You don't say! Why, I have some friends living there."

—*Panther.*

* * *

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING

"I'm a hula dancer."

"So'm I—shake."

—*Satyr.*

* * *

"Oh, Concrete, look at the woman undressing next door!"

"Don't be so vulgar, Paregoric, turn out the light so she can't see us looking."

—*Brown Jug.*

* * *

Dorothy: "I've fixed Kitty so she will answer my letter at once."

Charlotte: "How did you do it?"

Dor: "I wrote her a lot of gossip and forgot to send the middle pages."

—*The Phoenix.*

CHART OF A REAL SHAVE

7 15 A.M.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

WATER Hard or Soft Hot or Cold

A little Cream on BRUSH

ROTATE Brush on Face

DERMU-TATION of Beard

RAZOR Rapidly Over Face

Gorgeous SHAVE

SKIN BALM

TALCUM FOR MEN

100% SATISFACTION

7 20 A.M.

AN efficiency man said to me once, "Only when a method is *right,* can you chart it."

Three million men know that a Mennen Shave is right, chart or no chart.

Mennen's gives the same amazing results with any kind of water, hot or cold, hard or soft. A small amount of cream will hold such an enormous amount of water, that it's economical.

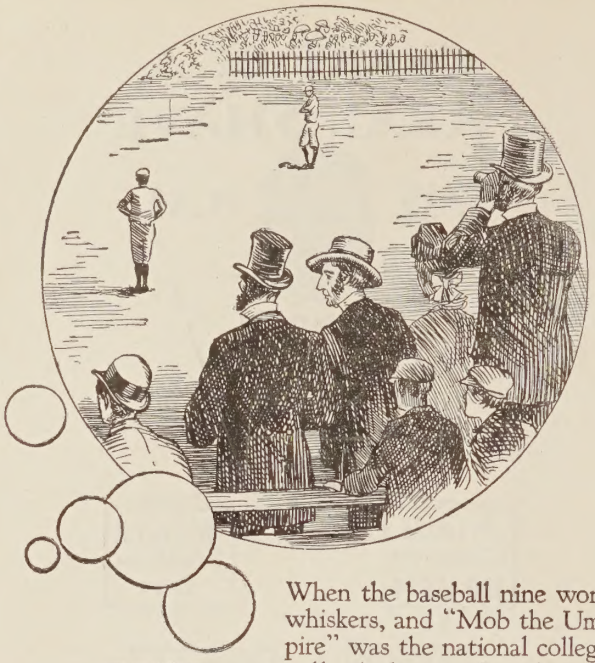
Dermutation—the scientific way to master a beard, softens it so that it yields to the razor without a twitch.

Then the tingling, peppy zip of Skin Balm, cooling, refreshing, wonderfully good for the skin.

And finally, a velvety film of Talcum for Men that is antiseptic, protecting to sensitive skin and doesn't show because it is skin color.

All this co-ordinated shaving efficiency concentrated in just a few minutes of absolutely satisfying, convincing operation....Try the Complete Mennen Shave.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)



When the baseball nine wore whiskers, and "Mob the Umpire" was the national college yell, Anheuser-Busch was nationally known among good fellows.

And now, when we laugh if we win and grin if we lose, and umpires need no bodyguards,

BUSCH
(A-B)
PALE DRY

is the favored drink of college men, because, like the college man, Busch Pale Dry is a good mixer everywhere and every time.

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THOMAS & HOWARD CO.
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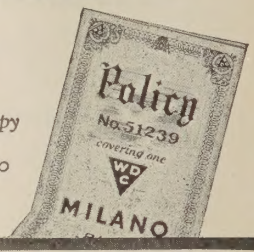
"The sweetest pipe in the world"

"It's a W D C"
TRADE MARK

The Milano is made in 37 smart shapes in smooth finish, from $3.50 up; rustic finish, $4.00 up—all "*insured*" for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"



This snappy style is No. 1780

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Stude (writing): "I would write more, sweetheart, but my roommate is reading every word over my shoulder."

Roommate: "You're a dirty liar." —*Whirlwind.*

* * *

Itt: "How was the hunting?"

Witt: "Rotten! Every time I aimed at a duck another one swam in the way and spoiled the shot." —*Purple Parrot.*

* * *

Policeman: "What would your father say if he saw you out at this time of night?"

Little Boy: "He'd say, 'Don't tell ma'!"

—*Yale Record.*

* * *

CHILD NATURE

"Why doesn't Jimmy wear a bathing suit when he goes in swimming?"

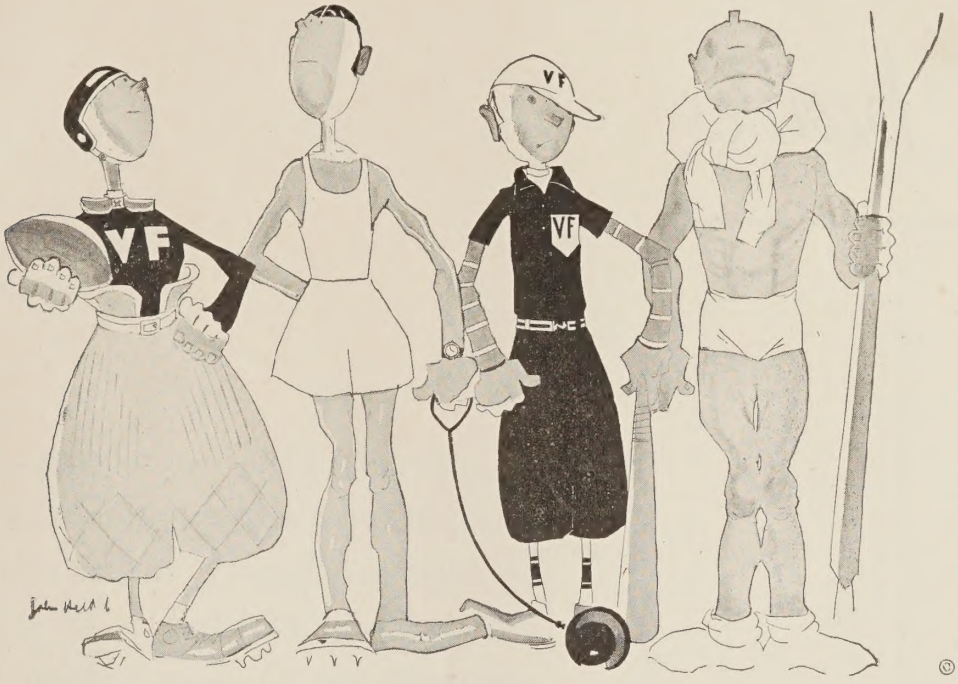
"Oh, nothing is good enough for him." —*Mercury.*

* * *

"I guess I raised the boys that time," chortled the section hand, as the blast went off where the gang was working.

—*The Illinois Siren.*

A T H L E T E S !



© Vanity Fair.

Do you sometimes put on pants?

Do you sometimes go out into civilized society? Are you included—even by mistake—at luncheons, dinners, teas? Then, what do you know about the other fellow's game? You can't discuss the discus throw with dowagers. You can't sock debutantes in the jaw. Intelligent men and women talk of art, the theatre, dancing, the latest world idea . . . and not even an arrowy dive into the green turtle soup can save you from the consequences of not knowing what it's all about. Bores aren't asked a second time!

Don't be muscle-bound above the ears!

The world can't bother with people who never let more than one idea dawn above their horizon—one sport, one art, one line of repartee.

It won't recognize you unless you can hold up your end when the talk veers to the charming, sophisticated interests of modern life.

And yet the secret of social success is so easy—so simple—so inexpensive. All you need to do is tear off that coupon and spend two dollars for the one magazine that will keep you in touch with every new movement of modern life.

Get a running start! Sign the coupon now!

Special Offer!

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issues of

VANITY FAIR

for

$2.00

VANITY FAIR,
Greenwich, Conn.

Enclosed find $2 for ten issues of Vanity Fair. Just watch me crash the velvet ropes in nothing flat.

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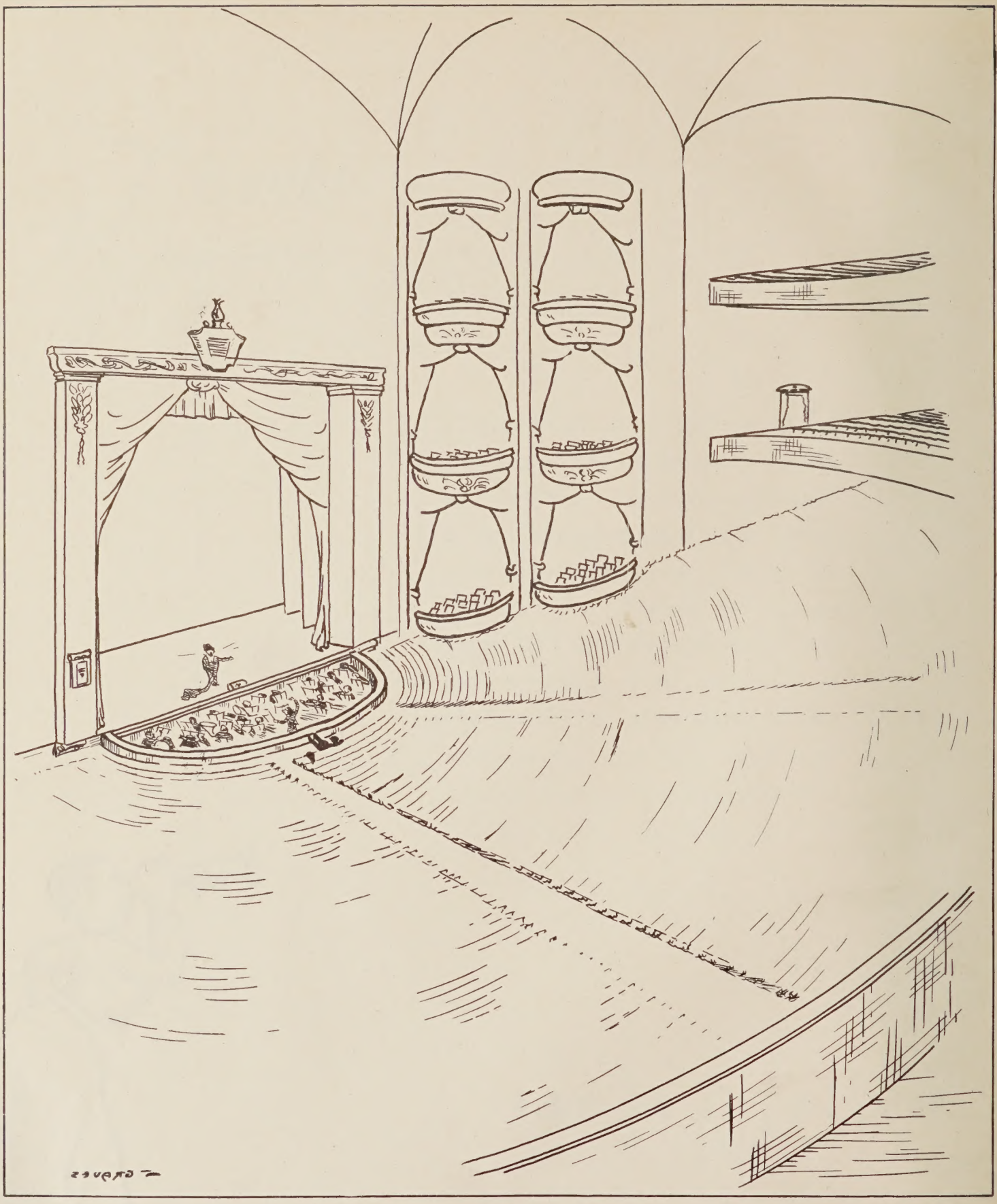
Thanks

WE appreciate your patronage for this past term and sincerely thank you for the hearty co-operation which has permitted us to serve you with satisfaction. Also, do we want to express thanks to those who so kindly have written us, expressing their pleasure of the quality of work and timely service. For you our wish is both a happy and prosperous vacation. Always at your service.

Laundry Department

1926



Premiere Concert of Season in Chapel Hill

The Carolina Buccaneer

of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME III — NUMBER 8

FAMOUS O's

What, H—!
Garden h—.
Silk h—se.
H—me, James!
The p— —r house.
"— goody."
Chl—r—f—rm.
The cl—se.

"He claims that he's a member of High Society."

"That's all bunk—the society he rates isn't even half shot."

Hali: "Have you seen much of the open spaces?"

Tosis: "Naw, my company always sends me to Alaska when they are wearing 'em short."

"Is this an issue?" queried the art editor pointing out our last number with a scornful finger. He addressed a notable gathering in the Queen's Chamber in the Biltmore, at Asheville, North Carolina.

"No, this is a purely political problem," replied the astute managing editor with a wicked leer toward Raleigh and the state capitol.

The whole staff got a great kick out of it.

OPEN SEASON

A rabbit was seen nibbling the grass in front of the Carolina Hotel, at Pinehurst, at one time last year. Reporters, guides, camera-men, old timers, excitement. . . In two days every New York newspaper of importance had featured the opening of the hunting season at the famous resort. Before a week was ended, more than three hundred new shotguns were taken up to rooms in the hotel with their owners behind them.

For another seven days all was merriment after the good old English fashion. Whooping and hallooing competed with "alley oups" and "Bump yas" as they gathered about the tables at night and drained a festive cup. Some enthusiastic spirits even put on red coats and rode up and down the main street twice a day. A famous sportswoman bought a lariat from the local hardware store and stayed out all one Saturday morning trying to find and lasso a grizzly bear.

Finally a small farmer spoiled all the fun. He brought the rabbit into town and announced that the season was over. The poor little thing had died of pulmonary consumption.

He: "Can you scratch like a chicken?"

She: "I certainly cannot, sir."

He: "Well, don't get het up,—I was just trying to find someone who could Charleston.

Home: "How long should an ideal date last?"

Wrecker: "Three hours?"

Home: "How come?"

Wrecker: "Preliminaries, semi-finals, and finals."

She: "How do you love Mabel?"

He: "Feelingly."

"You can't lick me," cried the insect who had been swallowed alive.

"Where there is a will there is a way," cried the villain as he threw his great uncle into the well.

Yellow (searching for time piece): "Dat watch o' mine jest natchuly all de time trying to hide from me."

Journal: "Ah done told you it was some o' dis yellow gold I been hearing about."

Prof: "Who were the vestal virgins?"

Hopeful Stude: "The sacred chickens of Rome."

Speaking of typographical errors, Mrs. Soandso gave a punk tea to a company of friends one evening decently.

Latest Thing Out at the Prom

He: "Have you seen the widows' home?"

Him: "Not lately. I did once and it cost me several theater tickets."

Bill: "Who is the hefty-looking man?"

Jo: "That's our new cop. He's trying to do away with all the moonshine in the city."

Bill: "That's so?"

Jo: "Yes, but he found out that they could make it faster than he could drink it."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If you don't know what to do with the raisins, ask dad. He knows.

If baby grows too fast, feed it on condensed milk.

Limberger cheese should be disposed of as soon as it gets boisterous.

Store your coal in the cellar, not in the bathtub. You never can tell when you'll have company.

"You know my girl is so thin that when I started in the door of a dance hall the other night the floor manager said: 'Say, young man, you'll have to check your umbrella here.'"

JIM M'DANE: MISFIT

(James Oliver Sneergood's Bravest and Most Pathetic Story.)

His dark, athletic figure was bowed with both fatigue and despair. Yet this man, slim and strong as a northern pine, struggled on through the snow, hoping, always hoping. . . .

He halted and gazed about him, gazed over the ominous circle which surrounded him. He drew his revolver and fired—probably because it was New Year's night—but if you had asked him he would have passed it off with some laconic or non-committal remark, strong, silent man that he was. The Aurora Borealis lighted the heavens and added to the mystic effulgence of the half-darkness.

Yes, dear readers, you are right—the man is Silent Jim McDane—fleeing at present from the stern justice meted out by the Royal Mounted, but, despite appearances, an honest man and a true one.

Just now, McDane was thinking of Margaret and their first meeting. He had turned about from his work on the new little copper still to see her standing in the door of his cabin, her glorious brown hair tumbled in ringlets about her face, her vivid lips parted, and her bosom heaving from her brisk walk up the slope. And now he had the children to think of too; Joseph and Esther Kitty and Ned and the seven others: he forgot their names.

He straightened and fired another shot. He happened to notice that it was his last cartridge. The wolves were circling nearer now, bolder they were and more famished. McDane began to sense more than ever that he was out of place in this grand country, a misfit. Then somehow, in a flash his keen intuition warned him that it would not be long before he, generous and kind as he was, would be out of joint with the world, completely out of joint.

(Never to be continued)

ALICE IN THE OPEN SPACES

"What in the world did you bring me out here for?" asked Alice, as she languidly fanned herself with a mesquite bush.

The March Hare scratched himself reflectively. "Men are men out here, you know," he replied with a vague gesture.

"Well, I'm not interested in men even when they are men," Alice retorted sharply. "A mere beggar means as much to me as any male."

"Then you should go to a place where men are mendicants," giggled the Mock Turtle who ceased delving in the sand long enough to rid himself of this gem of wit.

Alice frowned, but refrained from doing any deed of violence. Long association with this confirmed punster had made her a model of fortitude. The March Hare rose and carefully removed a scorpion from his pocket. "Let's get going," he suggested.

"Where?" queried the practical Alice.

"We might go to the rodeo."

"Oh, that will be nice. Where is one being held?"

"There's not one being held. But we might go if there was."

The Mock Turtle whooped uproariously. "That sure is one on her," he choked.

"One what on her?" asked the March Hare with a gleam of alarm in his eyes.

"Hist—who knows?" whispered the Mock Turtle. They both went over and searched Alice closely and were rewarded by finding a powder puff and a pocket flask which they divided between them.

A cloud of dust rose in the distance. Soon it materialized into a man on horseback who led a bleating calf behind him by a rope. He dismounted and doffed his sombrero. "Welcome," he said simply.

"Where did you get the calf?" the March Hare asked irrelevantly.

"My father left it to me as a legacy," the manly cowpuncher made answer.

"In other words yon animal is the calf of your legacy," the Mock Turtle chortled with the childish pleasure he invariably got out of such remarks.

The cowpuncher reached for his gun, but Alice saved the day. "Remember your darling old mother," she admonished him.

The gun wavered and dropped. "You're right, ma'am," the silent Westerner replied. "And you must come out and get acquainted with the children."

"Didn't I tell you men were men out here?" shouted the March Hare triumphantly.

The cowboy drew himself up proudly and assumed a virile expression. "We Westerners are always the best men," he claimed. "You can't dampen our spirits."

"I should think," interposed the Mock Turtle, "that dampening would be essential."

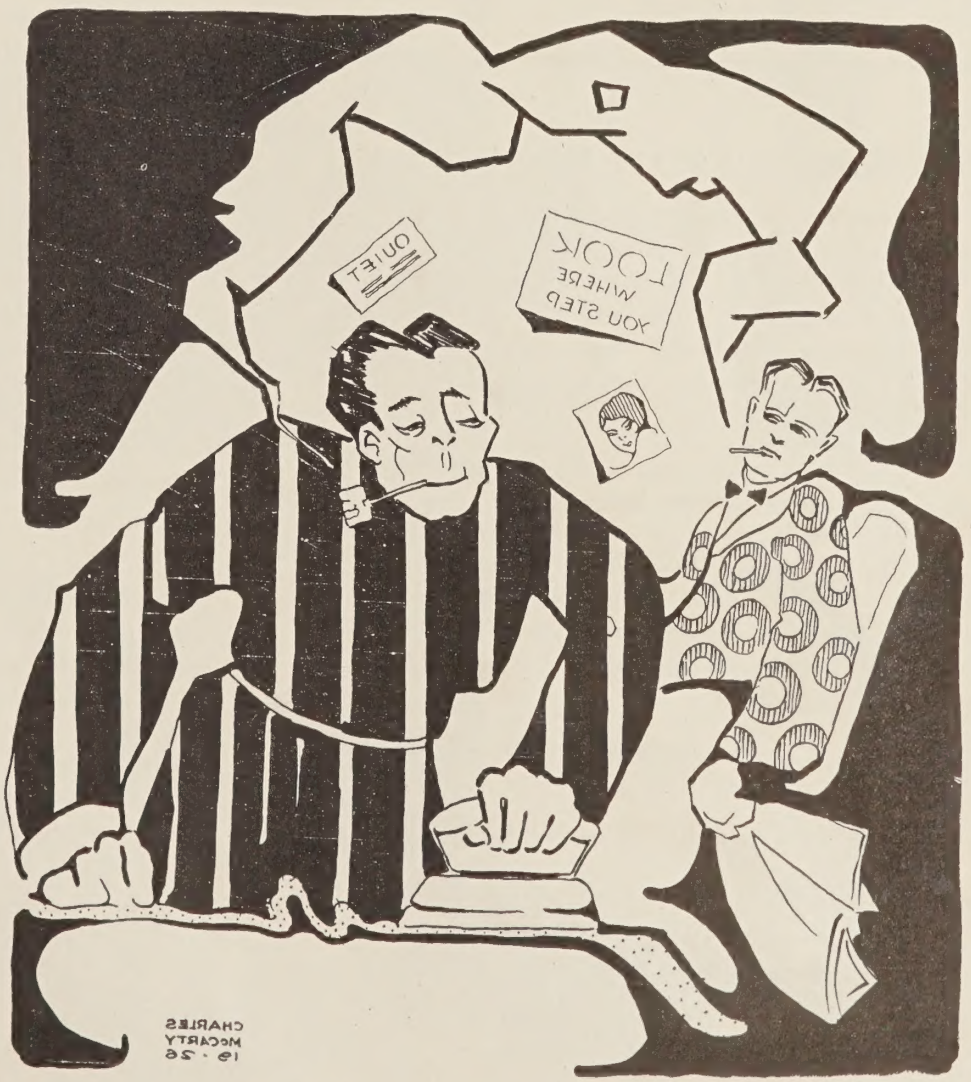
"How come?" said the injured hero.

"If you don't take part in a wetting how can you be a best man?"

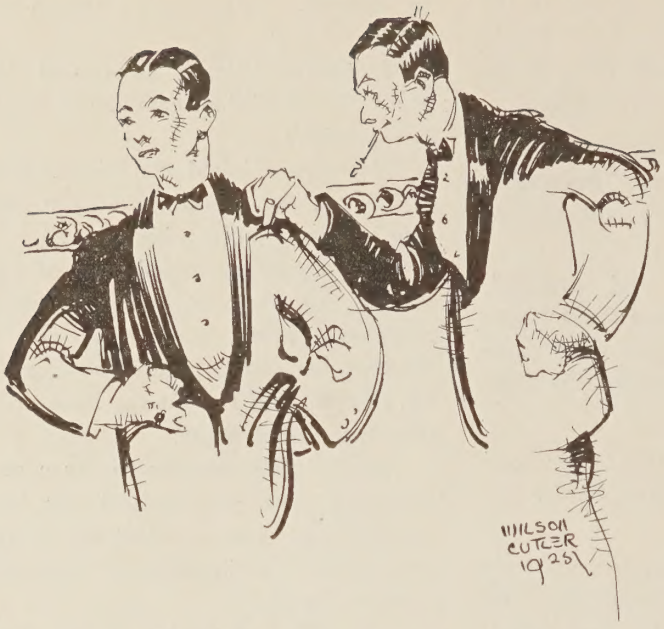
The cowpuncher leaped forward with a snarl, but fortunately the discarded scorpion attached itself to the seat of his breeches and impeded his progress. He slapped and beat at the little creature with great vigor.

"There," said the March Hare oratorically, "you see typified the true spirit of the West—a noble son of the open spaces shoving himself heroically into the breech."

Alice collapsed weakly on the sand.



"What's Jane's last name?"
"Jane who?"



1st Stude: "How'd you come out with your date?"
2nd Stude (nursing numerous scratches): "Only so sore."

THERE'S A SPACE IN THE GARDEN

There's a space in the garden that saddens the eye,
There's a space where there should be an onion.
I've hallowed the ground there with a many a sigh
That would soften the heart of a bunion.
"My onion, lost onion," I weepingly wail
To the strangers who pass and the snickering gale.
(O, t'would soften the heart of a bunion.)

The Chink rooster next door has a marvelous comb
And a glittering shoe-button optic:
They mark him at once as a bird who would roam
And a wonderful hand with the chopstick.
My onion he ravished from out of its bed
As it sniffled and covered its poor little head.
(O, t'would soften the heart of a bunion.)

Phil (after a scratch): "That cue ball reminds me of my girl."

Philpot: "Solid ivory?"

Phil: "No, always after the pockets."

He: "What's that ugly growth behind your nose?"

She: "Wh— Brute!"

UNOFFICIAL INTERVIEWS

I.

Bill Smart, premiere two-gun man of Hollywood's Great Open Spaces, sat facing the football game. A strong, silent fellow, yet tears blurred his deep-set eyes. Was it pity for these effeminate youngsters who took so seriously their sports? Or was it a sudden memory of his dear old gray-haired mother? Or of his dear old horse? Or of his dear little golden-haired sweetheart?

Then he turned to me and sniffled, "Some of them boys are liable to get hurt. I wouldn't be out there for nothing."

In his simple, laconic way he had touched upon the truth. As for the last statement, I believed it thoroughly. You can't fool old Bill.

II.

Horatio Alger Williams looked out of his window at the budding flowers and leafy trees. To be in his presence was enough to send a thrill running through me.

"As a philosopher and a man I know that tree is out there," he told me in strictest confidence. "Someone, something, made that tree grow," he continued.

Somehow, I believed him, too.

III.

The mayor of Chicago leaned across his cigar-strewn desk and whispered in my ear.

"We have not yet gotten the crime situation fully in hand," he admitted. "One may still find liquor in this great city. One even hears of murder occasionally. However, the police have spread a drag-net and I am sure that I will have some definite information for you inside of twenty-four hours. Just now, we may take justifiable pride in calling our town 'The Great Open Spaces' of the west."

Despite my better judgment, I put my trust in the mayor.

IV.

"I have travelled all over," Robert W. Service told me, "and I sure can tell you that these foreign countries don't hold a candle to the good old U. S. A., including Alaska. I had rather live amid the snow-bound reaches of our northern frontier, tens of miles from the nearest neighbor, than to stay in the best hotel in Paris, London, Vienna, or Constantinople. Right here we have the biggest all-around men and the biggest all-around opportunities in the world. It is right here that the saviors of literature are born, the untutored geniuses like myself."

Fortunately, I did not agree with or believe a word that he said. The joke certainly was on Robert.

HA! HA!

One: "Why was Oscar Wilde?"

One-half: "Because he was a joker."

H. G. MILLER '26
COME ON – ROMEO – SNEVEN O'CLOCK!
WHAT! BEEN OUT ALL NIGHT!
NO – BUT I'M LIABLE TO PASS ANY MINUTE!
WELL – HOW MUCH HAVE YOU HAD?
I GOT FIVE PINTS OV REAL GOOD GIN!
WHAT! KILL IT ALL?
ALL BUT ONE! POOR LIL FELLA FELL AND BROKE ISH NECK – BLED T'DEATH – HERESH THE BODY!
— SAY – DUKE! GET OUTA THERE! YOU KNOW WE HAVE A FINAL AT EIGHT!
WELL YOU JUSH TELL OL' PROF THAT THIS BABY'SH A FINALE HOPPER!

"What kind of a girl is Ruth?"
"One of these kiss-me-and-I'll-stick-this-dam-hatpin-clean-through-you folks."

Co-ed: "Oh! a spider ran up my arm!"

Male Stude: "That's nothing. A sewing machine ran up the seam of my pants."

One: "Ford says that aeroplanes are soon to be the rage."

Two: "Yeah, just another thing to keep people flying off in rages."

"Why is Jack Dempsey better known than the president of the United States?"

"Because Dempsey is the long wait champion of the world."

"Does John own an automobile?"

"No. He fell in the fire when he was a boy. That's how he got that face."

Teacher (to pupil): "Did you know that every time you breathe somebody in this world dies?"

Pupil: "Well, after this I'll use Blisterine."

Pat and Mike were looking at electric chair.

Pat: "Mike, if the law had its justice, do you know where you'd be?"

Mike: "Yes. Standing here alone."

WHERE DID MARYLAND?

There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the D. C. Washington household. The family was distressed about Della. Did she wear any clothes when she went shopping this morning?

"What did Delaware? Would Georgia know?" asked Mrs. Washington.

"Alaska," retorted Virginia, the wit of the household.

"Arkansaw her just after she left," put in Mr. Washington. "Have you asked him?"

"I know," cried West Virginia, (West Virginia and Virginia were twins).

"Did Tennessee her? If he did, that answers the question."

"What question?" inquired Mrs. Washington.

"Whether Minnesota wild oats or not."

"Oh Lord, Kentucky tell us?" wept Georgia.

"I just know that she has turned to the wicked ways of the world," said Mr. Washington.

"Say, Utah kabout my sweetie like that and I'll drill yuh," exploded Texas.

"Here," sputtered Mr. D. C., lapsing into dialect, "do you think you Kansas me like that and get avay mit id?"

"Nevada to guide her." This from Virginia.

"Iowa a damn good licking and she's gonna get it," said Mrs. Washington.

"I'll lick her with all my might and Maine."

"You had better lick Mississippi," said West Virginia. "She Rhode Island, the gray horse, off this morning without a saddle."

"She won't need one," wittily retorted Virginia.

"Idaho lot rather she had taken the car," Mr. Washington said. "Let's all go to the Ana cafe."

"Say," yelled Virginia, "Connecticut my hair? It looks like the devil."

"Well, go up stairs and put on a dress," said Texas. "We'll be Indiana in ten minutes," and he hummed, "Ohio miss you tonight."

Senorita: "And do you really kill the bull?"

Toreador: "Oh, I just make a stab at it."

Young Son: "Mother, Mr. Doolittle is going to be mad when he comes home."

Mother: "Why, son?"

Y. S.: "Mrs. Doolittle has got a little baby girl and her husband has a sign in the window of his store that says 'Boy Wanted'."

WE SUGGEST FOR THE CAMPER

A one-man tent. (One should take eight men along if the tent is to be put up.)

Food.

Transportable river containing fish. Shot gun (for shooting mosquitoes).

A good hotel where one may enjoy the camping trip.

"He's always shining, isn't he?"

"Yeah, in the seat of his pants."

Percival: "That sure was a dirty dig."

Percy: "What's that?"

Percival: "I showed her a picture of me as a little boy sitting on my father's knee and she said, 'My, who is the ventriloquist'?"

VOL. III JUNE 1, 1926 No. 8

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FOR the last three nights there has been a tremendous amount of thumping and spasmodic singing around the Old Well. Every spring one may depend on finding enough men on the campus who want to join things to satisfy the demands of the increasingly numerous organizations that are panting to initiate them. After joining one organization, the habit grows on one as does shaving. Almost before you know it you are a confirmed Joiner.

We have a theory that some enterprising young man is going to make a lot of money some day by starting an organization office where he will undertake to begin any sort of organization desired and initiate Joiners and would-be Joiners for some small sum—say five dollars. Nothing could pry this scheme from us except that we are finishing our course here in a little less than a month.

The true Joiner allows no utilitarian arguments to stand in his way when he receives a bid. It does not matter whether or not he will lengthen his list of acquaintances or whether or not he is interested in the purpose of the group into which he is being initiated. Make your fee small enough, list your organization in the *Yackety Yack,* take in one or two important Joiners and you have him. Cuckoo! he's a member!

AFTER considerable time lost in the way of trial and error procedure the present staff of THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER has at last reached the place where it feels moderately competent in the matter of publishing at least one issue once a year provided that fair weather prevails and a plague does not strike the campus. Having arrived by this psychological procedure at such a pleasurable state of affairs, the staff somehow manages to resign itself to graduation and sits back with a chuckle to watch the new editors take a deep and labored breath and puff it out again in the shape of next year's issues.

This last number — forgive us if you don't agree — is the best of our efforts. If it does not please, our lucubrations and telegrams have been in vain. If it does please, why, everything is hotsy-totsy.

AS soon as the *Carolina Boll Weevil* had died and had been suitably buried, the CAROLINA BUCCANEER was born amidst great pomp and ceremony and the awarding of a twenty-five dollar prize for a name. Since that time there have been three editors, namely, Earl Hartsell, R. L. Felton, Jr., and G. A. Cardwell, Jr. Speaking from observation, coöperation, and personal experience, we can say with perfect confidence that not one of these editors knew the first principles of editing. The one man on the staff who did know something about it has been business manager and instructor of editors for three years. THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER pays its respects to Charles W. Gold, Jr., '26.

"He must be a miner."
"Why?"
"He seems to have the low-down on everything."

He: "Let's get out of here and go for a ride."

She: "I'm on to you. You just what to get me out in the dark."

He: "How did you guess it. I'm darn tired of people pointing at us and asking where I got that thing I'm with."

"Does she wear thin silk stockings?"
"You can read a newspaper through them."
"Oh, I just like to look at the lines."

"New suit?"
"No, new pledge."

"I guess I'm too fast," said the girl as she set her watch.

"How's the banking business?"
"Fine, but I almost got caught the other night."

I am pagan
And I am clever. I say, instead of saying that
"It's the woman who pays and pays," I say
"It's the woman who pagan pagan pagan
I'm a pagan!

"Watcher doin' this evening?"
"Reading some racy literature."
"'Three Weeks'?"
"Naw, 'Ben Hur'." —*Wampus.*

✠ ✠ ✠

This may be a terrible world, but it could be worse. What if they allowed flivvers on the sidewalks?

—*Drexerd.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Madame X: "So you've been to Italy, have you? And how did you enjoy Bologna?"

Tourist: "Oh, just fine; but little Guinevere would swallow the skins." —*Chaparral.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Pros: "Shall we take the short-cut?"

Betty: "No, mother's expecting me home early."

—*Jack o' Lantern.*

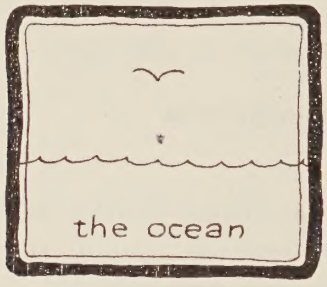
✠ ✠ ✠

Sentimental Spinster: "Six times I have advertised that a lonely maiden seeks light and warmth in her life, and at last I have got a reply—from the gas company!"

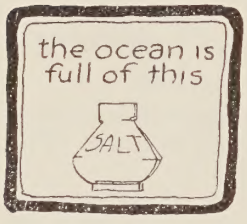
—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

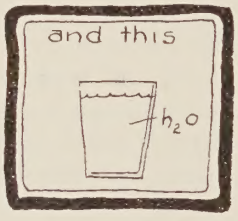
ON GREAT OPEN SPACES

A space is a void
not avoid
there is nothing there
except sometimes

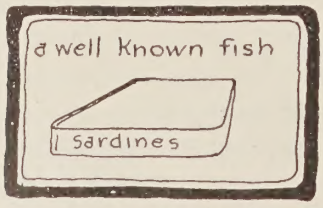


like the ocean
which is full of
water and salt and
fish

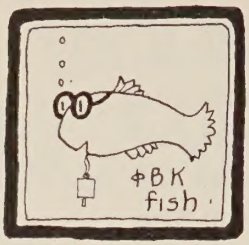




fish are also in
cans but they don't
count they can't



they're dead fish
run in schools but
they don't learn



anything
boats have no feet
but they run

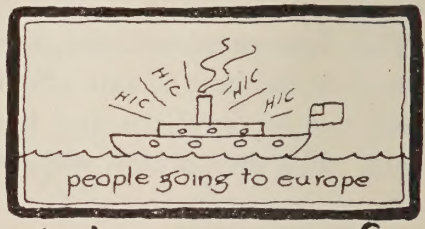
on the ocean people
and professors and

college students
ride on the boats
to europe or where
ever the boat goes

it is dark on the
ocean at night
except

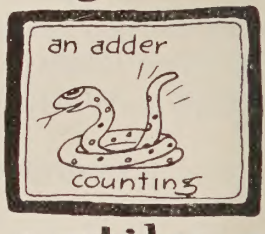
sometimes when
the stars shine and
the moon and the

sun in the day time
they shine because
they're high people



go to europe for
two reasons also
students but not

professors except
sometimes then they
get high too and



see reptiles and
snakes but they don't
count except some
times like adders

fred wright + ted
smith - with our
apoligise to mr fgc

WOOD ALCOHOL

I listened with flappers ecstatic
To the drip of the gurgling goup
As he rumbled in rompers erratic
And whimpered a faint "allez oop!"

I pinkled with peepers persistent
For a sight of the shy ollglop
A glumple that ghouls non-existent
If one would put faith in my pop.

The faraway simp of the simper
As he tickled his sister at play
Woke the glimmering gleam of the glimper
And brought joy at the breaking of day.

O the whiffenpoof roams in the wildwood,
And the snickersnick answers his cry;
Or are these the fancies begotten of Scotch,
Of absinthe, of Gordon's, and rye?

She: "What's wrong between you and Peggy?"

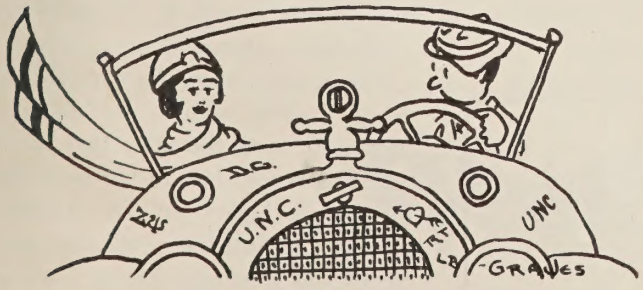
He: "She had a birthday and I told the florist to send her twenty roses."

She: "Well?"

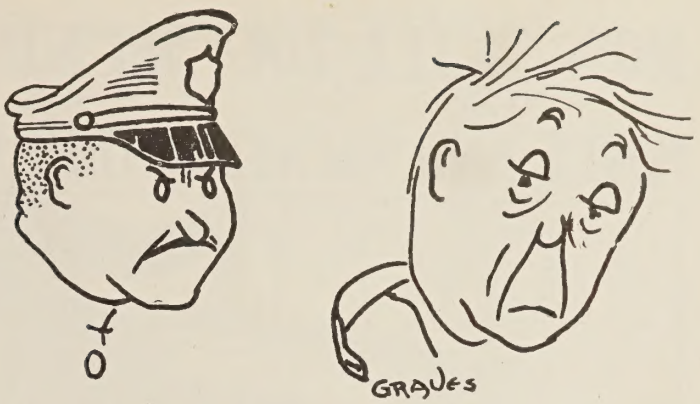
He (gloomily): "Being a friend of mine the fool put in ten more for good measure."

Druggist (to his pudgy wife): "Don't come in the shop for a minute. I'm trying to sell six bottles of my fat reducing mixture."

Prof. (to students on English class): "Boys, using slang is a terrible thing and I want you to cut it out."



"I know a dog worth $5,000."
"How could a dog save so much?"



Cop: What's the matter here?
Victim: I tried to neck a girl and she objected.
Cop: Aha—a petty crime.

Sweet: "Do you like dates with football players?"

Briar: "Only when they are in favor of the aerial attack."

English Prof. (all wrought up over a poem he has been reading to the class): "Gentlemen, I can just see these great wide open spaces yawning before me even now as I stand here before you."

Thirty-five open-mouthed snoring sophomores: "Z-z-zzzzz."

Our next number will be, "The Song of the Tumble Bug," by the Superintendent of Grounds.

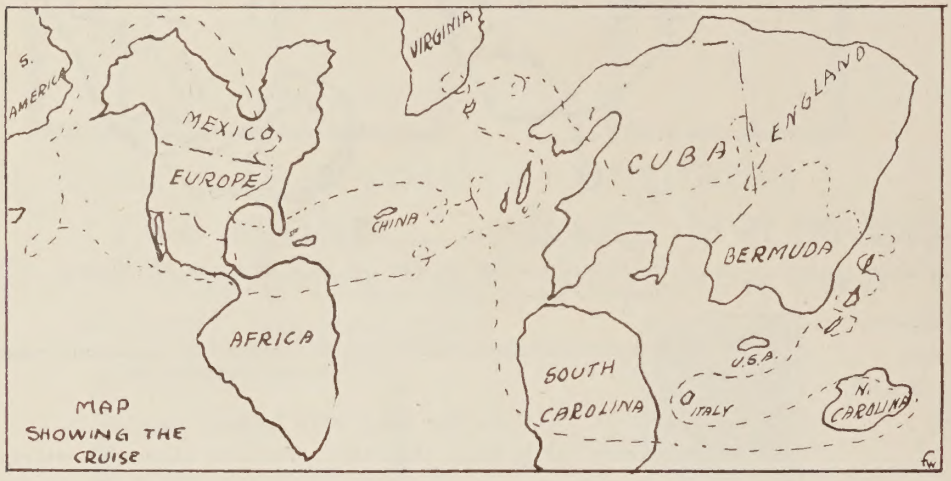
THE CAVE WOMAN

Pleading and lying, I tried for a kiss,
But all to no avail;
Getting quite frantic I grabbed for the miss,
Determined not to fail;
Now I am left just to wonder and ask,
When dreaming in my flat,—
Wonder the number of times she's been grasped
To learn to kiss like that.

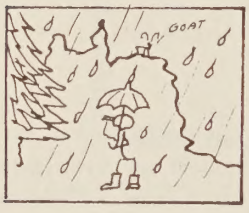
Bull: "And what did the horse do after he tried to kick you with his fore feet."

Artist: "He said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan'."

HOW WILL YOU SPEND YOUR MONEY AND VACATION THIS SUMMER?



MAP SHOWING THE CRUISE

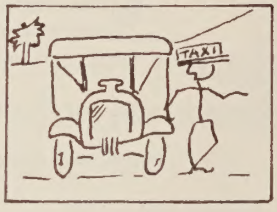


Rainier National Park

Take one of our short six-year cruises to Chicago, New York, and the Near East, via the Erie Canal and the Sante Fe Trail.

Visit the wide open places: Cuba, Monte Carload, and Jersey City.

Three luxurious coal barges with all modern conveniences including air, water, and coal will be at the complete disposal of the tourists.

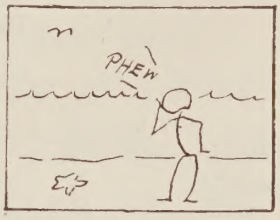


Norwegian Fiord

The itinerary includes a stop-over on the Scandinavian peninsula with a trip in the famous Norwegian Fiords; a brief sojourn in Alaska and Asia Minor with a visit to the Turkish Baths; a tour of inspection through the world renowned sanatorium at Tooloose, France.

Amazon Head Hunters

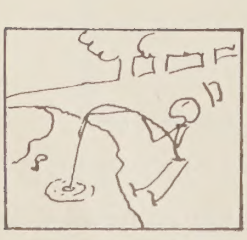
A detour through the fishing grounds of Sardinia while the voracious sardine is running will afford a wonderful opportunity for game fisherman, while a voyage up the Amazon to the native haunts of the head hunters and the now extinct Dodo bird will furnish excitement for the big game hunters.



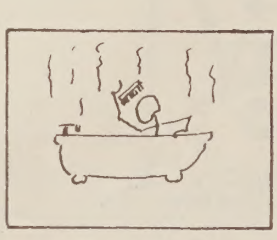
Dead Sea

Hundreds of other points of interest will be touched upon: the Dead Sea, the sausage factories at Vienna, and the marvelous flour gardens at Minneapolis.

For further information write to the water works at Jerusalem, Wisconsin.



Sardeen Fishing



Turkish BATHS

FW + CTS.

GUSTAVE SMOKE

(An Economic Story)

The flaming sunset, shot with flaming reds and golds and stray bullets settled down over the waste lands. Long stretches of grey landscape shot with the flaming colors of the sunset, covered with mesquite, notquite, and surmounted by huge sombreros filled out the scene. Far away, crossing a low hill, where the setting sun put him boldly in relief, the hero urged on his spent, though dearly beloved horse. Man and beast were far gone. The man had not had a drop of water for three years, or a drink in ten minutes. The reddish sun touched up the glints in his hair, and the red on his nose. As he rode he sang a little, mournful, tragic song, that the arroyos in the village backstreets had taught him.

"Gusto Guava
"Gusto aguas caliente
"Pero yo no gusta
"El k. k. k.

Suddenly he pulled at the reins. They came up, wetting him completely. (Author's Note—An evangelist in Zion City got the credit for these reins, but our hero was such a strong, big character that he never whimpered, though his horse did not say him neigh. Life is like that.)

He heard sudden rustling in the underbrush. Quietly he dismounted and scented up the wind for his enemies. Again he heard the rustle. He got down on his hands and knees, tense, alert, gun in hand. He would get them yet! His mouth was dry—it had been so long. He prayed, as strong silent men pray, that he might win out. The rustling came nearer. He crouched himself for a spring. Then with a mighty war whoop, he leaped forward. . . Conflict, struggle . . .

There came haltingly over the waste lands, a lone figure, astride a loan horse. He sang the ditty that the mescals had taught him in the back streets of the mean little town. He alighted at a ranchero. "And the next—that lets the Sears and Roebuck catalog blow away when he knows well that it's all the cigarette paper we got ain't a thing but a—

And so far, far, into the night.

They call it the "Pierce Type"

R. T. PIERCE

When the class of '15 at Maine was being graduated, the name "Pierce" meant no more in the field of metering than Sweeney or Jones. Today, however, if you'll talk to such companies as the Detroit Edison Company, The Southern California Edison Company, the Duquesne Light Company, or the United Verde Copper Company, you'll learn that "Pierce" means a type of remote metering, which enables a man in a central dispatcher's office to read the condition of a sub-station several miles away.

Superpower brought in the need for an improved method of remote metering, and R. T. Pierce, Maine '15, in the employ of Westinghouse, devised it. He designed a system that operates on a new and different principle, and that has met with general acceptance in the Central Station field. He also was active in the recent re-designing of the entire Westinghouse instrument line.

It was only a few months after Pierce had completed the graduate student course at Westinghouse that he was given an assignment in the instrument section of the engineering department. He took it merely as a "fill-in" job. Soon he saw that instruments play a vital part in every electrical operation. As an instrument engineer, Pierce spent several weeks on the U. S. S. Tennessee and the Colorado during their trial runs. He has ridden in the cabs of electric locomotives. He is in closer touch with radio than anyone not a radio engineer.

A design engineer comes continuously in contact with sales negotiations, and Pierce's contact with them proved so beneficial that he was lately made head of the Instrument Section of the Sales Department, which means that he really has charge of the sale of all instruments to Westinghouse customers.

The question is sometimes asked: Where do young men get when they enter a large industrial organization? Have they opportunity to exercise creative talents? Or are they forced into narrow grooves?

This series of advertisements throws light on these questions. Each advertisement takes up the record of a college man who came with the Westinghouse Company within the last ten years or so, after graduation.

Westinghouse

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Braeburn

SMART STYLED CLOTHES FOR COLLEGE MEN

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY
MARKHAM-ROGERS COMPANY

Good Food Attractively Served

Is Just One of the Many Delightful Features That Is Found at the

Welcome-In

Where Things To Eat Are Different

DURHAM, N. C.

We Give Especial Attention to Fraternity Banquet Orders

FANCY ICES BLOCK CREAM

Blue Ribbon Ice Cream

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO.

We make any color schemes for
Frat or Sorority banquets

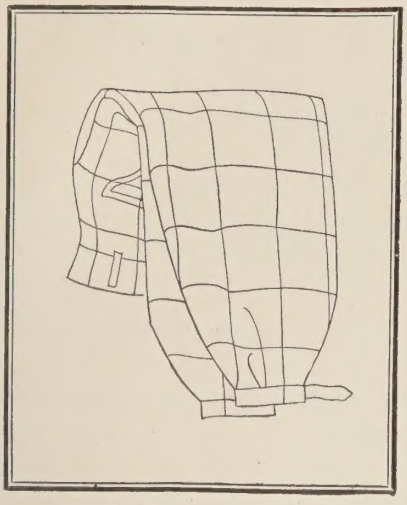
Phones 58 and 59 Main at Duke

PUNCHES SHERBETS

The Well Dressed Man at a Formal Wedding

The well dressed man is always suitably dressed for every occasion and at the formal wedding, whether he is a bridegroom, the best man, one of the ushers or a guest, his attire consists of a conventional cutaway coat, trousers of plain gray or striped worsted and black shoes of either patent leather or calf skin. At spring weddings, however, it is customary to add certain small touches, which tend to lighten the rather austere appearance of formal clothes. For instance, instead of wearing a waistcoat of the same material as the cutaway, waist coats of fawn color or gray cloth, or of white linen made double-breasted may be substituted which when worn with spats of a matching shade add a very smart touch. The question of the proper collar and the tie for a cutaway is really a very simple one. If a wing collar is worn the collar should be cut with a deep V opening and have large bold wings. A bow neck tie of either striped or figured black, and white or gray and black silk, is the popular tie for this collar, because although four-in-hand ties may be correctly worn, that combination is really more suitable for older men. A turned down collar may be worn with a cutaway in which case a four-in-hand tie is correct. Top hats are the correct headgear, and this spring at some of the particularly smart weddings in New York the black silk top hat has been substituted for a hat of gray felt whose shape is exactly like that of the silk hat. The gray top hat has long been popular in London both for town wear and the more important race meets, but its use in America is recommended only for those men who are conspicuous for their smart and faultless taste in dress. Gloves of suede or white doeskin with black stitching are correct with a cutaway. Flowers should be worn in the button hole of the lapel, a gardenia for the bridegroom and his best man and white carnations for the ushers and the guests.

If you are interested in any question of dress or etiquette, write "The Well Dressed Man" care the BUCCANEER, and your letter will receive prompt and careful attention. Do not fail to give accurate address.



PLUS-SIX

KNICKERS

FLANNEL TROUSERS
SPORTS JACKETS

FINCHLEY URGES THE CONSIDERATION OF KNICKERS, FLANNEL TROUSERS AND INDIVIDUAL SPORTS JACKETS, DEVELOPED OVER ENGLISH SPORTING PATTERNS WHICH ARE THE EXCLUSIVE PROPERTY OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT. THE ASSORTMENTS ARE VARIED AND EXTENSIVE AND THE FABRICS EMPLOYED ARE OF THE MOST SELECT YARDAGE PRODUCED BY ENGLISH AND SCOTCH MILLS.

GOLF STOCKINGS LINEN KNICKERS SHIRTS
CAPS SWEATERS NECKWEAR OXFORDS

FINCHLEY
Fifth Avenue at 46th Street
NEW YORK

Commencement---then Summer School

As all through the year Hollingsworth remains the candy for the occasion. Make Sutton & Alderman's your meeting place.

Everything in the line of toilet articles for the young lady.

SUTTON & ALDERMAN

DRUGGISTS.

This Space
Reserved
for

Stetson
BALTIMORE

HEAVENS

"What a charming baby! And how it does resemble your husband!"

"Gracious, I hope not! We adopted it!"

—Punch Bowl.

✠ ✠ ✠

"Mary, kiss me!"

"No dear, the spirit doesn't move me."

(One hour later): "John, the spirit moves me."

"Then let the spirit kiss you." *—Pitt Panther.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Professor: "Tomorrow we will take the life of Cleopatra. Come prepared."

✠ ✠ ✠

Policeman (to disturbing banjoist): "Young man, you must accompany me."

He: "Awright, offisher, what'll ya sing?"

—Drexerd.

✠ ✠ ✠

WISE DADDY

Little Ethelbert (seeing negress for the first time): "Oh, daddy, why does that woman paint her face black like that?"

The Learned One: "Hush, that's the color of her skin."

Ethelbert: "And is she black like that all over, Daddy?"

Father: "Why, yes, of course."

Ethelbert: "Gosh, daddy, you know everything, don't you."

—Cougar's Paw.

✠ ✠ ✠

"Were you copying his paper?"

"No, sir, I was only looking to see if he had mine right."

—Harvard Lampoon.

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Definition: "Concentration is a person's ability to keep his eyes on the cards in a game of strip poker." *—Widow.*

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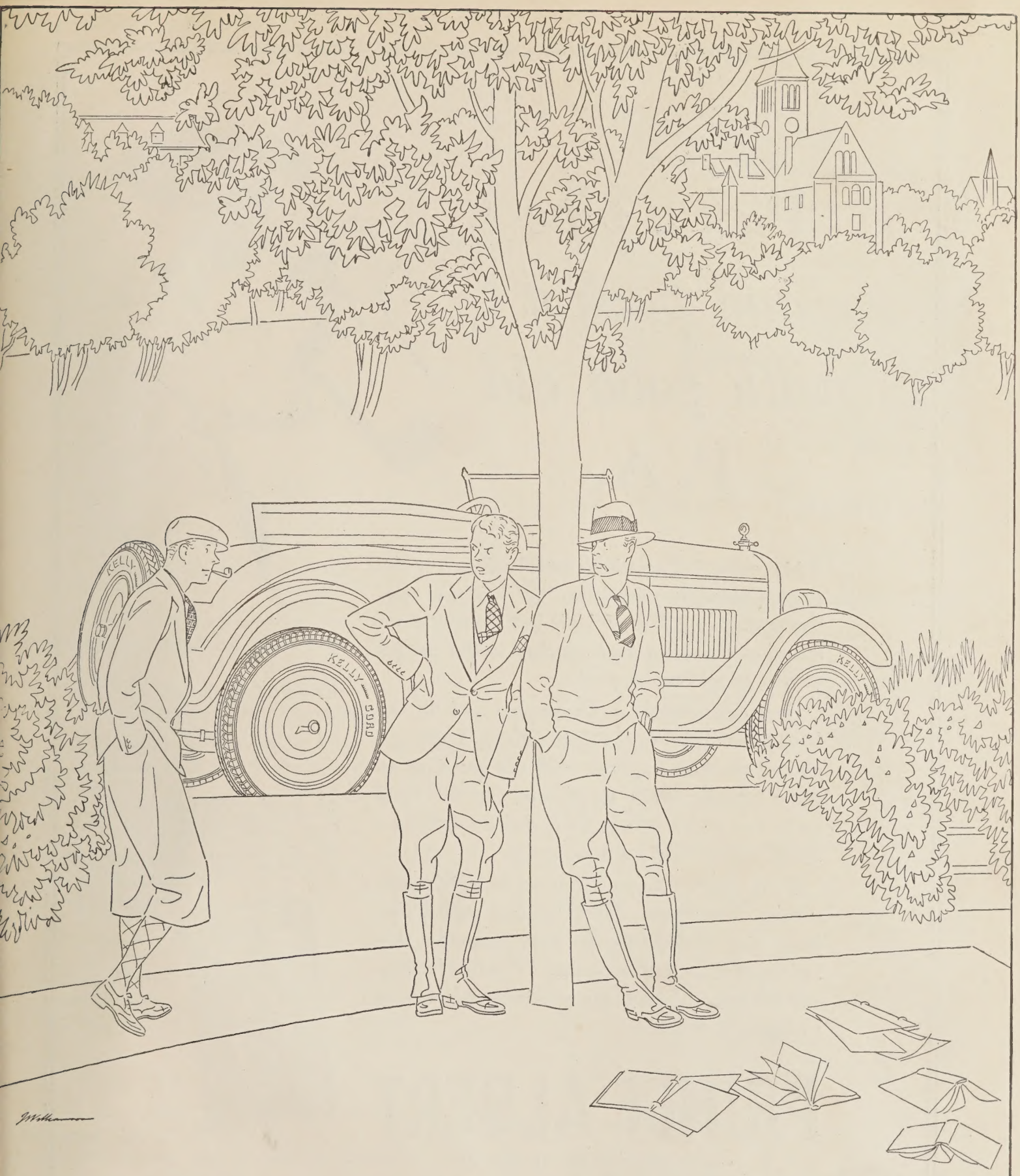
Now we know what happens to the little boys who get minus 14 on their English grammar examinations. They grow up and become song writers. *—Goblin.*



CORNELL

"Who wouldn't be sore after hitting all the bumps in town on those R. O. T. C. caissons?"
"Why don't you do what I did to the car—put Kelly Cords on and ride in comfort?"

Pick a pipe and pack it with good old P. A.

TALK about "alliteration's artful aid" . . . the printer certainly raided the "p" box *that* trip. But let that go! The advice is just as serious and sound as though it were couched in the careful diction of an English prof.

Just get yourself a jimmy-pipe and fill the bowl to the brim with Prince Albert. Light up, and let the first fragrant whiff tell you that no other tobacco is like P. A.—or *can* be! Cool and sweet and fragrant, P. A. has everything a fellow ever wished for in a smoke.

P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat. The Prince Albert process settled that in P. A.'s freshman year. Get yourself a tidy red tin of Prince Albert today. The first load-up will tell you why pipes are so fashionable among young men today.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

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food

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The Flapper Who Never Bobbed

"Your braids are terribly slippery, Dorothea. I don't think you ought to use Brilliantine on the days when we have a date." —*Le Rire (Paris)*

✠ ✠ ✠

Co-ed: "Take me for a ride in your flivver, please?"
Joe C.: "Naughty, naughty, what would the Dean say?"
Co-ed: "She said I could go walking." —*Flamingo.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Writer: "The hero is obviously an Englishman."
Classmate: "Why need he be so obviously an Englishman?"
Writer: "How else could one be an Englishman?"
—*Vassar Vagabond.*

✠ ✠ ✠

It was eight o'clock. The young man looked at his watch and glanced up and down the street.

"Why doesn't she come," he muttered to himself. "She's already a couple of hours late."

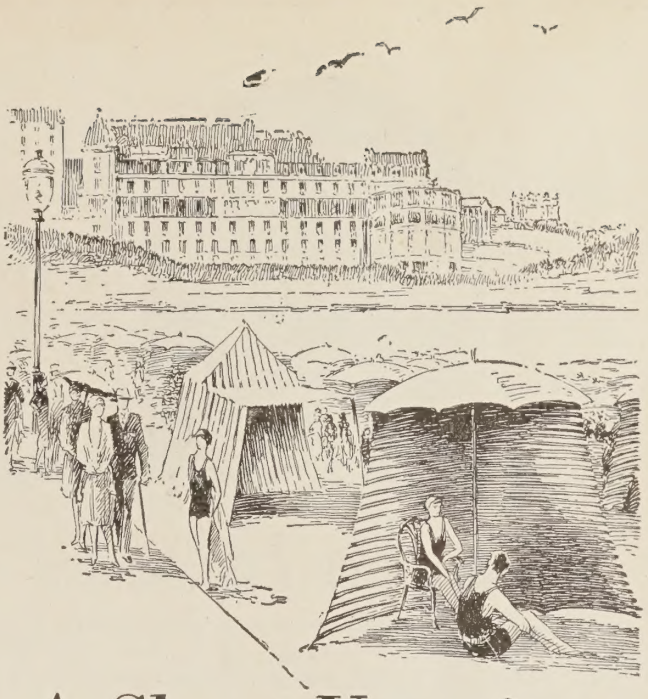
At last she appeared.

"You should carry a watch," he counselled, impatiently.

"You know I always break them," she replied soothingly.

"Well, then you might at least carry a calendar."

—*Blue Bucket.*



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"Ladies and gentlemen, on account of the high cost of living, we shall have no napkins tonight, but now and then a woolly dog will pass among you." —*Vassar Vagabond.*

✠ ✠ ✠

English Prof: Correct this sentence: "Before any damage could be done, the fire was put out by the volunteer fire department."

Frosh: "The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer fire department." —*Drexerd.*

✠ ✠ ✠

DEFINITION—A reformer is a man who suffers worse hangovers than most people. —*Life.*

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"Mother, what is that tramp doing with that piece of wrapping paper?"

"Hush, darling, that is a college graduate with his diploma." —*Notre Dame Juggler.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Prof. (checking up on absentees): "Do any of you boys know anything about Miss Smith?"

Chorus: "Find out yourself!" *Rammer Jammer.*

✠ ✠ ✠

James: "Do you remember that night I kissed you and said I would love you always?"

Jean: "Yes, dear."

James: "I was afraid you would." —*Parrakeet.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"I'm an awful ladies' man."

"Righto; I've seen you with some awful ladies."

—*Lord Jeff.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"Why don't you set a limit for yourself?"

"I do, but I always get drunk before I reach it."

—*Medley.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Ho: "Our co-eds are like a pipe."

Bo: "Howzat?"

Ho: "They never smoke when they're out."

—*Alligator.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Guest: "Look here, waiter, how long do I have to wait for that half portion of duck that I ordered?"

Waiter: "Till someone orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a duck." —*Purple Parrot.*

When you and spring are thrilling to the opening game of the year—and your favorite player drives out a homer as the stands rock with cheering

—have a Camel!

WHEN the first ball game is here. And the merry banter begins. When the heavy hitter cracks the ball shrieking into deep center for a home run—*have a Camel!*

For Camel adds the mellow magic of its own fragrance to life's most festive days. Camels are of such choice tobaccos that they never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty after-taste. Search where you will—you'll get more contentment, more pleasure out of smoking Camels than any other cigarette.

So this fair spring day as the bases fill and a redoubtable batter lofts out one that it seems will never stop flying—oh, then, taste the smoke that means completed enchantment. Know the mellowest flavor that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

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Her: "What's your name?"
Him: "Gordon."
Her: "How intoxicating!" —*Flamingo.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Faith: The young man who sends flowers to a girl who has broken a date on account of illness.

Hope: The man who calls a girl for a date at 8 o'clock Saturday evening.

Charity: The girl who suggests they go to the movies.
—*Purple Parrot.*

✠ ✠ ✠

"But you said I could kiss you!"
"Kiss, yes; but who said anything about a massage?"
—*Chapparal.*

✠ ✠ ✠

Two colored gentlemen who had just reduced the population in a hen roost were making a get away.

"Laws, Mose," gasped Sam, "why you s'pose them flies follows us so close?"

"Keep gallopin', nigger," said Mose, "them ain't flies. Them's buckshot." —*Wasp.*

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